McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII OCTOBER, 1909 No. 6



FARTHEST SOUTH

THE DASH FOR THE POLE

BY LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

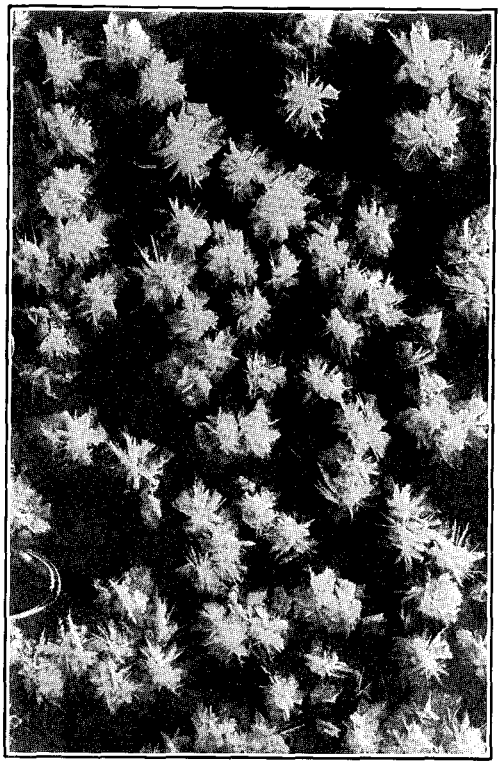
DAY by day the summit of Erebus heralded more and more distinctly the return of the sun, which was below the horizon for a total period of one hundred and twenty days. The end of the long night was near, and when the darkness was giving way to a sort of dim twilight, we began to make preparations for the sledging expeditions.

During the winter, of course, we had been giving the best attention possible to our ponies and dogs. We were a very small community, and the extent and success of our work was dependent as much on the condition of the animals that were to draw the sledges as on the fitness of the men themselves. The first step was to find out what weight the ponies were actually capable of pulling, and to this end the sledges were loaded with known weights, and the ponies exercised up and down a measured two miles on the sea-ice. Every day, except when the blizzards stopped us, they were taken out, and they were soon in good, hard condition.

We arrived at the conclusion that the best results would be secured if 650 pounds per pony were made the maximum weight to be carried on the sledges, this weight including the weight of the sledges themselves, which I have already mentioned was about 60 pounds each. Some alterations were made in the motor-car in order to reduce its weight, all superfluous gear being

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SNOW CRYSTALS ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA-ICE

taken off; and its performances on the sea-ice were so satisfactory that we had high hopes for the future. Before testing the car on the Barrier surface, however, I decided to make a reconnaissance toward the interior, in order to see what the actual conditions were under the low temperature that would prevail.

On August 12th, about ten days before the sun returned to us, I started off with Professor David and Armytage on a journey south. We experienced low temperatures and one heavy blizzard. The thermometer often recorded from 50 to 56 degrees below zero, and the discomforts of sledging in the semi-darkness made us appreciate the warmth and light of our little hut when we returned on August 19th.

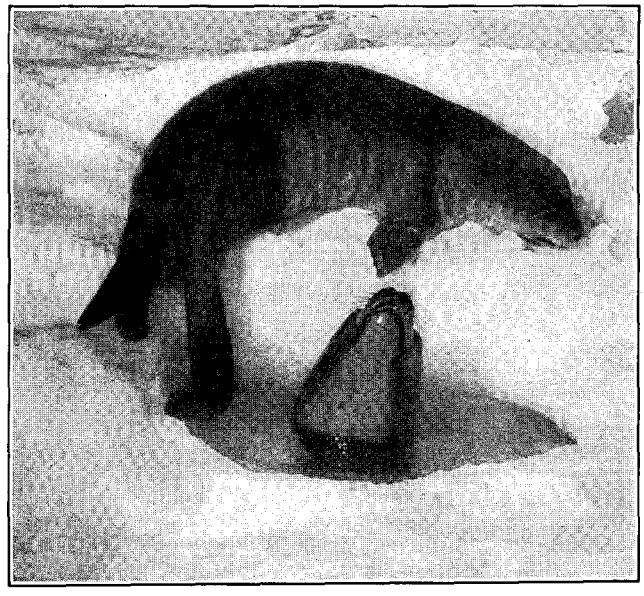
The surface of the Barrier seemed to me to be impracticable for the motor-car, owing to the tremendously heavy snowfall, which was much greater than on the *Discovery* expedition, but I decided to give the machine a trial at a later date.

When we three got back from that sledging expedition, the eyes of the members of the expedition who had never sledged opened wide at the appetites we had developed. Porridge, bread and butter, and large quantities of seal-steak disappeared with astonishing rapidity, and after that we were inclined to lapse into a condition of somnolence.

Training the Ponies for the Sledge Trip

As spring approached, more work was undertaken in connection with the training of the ponies. They were made to draw the sledges on which coal was brought from the coal depot, and also ice from a lake about three quarters of a mile distant from the hut, this ice being the source of our supply of fresh water. The dogs I had taken south with the idea of not giving them much serious work, for I pinned my faith to the Manchurian ponies; but they proved very useful, and as several litters of puppies had arrived at the winter quarters, we had a serviceable number available for sledging.

In view of the low temperature that I knew from former experience prevailed on the Barrier in September, I decided not to take the ponies on the depot expedition, which was to be undertaken for the purpose of advancing stores for the southern journey. We did not want to risk the ponies in preliminary work. Neither were the dogs to go on this expedition, for the drift, an inevitable accompaniment of southerly winds, would stop them from pulling, and I felt



SEALS JUST LEAVING THE WATER AT A "BLOW-HOLE"

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THE MANCHURIAN PONIES USED BY SHACKLETON INSTEAD OF DOGS FOR THE SOUTHERN SLEDGE TRIP. THEY PROVED A REMARKABLE SUCCESS. THEY WERE WELL FED UNTIL THE FOOD BEGAN TO GIVE OUT, WHEN THEY WERE KILLED, AND THEIR FLESH WAS EATEN OR DEPOSITED IN DEPOTS

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THE CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE WINTER QUARTERS. LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON CAN BE DIMLY SEEN AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE

that there might be times when men would be able to travel while dogs would be held up. A party of six men would be able to march in all but the worst blizzards. Preparations went on apace, and by September 22d we were ready to make a start.

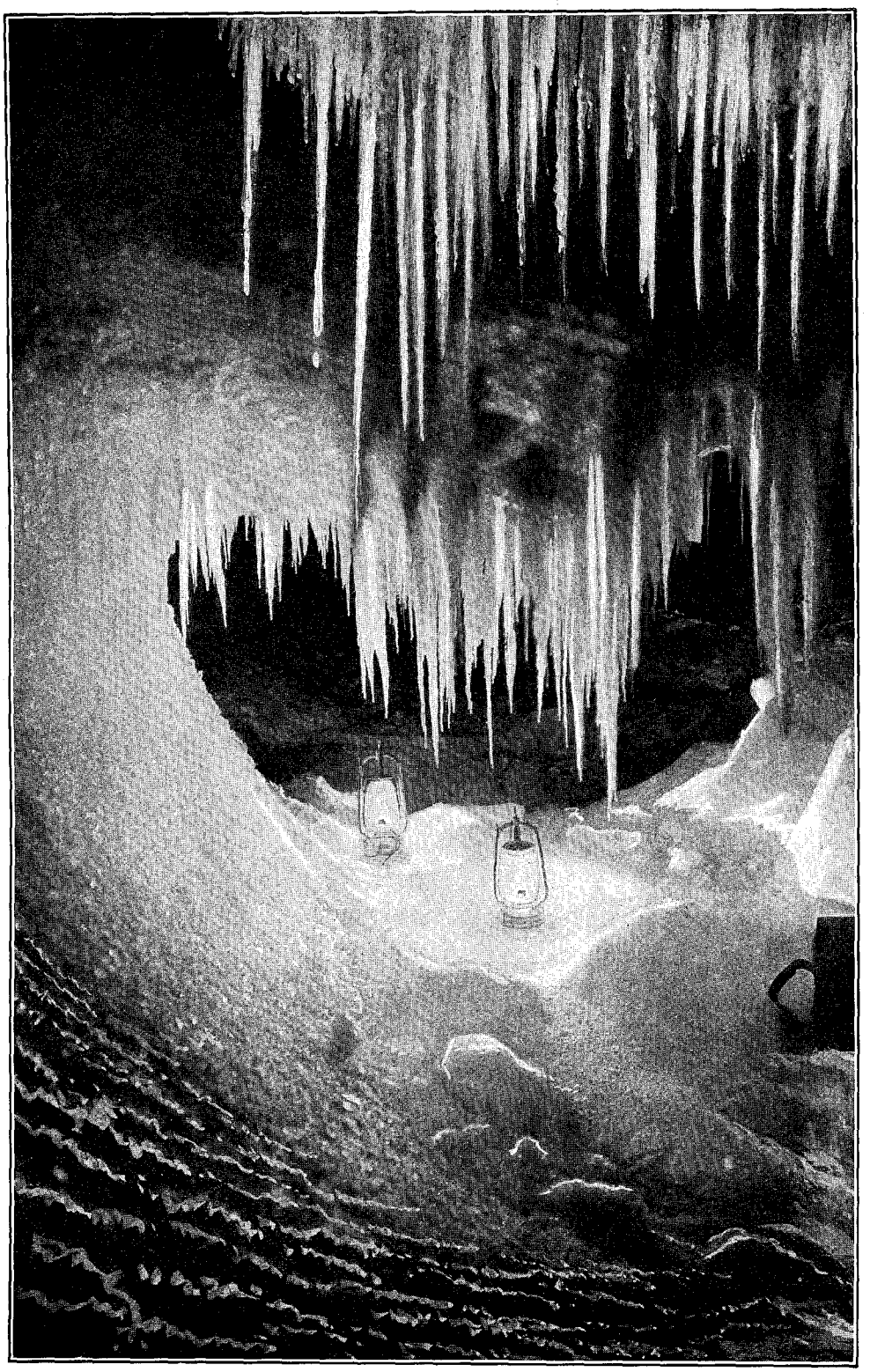
I have already made some reference to the sledging equipment, and I will now deal more particularly with this matter. Our sledges had been made for us in Norway, and we were fortunate in securing the advice and assistance of several experienced Arctic explorers. The main requirement of a good sledge for Polar work is that it shall be rigid in its upright and cross bars, and yet able to yield to uneven surfaces; so that when traveling over sastrugi (wind-furrows in the snow) the strain will not be too severe.

Suppleness the Characteristic of a Good Sledge

A good sledge is so supple that it will have an undulating, almost snakelike movement over rough snow, and there was nothing wanting in our sledges in this respect. The wooden runners were about four inches wide, and were made of specially selected hickory, split with the grain, and the frame gave a clearance above the snow of six inches, which has been found to be ample for all practical purposes. The parts were held together by rawhide lashings, and the only rigid portions were the junctions of the uprights and cross-pieces, where there was a short iron stay. After our experience on the Barrier ice with the *Discovery* expedition, we had decided to dispense with metal runners, as these are not satisfactory on snow.

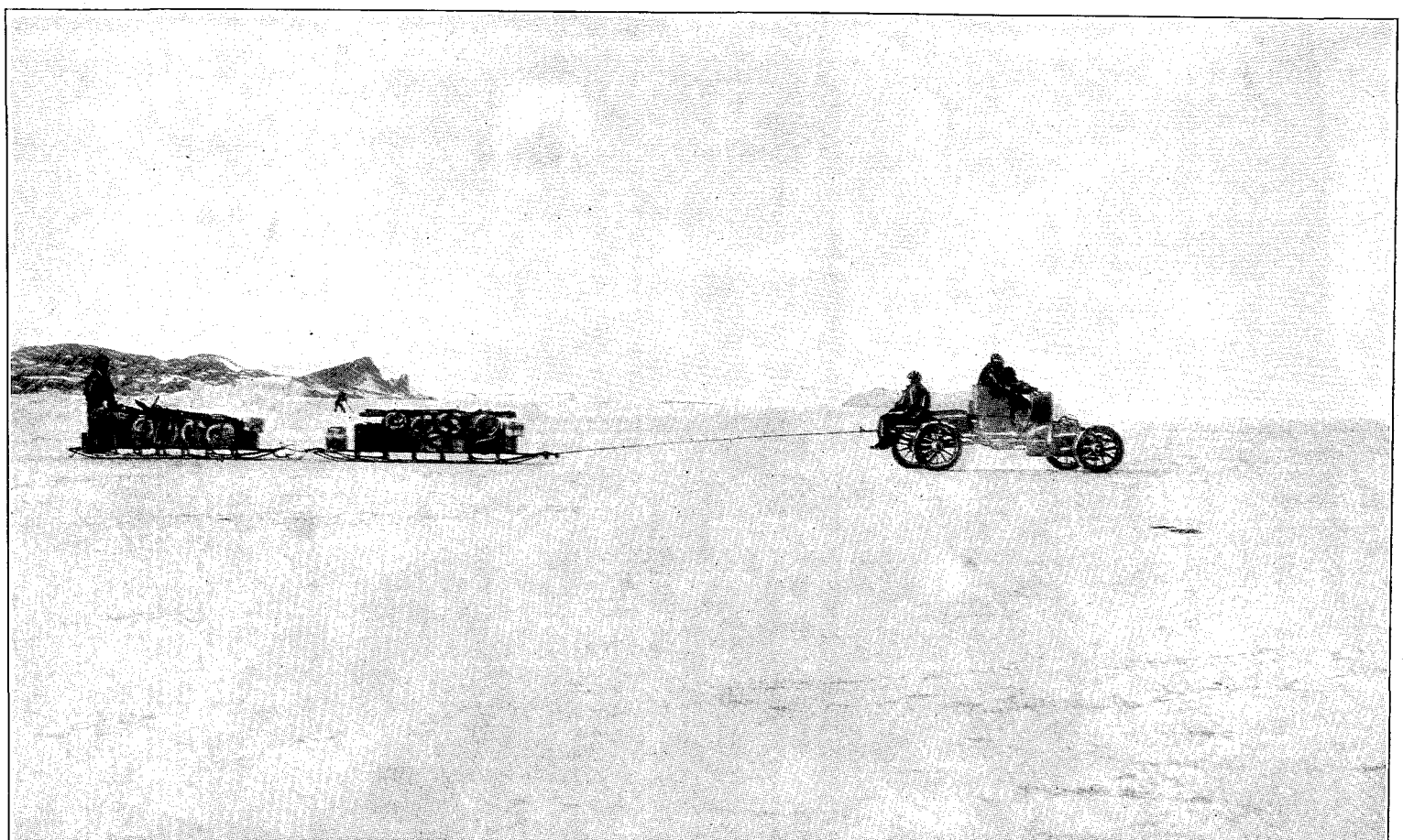
The harness for man haulage consisted of broad canvas bands which went round the hips and were held in position by straps across the shoulders. This harness was fastened by lines to a wooden span attached to the bow of the sledge; it was simple and light, and was easily taken off. It served as a safeguard when any member of the party chanced to fall through the lid of a crevasse, and this was an important consideration. On the depot journey in the spring we decided to take two three-man sleeping-bags, for, in the very low temperatures we expected to experience, the warmth of one another's bodies would add to our comfort during the sleeping hours.

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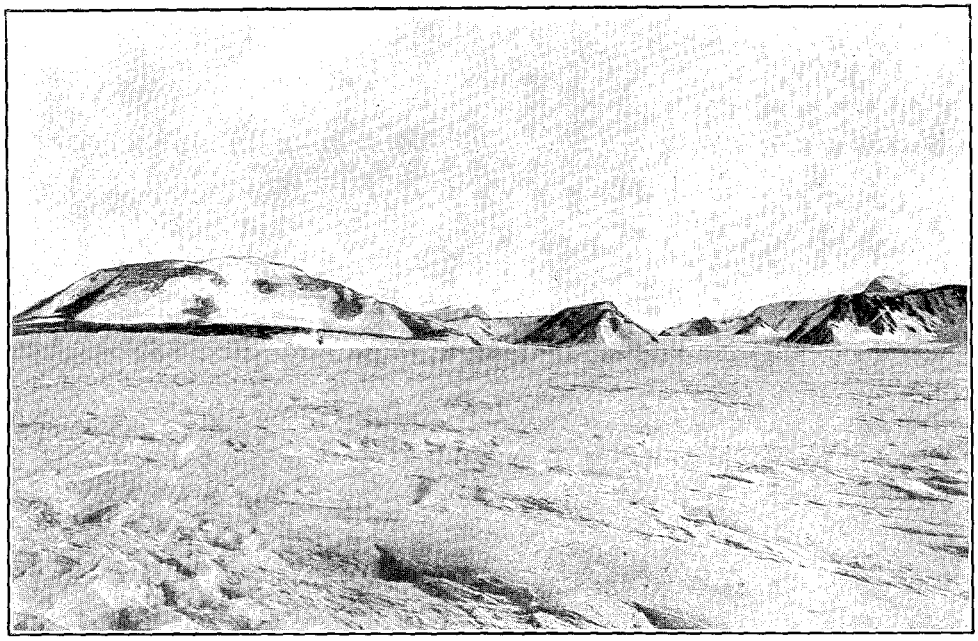
A REMARKABLE ICE CAVERN DISCOVERED BY SHACKLETON AND HIS PARTY. *THE PHOTOGRAPH* WAS TAKEN DURING THE WINTER NIGHT BY THE LIGHT OF HURRICANE-LAMPS

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THE AUTOMOBILE BEING USED TO LAY DEPOTS ON THE ICE

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THE POINT AT WHICH SHACKLETON AND HIS PARTY LEFT THE BARRIER ICE AND STARTED TO ASCEND THE GREAT GLACIER. THEY CLIMBED MOUNT HOPE, ON THE LEFT, IN ORDER TO SEE WHAT LAY BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS, AND THEN MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SOUTHERN GATEWAY AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE

Apart from this, the use of a three-man bag is attended with disadvantages, such as the possibility of one man snoring and disturbing his companions; moreover, sometimes a sudden desire would seize one man to get a little more air, for at night the opening of the bag would be closed, leaving only a narrow slit for the admission of air, and occasionally a feeling of suffocation ensued. The attempt to get a breath of fresh air would mean the admission of an icy-cold blast, and the indignation of the other two men can be imagined.



88° 23′ SOUTH. LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON STANDS NEXT TO THE FLAG

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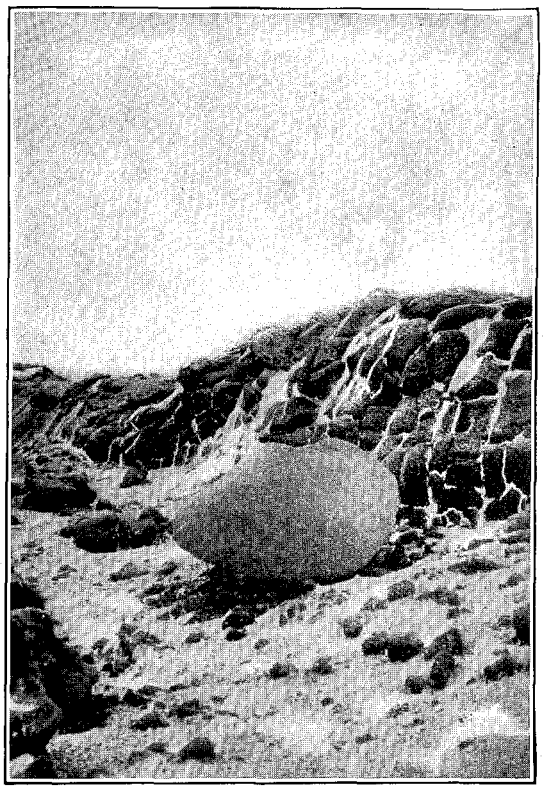
THE DEPOT AT THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER. SHACKLETON AND HIS MEN HAD BEEN WITHOUT FOOD FOR MORE THAN THIRTY HOURS WHEN THEY REACHED THIS DEPOT ON THE RETURN JOURNEY

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THE CHRISTMAS CAMP OF THE SOUTHERN PARTY, WITH THE QUEEN'S FLAG AND THE SLEDGE FLAGS FLYING. THE MEN'S FROZEN BREATH CAN BE SEEN ON THEIR FACES. ON CHRISTMAS DAY THEY HAD THEIR FIRST FULL MEAL FOR MANY WEEKS, AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL TWO MONTHS LATER THAT THEY WERE AGAIN FREE FROM HUNGER

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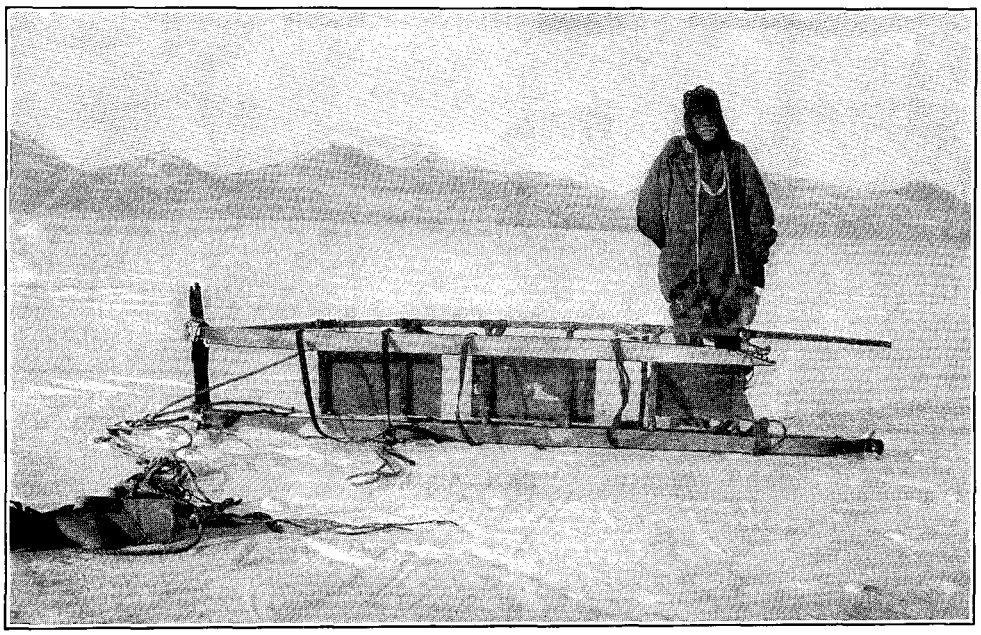


AN ERRATIC BOULDER NEAR CAPE ROYDS, BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE FAR INTERIOR AT THE PERIOD WHEN THE ICE-SHEET COVERED ALL THE LAND

The object of the depot journey, it will be understood, was to place a store of provisions at an advanced point south, in order that when we started out on our attempt to reach the Pole we might be able to leave that point with the full quantity of supplies. We decided that the best stuff to put at the depot would be pony maize, because there was always the possibility that we might not be able to find the depot again, and the loss of the maize, though a serious matter, would not have been fatal to the work of the southern party.

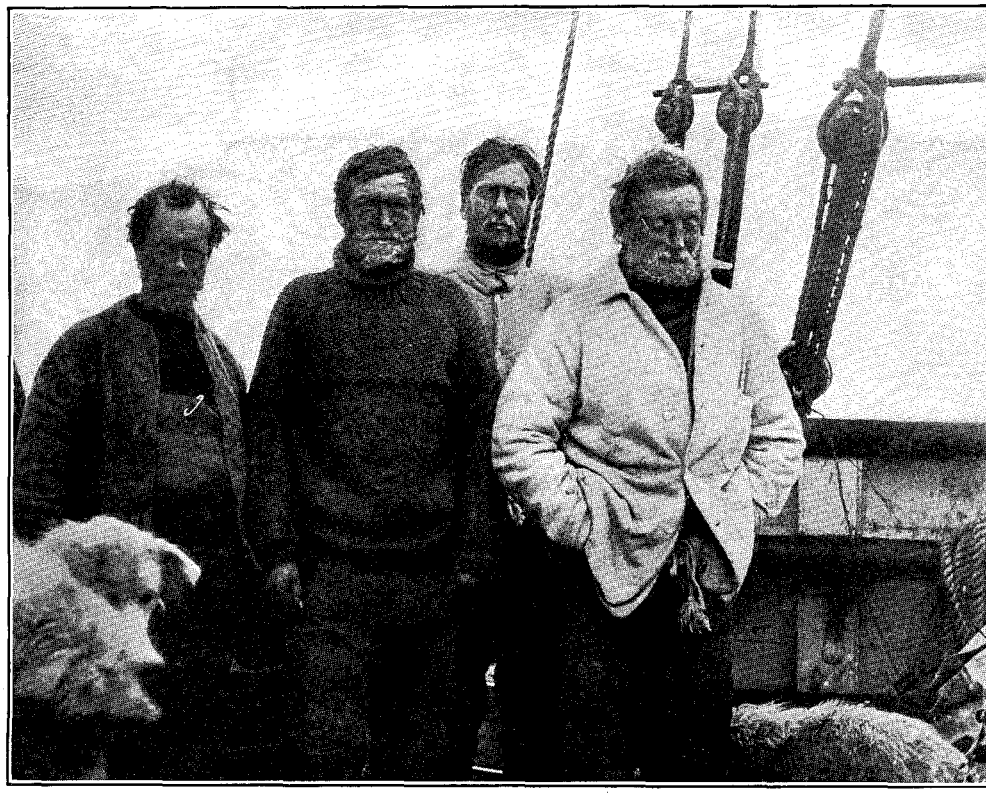
We started from the winter quarters on this depot journey on September 22d, the party consisting of Adams, Wild, Marshall, Joyce, Marston, Day, and myself, with a load of about 170 pounds per man. We reached latitude 79° 36' south, a distance of over 120 geographical miles from the winter quarters, laid the depot, which will hereafter be called depot A, and with hard marches returned to the hut by October 13th.

At different stages of the journey, owing to blizzards, we were laid up in our sleeping-bags, unable to march, for seven days and a half, and very low temperatures prevailed. At times the petroleum for our stoves was practically frozen, and at other



THE SLEDGE TAKEN TO THE LAST CAMP AND BACK TO THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER. THE BOW WAS BROKEN AND THE RUNNERS WERE SO BADLY WORN THAT ONE HAD BROKEN AWAY AT THE END. THUS DISABLED, IT WOULD NOT RUN STRAIGHT AND WAS A GREAT TRIAL TO THE WEARY AND HUNGRY MEN

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THE SOUTHERN PARTY IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RETURN TO THE SHIP. READING FROM THE LEFT, THEY ARE WILD, LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON, DR. MARSHALL, AND LIEUTENANT ADAMS

times it could only be poured out as a creamy fluid, for all the world like condensed milk. We made very good time coming back, and arrived at headquarters with the usual sledgers' appetites.

By this time the party at the hut had been reduced in numbers, for Professor David, accompanied by Douglas Mawson and Dr. Mackay, had started on the long northern journey that resulted in the attainment of the Magnetic Pole. I said good-by to them on September 22d, 1908, and it was March, 1909, before I saw them again.

When we had returned from the depot journey and had recovered from the lassitude that follows severe work on the ice, we became still more active in the training of the ponies and dogs, and made short journeys to Hut Point, where we stored the provisions that we proposed to take with us on the journey south. Hut Point, which lay about twenty miles south of us, was the spot at which the *Discovery* expedition wintered in 1902. The *Discovery's* hut, as I have mentioned, was still standing, and it made a very good short-distance depot, and was often a welcome shelter from the blizzards that swept down on that portion of McMurdo Sound.

"Hoosh" the Chief Ration on the Sledge Trip

By the middle of October we had secured definite information regarding the capabilities of the ponies, and the question of the food supply for the sledging journey had been settled. Dr. Marshall had studied carefully the relative heat-giving and fat-forming values of our provisions, and the ration had been fixed at thirty-two ounces per man per day. We had decided that the food supplies for the southern party should consist of sugar, pemmican, biscuits, cheese, plasmon, chocolate, tea, cocoa, "emergency ration," and "emergency Oxo." Sugar, which has great heat-giving properties, was an important item. The biscuits weighed about twelve to the pound, and were made of whole meal, with 25 per cent of plasmon added.

The pemmican was made of the best part of beef, ground down and mixed with 60 per cent of lard. There are many kinds of pemmican on the market, but that procured for the expedition from Copenhagen was particularly good. The plasmon powder was added to our tea, and we found it a valuable preparation. The "emergency ration," which consisted of crushed

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bacon, peas, and beans, was added to pemmican and powdered biscuit to make "hoosh," the chief item of the limited menu. We had hoosh in the morning and evening, with biscuits; and the chocolate and cheese, also with biscuits, were used on alternate days for lunch. We drank tea at lunch, and cocoa at breakfast and dinner.

The Same Clothes Worn for Four Months

I decided to take eleven-foot sledges, this length having proved to be the most satisfactory. We had only four ponies left, for of the eight landed we had lost four through their eating sand—a loss that was very unfortunate. We decided to take no heavy cloth clothing on our journey. Each man's outfit of garments consisted of two pairs of Jaeger pajama trousers, singlet, shirt, guernsey, Burberry overalls, ten pairs of heavy socks, three pairs of finneskoe, Balaclava cap for the head, with Burberry covering, large muffler, and fur mitts, hung from the neck by pieces of lamp-wick so that they would not be lost when taken from the hands. With this outfit we were absent from the hut for one third of a year.

Washing is not possible on a sledging journey, though at the winter quarters we were fairly regular in our ablutions. The second pair of pajama trousers was intended to put over the others when we got into low temperatures. We selected one-man sleeping-bags, so that each man had a refuge of his own inside which he could write his diary and look at his Penates and Lares.

As regards instruments, we had a small, compact theodolite, weighing with the tripod about eighteen pounds, prismatic compasses and ordinary small compasses for checking our course as we marched, boiling-point thermometers to determine altitude, aneroid barometers, spirit thermometers graduated down to 100 degrees below zero, tables for working out observations, protractors, and dividers. All these items, with a supply of note-books, were stored in one box, which weighed about forty pounds. We also had sledge-meters by which to determine the distance traveled day by day.

Shackleton Starts for the Pole

It was on October 28th that the southern party left the winter quarters at Cape Royds and started on the long journey toward the Pole. We were four strong,— Dr. Marshall, Adams, Wild, and myself,— and the distant goal of our ambition was, of course, the Pole itself, though we were not unmindful of the value of the general information that we might be able to secure. We had provisions for ninety-one days, with pony rations for a lesser period, and we reckoned on being able to use the ponies for food as they became exhausted or their food supply gave out. We were accompanied by a supporting party provisioned for fourteen days, my idea being that it could accompany us for nine days and return in five days; but bad weather caused me to send it back sooner than I had expected.

Hut Point was our first camp, and we did not get away from there until November 3d, owing to one of the ponies having gone lame while crossing the sea-ice. Soon after this our difficulties commenced. The snow was soft and the ice full of crevasses, and a blizzard swept down upon us. On November 7th we were in a maze of crevasses off White Island, only thirty miles south of Hut Point, and I ordered the return of the supporting party to winter quarters. Our comrades cheered us on our way with hearty handshakes and good wishes, and it was with mingled feelings that we watched them start on their journey back to comparative comfort and plenty.

Adams Rescued from a Crevasse

The weather cleared for a short time soon after this, and we were on the march when one of the ponies, which was being led by Adams, stepped on a hidden crevasse and went down to its middle with him in the soft snow.

The position was acutely dangerous, because the treacherous snow-lid might have broken away altogether at any moment and precipitated pony and man to death far below. Wild, who was traveling behind with another sledge, came to the rescue and enabled Adams to haul himself and the pony out just where the crack opened into an apparently bottomless cavern. We had a remarkably narrow escape from losing Adams, the pony, and half our provisions. After this we camped for two days until the weather cleared.

The traveling was terribly hard when we resumed our journey. The apparently level plain over which we were making our slow way proved, on closer acquaintance, to be seamed in every direction with crevasses, often lightly covered with the new snow, and the keenest vigilance was necessary in order to avoid accidents. Presently we got on to the great snow-plain, swept by the wind into furrows, or sastrugi. We reached depot A on November 15th, and took with us part of the stores placed there by the depot expedition.

Each day was much like the one that had gone before. We turned out of our sleeping-bags at twenty minutes to five in the morning, and had breakfast—consisting of hoosh, biscuits, and cocoa—at six. The preparations for the day's journey were rendered difficult and slow

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by the low temperature, and it would be eight o'clock before we were able to get on the march.

Tents had to be struck, ponies harnessed, and sledges packed; and then we would start south again, traveling in single file through the soft snow. Each man led a pony, and we took turns at traveling in front and breaking the trail. At the end of each hour there would be a five minutes' spell. We would stop one hour for lunch, and would camp for the night at 6 P.M., having been nine hours on the march. It was a regular routine, unbroken by incident, and saved from monotony only by the fact that we were working hard and ever moving south.

A Pony Killed and Eaten

The ponies received first attention when we pitched camp. They were brushed, covered with their cloths, tethered to a steel wire stretched between two sledges, and fed. The pony rations consisted of maize and "Maujee ration," a mixture of dried carrots, currants, sugar, plasmon, and meat, and they were given ten pounds a day each. Indeed, if a pony showed signs of hunger after having finished this allowance, it was given a little more, for we did not stint the animals at all. We fed them well and treated them well as long as possible, and, when their food began to run short, killed them in merciful fashion, the carcasses providing food for our own consumption.

While the ponies were being "bedded," the cook for the week was busy preparing our evening meal. The tents would be pitched, and the cook would take possession of one, which later would have special attractions as a sleeping-tent on account of its comparative warmth. A cooker, filled with snow, would be handed in, and the cook would proceed to make hoosh over one of the Primus stoves.

The happiest period of the day was when we sat round the stove inside the tent and ate our warm meal, preparatory to creeping into the sleeping-bags, writing up our diaries and notes, and dropping into the deep sleep that is born of utter physical weariness.

The second depot was made in latitude 81° 4′ south, at a point about eighty-eight miles from depot A, and there we killed a pony. The rations for the ponies were running short, and, moreover, we wanted fresh meat for the depot and to carry with us. We held a consultation as to the amount of food to be left behind, and used a sledge to mark the spot, sinking it into the snow so that about eight feet projected above the surface of the barrier. A bamboo pole with a black flag on the top was lashed to the sledge, but of course we were dependent largely on observations of the surrounding country for the location of the depots, since the sledge and flag could be seen only a short distance. We left pony meat, a tin of oil, and a supply of biscuits at the depot, and we aimed at establishing a similar one at every hundred-mile stage of the journey, so that there would be enough to see us through on the way back.

Ice-covered Mountains Bar the Way to the Pole

On November 22d we saw new land for the first time, a range of mountains, ice-covered and stern, with here and there a peak of bare rock. It falls to the lot of few men to get so far from the beaten paths of the world as to



FARTHEST SOUTH

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discover land not previously seen by human eyes, and it was with feelings almost of awe that we gazed across the snow-plain at those distant peaks.

The trend of the mountains was about south-east, but our pleasure in our discovery was somewhat damped by the knowledge that if the range continued in that direction we would be unable to march due south on the level surface of the Barrier, but would have to find some way up the mountains if we were to attain the Pole. On that day we did over fifteen statute miles, in spite of a head-wind and the worst surface we had yet encountered, the snow being so soft in places that the ponies sank up to their bellies.

In the space at my disposal in a magazine article I cannot deal with many of the incidents of the journey, such as the gradual rising of new land, the tortuous traveling amongst the ice-chasms, the narrow escapes from disaster, and the ascent of the mountain, which we felt justified in calling Mount Hope, for from here we saw the great glacier which we thought would lead us to the Pole itself.

On closer acquaintance this glacier proved to be as full of pitfalls, chasms, and trouble as it well could be. I must pass on quickly to the day on which we began the ascent of this glacier, for I decided that this road of inland ice offered the only way of passing the mountains and getting south. We made our way on to the glacier through a gap in the mountain range which we called the "Southern Gateway," and, as soon as we began the ascent, found a great difference in the distance we were able to travel daily.

On December 6th we spent from 8 A.M. until 2 P.M. traveling 600 yards, for the surface of the glacier was honeycombed with crevasses, some hidden under the snow, some gaping open, but all dangerous. When we looked down into the blue-black depths of those caverns, no bottoms could be seen, and a false step on the part of any one of us would mean death and a severe blow to the hopes of the expedition. We were unable to take the sledges over these crevasses with full loads, and so had to "relay" our food and equipment, while at each journey the runners of the sledges suffered from the sharp edges of the ice. I can best describe the days that followed by giving extracts from my diary.

Wild's Miraculous Escape from Death

December 7th was nearly a tragic day for us. "Started at 8 A.M., Adams, Marshall, and myself pulling one sledge with 450 pounds, and Wild leading Socks behind," I wrote in my diary. "Slopes of very deep snow, into which Socks sank up to his belly, and we plunged in and out continually, making it very trying work. Passed several crevasses on our right hand, and could see more to the left. The light became bad at 1 P.M., when we camped for lunch, and it was hard to see the crevasses, as most were more or less snow-covered. After lunch light better, and as we marched along we were congratulating ourselves on it, when suddenly we heard a shout of 'Help!' from Wild. We stopped at once and rushed to his assistance, and saw the pony-sledge with the forward end down a crevasse, and Wild reaching out from the side of the gulf, grasping the sledge. No sign of the pony. We soon got up to Wild, and he scrambled out of the dangerous position; but poor Socks had gone. Wild had a miraculous escape. He was following up our tracks, and we had passed over a crevasse which was entirely covered with snow; but the weight of the pony broke through the snow-crust, and in a second all was over. Wild says he felt a rushing wind, the leading-rope was snatched from his hand, and he put out his arms and just caught the farther edge of the chasm.

"Fortunately for Wild and us, Socks' weight snapped the swingletree of the sledge, so it was saved, though the upper bearer was broken. We lay down on our stomachs and looked over into the gulf, but no sound or sign came to us; a black, bottomless pit it seemed to be. We hitched the pony-sledge to ourselves, and started off again, now with a weight of 1,000 pounds for the four of us. Camped at 6 P.M., very tired, having to retreat from a maze of crevasses and rotten ice on to a patch where we could pitch our tent. We are indeed thankful for Wild's escape. When I think over the events of the day I realize what the loss of the sledge would have meant to us. We would have had left only two sleeping-bags for the four of us, and I doubt whether we could have got back to our winter quarters with the short equipment. Our chance of reaching the Pole would have been gone. We take on the maize for ourselves to eat. There is one ray of light in this bad day, and that is that anyhow we could not have taken Socks on much farther. We would have had to shoot him to-night; so that although his loss is a serious matter to us, for we had counted on the meat, still we know that for traction purposes he would have been of little further use. When we tried to camp to-night, we stuck our ice-axes into the snow to see whether there were any more hidden crevasses, and everywhere the axes went through. It would have been folly to pitch our camp in that place, as we might easily have dropped through during the night. We had to retreat a quarter

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of a mile to pitch the tent. It was very unpleasant to turn back, even for this short distance, but on this job one must expect reverses."

The Party Inclosed in a Maze of Concealed Crevasses

On December 9th I wrote: "Another splendid day, and much we needed it, for we have had one of our hardest days' work, and certainly the most dangerous so far. Started at 7.45 A.M. over blue ice, and in less than an hour were in a perfect maze of crevasses, some thinly bridged with snow, and others with a thicker and therefore more deceptive covering. Marshall went through one, and was only saved by his harness. He had quite disappeared down below the level of the ice, and it was one of those crevasses that open out from the top with no bottom to be seen, and I dare say a drop of at least 1,000 feet. Soon after Adams went through; then I did.

"The situation became momentarily more dangerous and uncertain; the sledges, skidding about, came up against the sheer, knife-like edges of some of the crevasses, and thus the bow of the second sledge, which had been strained when Socks fell, gave way. We decided to relay over this portion of the glacier until we got on safer ground, and it was well past eleven before we got both sledges on to better ice. Camped at 11.45 to get the sun's meridian altitude, and, to save time while watching the sun's rise and fall, decided to lunch at noon. The latitude we found to be 84° 2′ south, which is not so bad considering that we have been hauling our heavy load of 250 pounds per man uphill for the last two days.

"At noon we were nearly 2,500 feet above sea-level. In the afternoon we had another heavy pull, and now are camped between two huge crevasses, but on a patch of hard snow. Camped at 6 P.M., very tired and extremely hungry after dragging uphill all afternoon for over five hours. Eight P.M.: Now 3,000 feet above sea-level. Low cumulus clouds hanging in the south, as they have done for many days past, obscuring any view in that direction. Anxiously hoping to find soon a level and inland ice-sheet so that we can put on more speed. Distance to-day 11 miles 1,450 yards. Talk now is mainly about food and things we would like to eat, and at meal-times our hoosh disappears with far too great speed. We are all looking forward to Christmas Day, for then, come what may, we are going to be full of food."

These altitudes and any future ones quoted from the diary are uncorrected for temperature and comparison with the base station. It was not until we returned to winter quarters that the corrections could be made, and eventually we made a reduction in the various heights.

The Terrible Journey Over the Ice Chasms

"Our distance — three miles for the day — expresses more readily than I can write it the nature of the day's work," I wrote on December 12th. "Started 7.40 A.M. on worst surface possible. Sharp-edged blue ice full of chasms and crevasses, rising to hills and descending into gullies, in fact, a surface that could not be equaled in any Polar work for difficulty in traveling. Our sledges are suffering greatly, and it is a constant strain on us both to save the sledges from breaking or going down crevasses and to save ourselves as well.

"We are a mass of bruises where we have fallen on the sharp ice, but, thank God, no one has even a sprain. It has been relay work to-day, for we could only take on one sledge at a time, two of us taking turns at pulling the sledge whilst the others steadied and held the sledge to keep it straight. Thus we advanced one mile, then we returned over the crevasses and hauled up the other sledge. Repeating this to-day for three miles gave us nine miles' marching over a surface where many times a slip meant death. Still, we have advanced three miles to the south, and to-night we are camped on a patch of névé. By using our ice-axes we made a place for the tent.

"The weather is still beautifully fine, though low clouds obscure our horizon to the south. Marshall is putting in the bearings and angles of the new mountains; they still keep bearing to the west and east. Distance, 3 miles 500 yards; with relays, 9 miles 1,500 yards."

"We made a start at 7.20 A.M.," I wrote on December 17th, "and had an uphill pull all the morning over blue ice with patches of snow, which impeded our progress until we learned that the best way was to rush the sledges over them, for it was very difficult to keep one's footing on the smooth ice, and haul the sledges astern over the snow.

"By 1 P.M. we had done eight miles of this uphill work, and in the afternoon we did four more. We had worked from 7.23 A.M. until 6.40 P.M., with one hour's rest for lunch only, and it seems as though twelve miles was not much, but the last two hours' going was very stiff. We had to take on one sledge at a time up the icy slope, and even then we had to cut steps with our ice-axes as we went along.

"The work was made more difficult by the fact that a strong southerly wind was dead in our faces. The second sledge we hauled up the rise by means of the Alpine rope. We made it fast to the sledge, went on with the first sledge

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till the rope was stretched out to its full length, then cut a place to stand on, and by our united efforts hauled the sledge up to where we stood. We repeated this until we had managed to reach a fairly level spot with both the sledges, and we pitched our tents on a small patch of snow. There was not enough of the snow to make fast the snow-cloths of the tents, and we had to take the gear off the sledges and pile that round to supplement the snow.

"We have burned our boats behind us now as regards warm clothing, for this afternoon we made a depot in by the rocks of the island we are passing, and there left everything except the barest necessaries.

The Great Plateau is Sighted

"After dinner to-night Wild went up the hillside in order to have a look at the plateau. He came down with the news that the plateau is in sight at last, and that to-morrow should see us at the end of our difficulties. He also brought down with him some very interesting geological specimens, some of which certainly look like coal. The quality may be poor, but I have little doubt that the stuff is coal. If that proves to be the case, the discovery will be most interesting to the scientific world. Wild tells me that there are about six seams of this dark stuff, mingled with sandstone, and that the seams are from four inches to seven or eight feet in thickness. There are vast quantities of it lying on the hillside. We took a photograph of the sandstone, and I wish very much that we could spare time to examine the rocks more thoroughly. We may be able to do this on the way back. We have but little time for geological work, for our way is south, and time is short; but we found that the main rock is sandstone and on our way back we will collect some. It is gusty to-night, but beautifully clear. The altitude, according to the hypsometer, is 6,100 feet."

When we got back to the ship, Professor David reported that some of the specimens were coal, and others "mother of coal."

This sort of work continued day by day. "Almost up," I wrote on December 18th. "Altitude to-night is 7,400 feet above sea-level. This has been one of our hardest days, but worth it, for we are just on the plateau at last. Started at 7.30, relaying the sledges, and did 6 miles 600 yards, which means nearly 19 miles for the day of actual traveling. All the morning worked up loose, slippery ice, hauling the sledges up one at a time by means of the Alpine rope, then pulling in harness on the less stiff rises. Camped for lunch at 12.45 on the crest of a rise close to the pressure, and in the midst of crevasses, into one of which I managed to fall, also Adams. Whilst lunch was preparing I got some rock from the land, quite different from the sandstone of yesterday. The mountains are all different just here. The land on our left shows beautifully clear stratified lines, and on the west side sandstone stands out, greatly weathered. All afternoon relayed up a long snow-slope, and were hungry and tired when we reached camp.

"We have been saving food to make it spin out, so that increases our hunger, and each night we all dream of food. We save two biscuits per man per day, also pemmican and sugar, eking out our food with pony maize, which we soak in water to make it less hard. All this means that now we have five weeks' food, while we are about 340 statute miles from the Pole, with the same distance back. We keep crevasses with us still, but I think to-morrow will see the end of this."

Although I thought that we were almost on the top of the plateau, it was not until December 25th that we were really there. Even then we were kept climbing up more or less steep ridges. I will take the next extract from my diary for Christmas Day, the occasion to which we had looked forward with such keen anticipation on account of the proposal to treat ourselves then to a really good feed.

Christmas Dinner Eaten at 85° South Latitude

"December 25th, Christmas Day," I wrote. "Forty-eight degrees of frost, drift-snow, and a strong biting south wind; such has been the order of the day. Marched from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. up one of the steepest rises we have yet done, crevassed in places. We are 9,500 feet above sea-level and our latitude at 6 P.M. 85° 55′ south. We started away at 7 A.M. after a good breakfast, and soon came to soft snow, through which our worn and torn sledge-runners dragged heavily. All morning we hauled along, and at noon had done 5 miles 250 yards. Sights gave us 85° 51′ south. We had lunch then, and I took a photograph of the camp with the Queen's flag flying, and our sledge flags, and with my companions in the picture.

"It was cold, the temperature being 16° F., and the wind went through us. All afternoon we worked steadily uphill, and could see, at 6 P.M., new land plainly trending to the south-east. Camped at 6 P.M., wind increasing. We had a splendid dinner. First hoosh, consisting of pony ration boiled up with pemmican, some of our emergency Oxo, and biscuit; then, in the cocoa water I boiled our little plum-pudding, which a friend of Wild's had

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given him. This, with a drop of medical brandy, was a luxury which Lucullus himself would have envied. Then cocoa, and lastly cigars and a spoonful of *crème de menthe* sent us by a friend in Scotland.

The Party Down to Starvation Rations

"We are full to-night, and it is the last time we shall be for many a long day. After dinner we discussed the situation, and have decided to reduce our food still further.

"We have now about 570 statute miles to do to get to the Pole and back to where we are at the moment, and we have one month's food and only three weeks' biscuits; so we are going to make each week's food last ten days, and have one biscuit in the morning, three at midday, and two at night. It is the only thing to do. To-morrow we throw away everything but the most absolute necessaries. Already we are, as regards clothes, down to the limit. We must trust to our old sledge-runners, and dump the spare ones. One must risk this. Here we are away from all the world. Home thoughts are much with us to-day. . . . Marshall took our temperatures to-night. We are all two degrees sub-normal, but fit as can be. It is a fine, open-air life, and we are getting south."

When we decided that Christmas night still further to reduce our daily allowance of food, we had just finished a splendid meal, and could look at the proposal with a measure of complacency; but

> There was no time for mirth or laughter
> In the cold, gray dawn of the morning after,

when we saw the small supply of food that had to sustain us through a march of ten hours.

A strong blizzard wind still continued; indeed, throughout our journey toward the Pole, we had this wind in our faces. In the days that followed our Christmas feast we found our strength decreasing through weariness and lack of food. The ration was hardly sufficient to keep warmth in our bodies, and we felt the cold severely.

On January 4th we were advancing over a vast snow-plain, with no land in sight, and, after a consultation with my comrades, I decided to risk leaving a depot of food and stores on the plateau. This lightened our load, but there was a serious danger that we might not be able to find the depot again in the waste of snow, and in order to guard against this eventuality as far as possible, we took the five bamboo poles from one of the tents, and stuck one up in the snow, with a black flag on top, at intervals of about twelve miles, to serve as guides on the way back. We were left with a load of 70 pounds per man, and in our weakened condition found more difficulty in dealing with this than we had with 250 pounds per man a few weeks earlier. We were making about twelve or fourteen miles a day.

The Pole has to be Abandoned

On January 6th we camped in a blizzard with high drift in latitude 88° 7′ south. The wind rose during the night, and for the next sixty hours it was blowing with a force of seventy or eighty miles an hour, the temperature at times being as low as 70 degrees of frost. The situation was serious, for not only was our advance being stopped and our precious food disappearing, but there was doubt as to whether the sledge tracks and flags would remain to guide us back to the depot on which our lives depended. During that sixty hours we had many times to restore the circulation in one another's feet, for the temperature inside the worn and torn tent, which had now to contain the whole party, was just about the same as in the open air, and the snow drifted in all the time. As those dark hours went on, we prayed for a cessation of the blizzard, and at 1 A.M. on January 9th it began to break.

The blizzard had done its work, however, and we recognized that we had just about reached our limit. We got up at 2 A.M., and at 4 A.M. were away for a final march south, taking with us nothing but food, instruments, and the Queen's flag, with a bamboo rod for a staff.

Half running, half walking, we made that last march, and at 9 A.M., in latitude 88° 23′ south, we hoisted the Union Jack. We could do no more, for to go farther meant abandoning all hope of getting back to our depots.

The Pole, though only 97 geographical miles away, was impossible for us to attain. Before us stretched the same white plain over which we had traveled for many days; our powerful Goertz glasses showed no signs of land, and we could safely assume that the geographical South Pole was situated on this immense plateau, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet above sea-level, and certainly the coldest and one of the most stormy parts of the world. We took a photograph of the party, with the Queen's flag blowing out in the icy wind that cut us to the bone, took possession of the plateau on behalf of His Majesty, and immediately began the march back to our camp, our faces once more turned north.

NOTE.—In the November number Lieutenant Shackleton will tell of his return journey, and of the discovery of the Magnetic South Pole by the northern party.—EDITOR.

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ON KINDILINI

BY

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARDING

WE had been gossiping idly on the *lanai* of the big hotel, and our budget of scandal was exhausted. Harper leaned back, waving his hands impatiently at the moving crowd that circled and hummed under the lights. "There is something devilish about all this," he muttered. "Why do we excuse things down here that we would strongly reprobate at home? I am very near to belief in what a shocked Briton said last night about there not being any God in these latitudes."

"Manners are different," I paltered.

Harper breathed out a strong "Pah! Right is right! Society ought to punish ——"

The Oldest Journalist in the South Seas raised his eyes. "It's not altogether society's business," he said. "You and I can punish only after hearing all the evidence; society — sometimes — has to yield to Fate, or God, if you prefer that title. And I have come to think that God knows best and punishes most severely. And it is more merciful to leave it to Him; for when He punishes He pardons, too. You and I never pardon. We miss the kernel of the law."

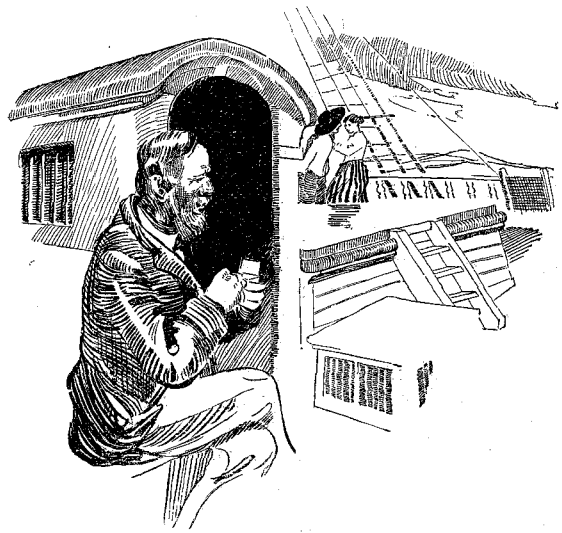
"Nonsense," Harper put in brusquely. "You see people going free every day. If society doesn't exact her penalties and execute her laws, there is no punishment at all. I judge ——"

"I'm not so sure that we — you have a right to judge," went on the old man thoughtfully. "Now, I was just thinking about Honoria McLean and Kindilini."

"Who was she?" we demanded.

"She was the woman that Henry Plicott ran away with twenty-five years ago. It was all before your time. But it shows that when a man and a woman have evaded society, they are face to face with — with destiny, or God; or is it themselves?

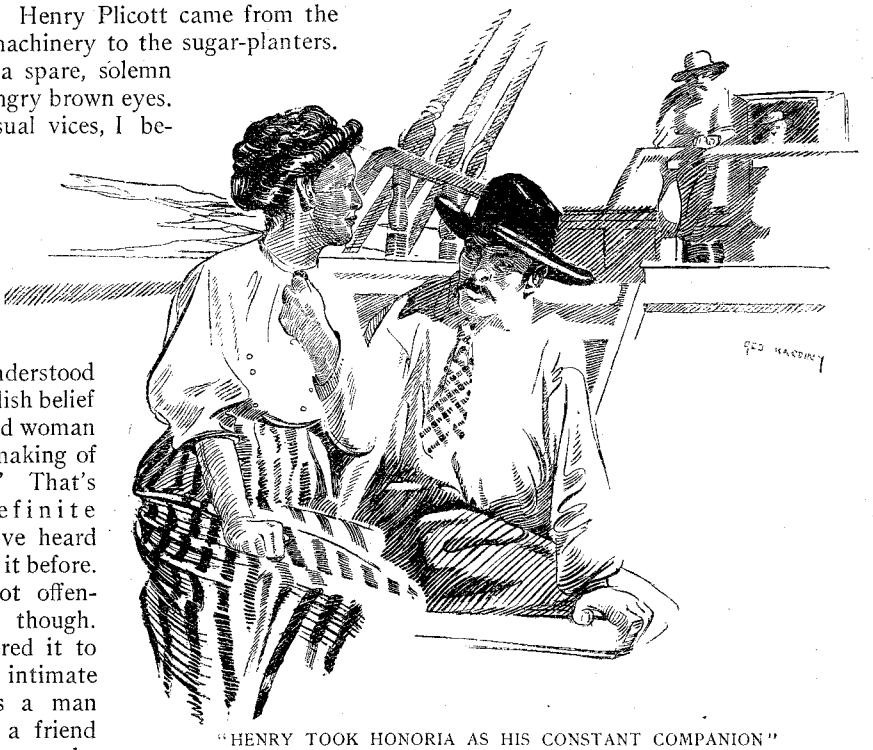
"It was, as I've said" (the Oldest Journalist went on), "something more or less than twenty-



"ALEXANDER, SNUFF-BOX IN HAND, STARED OUT UPON THE OCEAN"

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five years ago. Henry Plicott came from the States to sell machinery to the sugar-planters. I recall him as a spare, solemn fellow, with hungry brown eyes. He had the usual vices, I believe; he also cherished, at times when business did not prosper, a whimsical, almost comic taint of philosophy. As I understood it, it was a childish belief that 'some good woman would be the making of him some day.' That's probably definite enough. You've heard wastrels mouth it before. Plicott was not offensive about it, though. He merely offered it to you, over an intimate cigar, much as a man may admit to a friend that he hopes to make a winning on the next turn of the market.



"HENRY TOOK HONORIA AS HIS CONSTANT COMPANION"

"Plicott had been on the islands a year when he met Honoria McLean. She was the wife of Alexander McLean, head of a small commission house. Old residents — *kamaainas* like myself — remember Honoria. She was a big, splendid, red-haired woman thirty years old; full of exuberant vitality that a humid climate and a broiling sun seemed unable to weaken. McLean had married her in Scotland two years before, going back to fetch her after he had made a little fortune here. She was waiting for him. We understood that they had been sweethearts since he was a young fellow and she a kiddie. Alexander was short, wore a neat, dry beard, and took snuff; a stiff man, starched with the rules of virtuous conduct, and ever ready for a bargain or an argument.

"Plicott and Honoria met at the Palace, as everybody did then. If you'd go up and look in the register of the royal receptions and levees of those days, you'd find Honoria's genteel script and Plicott's scrawl among the signatures of envoys, attachés, and visiting admirals. But it was a full year after they met that some one said one night, 'Plicott is making love to Honoria.'

"Of course that opened the eyes of us all. We looked across the lawn, and saw Honoria's fine figure shining like a white statue of marble under the trees, and Plicott standing before her with his hands clasped behind his back and his big, hungry eyes fixed on her. Later I've been swimming at Waikiki, and heard a steady, powerful beat of arms just behind me, and swerved aside to let Plicott and Honoria plunge by, round white arm and lean brown arm reaching out overhand with the regularity of perfect strength and accord as they drove in from the reef. Again, one would see Alexander in a brown study in a parlor, snuff-box in hand, gazing under bent brows at some invisible object, while the constant talk of his wife with Plicott must have poured into his ears. It just missed being a scandal.

"Later we observed that Honoria and Henry weren't seen together as formerly, and when they met they seemed to look at each other silently, Plicott with a grave perplexity in his eyes. At such seasons I've caught a glance of Honoria's that expressed a profound bewilderment, a searching sorrow that was feeling round in her heart for something to feed on; a very subtle glance that avoided us, Plicott most of all, like an involuntary sob that must find no one's ear.

"Then there came the day when we heard that the barque *Golden Gate* would leave Honolulu for Panama, whence one could catch the steamship for New York and Liverpool. What plans we made! I myself thought of the folks in Maine, and decided to go. Others grew hila-

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rious at hope of reaching home without all the delays of the trip to the Coast and overland from San Francisco. Inside a week every cabin on the *Golden Gate* was taken, and the list was closed. We frolicked like children, we who had been down here for years without a taste of hominy, a sup of maple syrup, or a buckwheat cake. And those who didn't go snarled at us emigrants, forming a defensive alliance against our forces of good cheer and hope and enthusiasm.

"It wasn't till we were well down Molokai Channel that we found that among us were Alexander and Honoria McLean and Henry Plicott. Even then it didn't strike us as anything worth comment, for of late the two of them hadn't been seen much together, and Honoria had even avoided the usual routs and balls. But inside a week our eyes followed them, for Henry quietly took Honoria as his constant companion, and Alexander, snuff-box in hand, sat by the wheel and stared out upon the ocean with a sullen, hurt look. Honoria was resplendent.

"We were really a strange company, though I suppose our being thrust together in cramped quarters had much to do with our incongruity. Out of thirty passengers there were, besides Honoria, only three women. Two of these were wives of men on board; the third was a slim, shy girl going to some place in Connecticut to be married. Her name was Susan Hays, and she sat in the shadow of the long-boat at night and warmed her engagement ring against her breast. I suppose she thought no one observed her.

"Indeed, I flattered myself that it was I only who had been shrewd enough to read the story of this girl's brooding affection. But one night, sitting on a hatch and watching the moonlight on the upper sails, I heard Honoria's voice, from some shadow, saying unsteadily, 'I threw my betrothal ring into a drawer when I got it. I couldn't wear it, Harry.'

"Plicott (for I recognized his voice) muttered, 'One can get rid of the engagement ring, but the wedding ring sticks fast, doesn't it, Honoria?'

"That was all I heard. But I knew, then, that Alexander McLean had better look to his wife or lose her. The *Golden Gate* was swimming eastward slowly through warm, breezy seas, under dark skies where the stars hung in a certain gorgeous detachment and a woman's face in the dusk was more than all the commandments. A few days later I went forward at sundown, and found Honoria and Henry sitting on the big anchor, quite forgetful of the dinner-gong. When I appeared, she looked up with a defiant glance, and Henry dropped her hand. Later he came to me and said, glowering, 'You understand, I suppose, that it is none of your business?' Well, of course it was no affair of mine. The elderly chap with the snuff-box had the whole burden on his shoulders.

"Thereafter I thought Henry dropped some of his reserve. Whenever Honoria came up on deck, with her hair glowing in the light and her firm, white hands shading her eyes,—her invariable gesture,—Plicott would leave whatever group he was in and walk slowly and steadily to meet her. They would sit down, silently, together. Now and then one would see her brush her warm lips with her fingers and glance abroad with a frightened, tremulous air, like a child in trouble. Henry would glower out of his hungry eyes, and his lean, dark face would redden. Now and again Alexander walked by, his starched face rigid with disapproval. So far as we observed, neither man ever addressed the other.

"You understand that the course taken by our vessel was lonely beyond expression. It is extremely probable that not one ship in ten years cuts across that desolate expanse of the South Pacific. It is a sea of baffling winds, of unending blank reaches that weary the eye. Day after day the horizon recedes before you, presenting a constant, definite line, broken once in a while by the uprising of a distant wave or the column of a cloud. Overhead the winds echo in the profound vault, a measured, faint thunder that is forever exactly above you, invariable and incessant, like the dim din of vast wheels.

"The *Golden Gate* gained an atmosphere of intense and eternal solitude, much as if she had become fixed in space, and the earth were rumbling under us like an endless treadmill, midway of which we were traveling, without an inch's advance. I suppose we all of us expected this to last forever. I don't think one of us looked for the barque to arrive at any port. Honestly, as I review it, I am convinced that we didn't dream of ever missing the sight of Honoria, elbows on knees, eyes on the distance, feeling beside her Plicott, whose dark face was forever ruddied by the thought of his love for her. . . . Susan Hays was eternally to slip across before them, holding her gentle left hand in the palm of her right in order that no breath of this fiery passion might sear the tender love that warmed her small betrothal ring. . . . For ages Alexander McLean was to skulk in the shadow, tapping the lid of his box of deadly venom. So when, one night as we sat about the deck, the yards shivered, a shroud snapped

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"McLEAN STOOD UP AND FIRED POINT-BLANK"

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high up, giving forth a vibrant, shrill *tang*, and the *Golden Gate* stopped dead on her course, we stared at each other like men wakened from a dream.

"An hour later we knew the extent of our disaster. In that uncharted sea a reef had intercepted us. The barque had slipped upon it under the gentle impulse of her sails, nosed into it, and swung round broadside to the sharp coral. Our vessel was a total loss, lying almost awash to the long, low rollers that passed over the sunken reef without breaking.

"The next day was an anxious one. The captain pored over the charts and fingered the 'Handbook and Sailing Directions for the South Pacific,' while the mates cleared away the boats, broke out provisions, and did what they could to prepare for the long trip to land. Toward evening the captain assembled us and said: 'The reef we are wrecked on is not down on the chart. Apparently the nearest land is seven hundred miles away. I have figured out our course, and we shall leave the ship to-night in five boats. If the weather holds fair we shall make land within one week.'

"We were then assigned to the different boats, and the water and food was carefully measured. During this operation the moon rose. By its light, boat after boat was lowered and its passengers embarked in it. Plicott and I were assigned to the second mate's boat, a small one manned by three sailors. With us was a passenger named Howard, an old man who insisted that Susan Hays go with us, as he knew her people and felt a responsibility for her safety. When we were all on board, and the girl had been handed down to us, we pulled off a few fathoms and lay to, swinging up and down on the sluggish surges.

"The moon had reached the zenith when we were all embarked. The last boat was riding just below the rail of the quarter-deck. In it were half a dozen passengers and Alexander and Honoria McLean. The captain's instruments were in the stern-sheets, a seaman held the chronometer on his lap, and the captain himself was staring up at the tangled rigging with an abstracted, mournful look. Then, with a determined and manly gesture of resignation, he stepped briskly over the rail, dropped into his place, and the boat drove away.

"A cable's length from the wreck, the boats came together for orders. The captain gave his plans. 'I'll keep the lead and show a light at night,' he said. 'The course is east by north. God bless us all! Give way, men!'

"His boat swung up to the one Plicott and I were in, and the captain leaned out to speak to the second mate, who commanded it. In that instant Honoria rose slightly in her place, and I heard Plicott draw a long breath. Before one of us could raise a finger, he had bent out, caught Honoria's white hands, and with a vast effort heaved her into our boat.

"It was so suddenly done that the captain did not catch the purport of our exclamations. When he saw Honoria beside Plicott, he seemed on the point of saying something; instead he stared at Alexander, who stared back at him with eyes blazing in his contorted visage. But the moonlight was deceptive, and the captain listened for him to speak. I suppose that that moment, which seemed long to us, was really a second of time. In that instant Plicott had called out, loud and commandingly, 'Give way, all!' and our sailors instinctively had driven our boat ahead. I think the captain cried out sharply, though I'm not sure, for the very next thing (our eyes were fixed on Alexander), McLean stood up, snuff-box in hand, as we could plainly see, and with his other hand drew a small pistol from his pocket, which he fired point-blank.

"The report had not reached us before the second mate roared out an order to pull harder, and our boat rushed off, out of range of the madman's weapon. It must have been several minutes before we felt safe, and the second mate, whose name was Gridley, gave the order to lie by. We looked back and saw nothing, the moon, now past the zenith, being in our eyes. We heard a hail, quite faint. One of us answered it. Then came silence, and Gridley ordered the sailors to fall to their oars again. 'What did that man mean?' he demanded angrily. No one replied, and he bent over his compass. When he had found the course and fixed a star in his mind, we started slowly and painfully out to the eastward.

"It must have lacked but a couple of hours of dawn when we left the barque, for, as we went along, listening occasionally for the voices of some in the other boats, or peering out to pick up the light that the captain had promised to show, the eastern horizon suddenly grew white. Later there appeared around the declining moon a great circle of darkness; the stars faded. Then a ribbon of fire flamed on the edge of the sea, and in a moment the sun burst up. When it was high enough for us to see under its beams, the other boats were not in sight. We thought to discern the spars of the *Golden Gate* far astern, but that was all. Gridley was much put out. 'We were set wrong by that mad fellow shooting at us,' he exclaimed. 'And the other boats pulled directly eastward. They are ahead of us.

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We'll keep the course and maybe overtake them in a few hours.'

"An appalled voice came from a man forward: 'The water-cask has leaked, sir!' An examination showed that McLean's bullet had clipped one of the wooden hoops of the cask, cut it in two, and allowed the staves to open up slightly. Of the hundred gallons of fresh water we had started with, we might have a dozen left. We accepted this growlingly, but the mate assured us that we must soon pick up the other boats and from their casks we would replenish our supply. In the meantime a uncharted seas,' he told me. 'If that reef was there without having been discovered, it is possible we may find an island.' He changed the course.

"The horizon still presented a faultless rim when our thirst had mounted high. In our growing misery we looked askance at Plicott and Honoria. They, we argued, had caused our disaster. And seeing our anger, Plicott drew her apart and held her beside him, glowering at us in a truculent and determined manner. We should doubtless have set him to the last test, had not a gull passing overhead dropped



WE RAN THE BOAT UP ON A BARREN ISLAND"

sailor carefully stopped the cracks in the cask with strips of cloth in order to prevent further loss.

"During that day and the following night we failed to sight the other boats. The sea had swallowed them up. Gridley refused to alter the course to search for them, alleging that it might delay us in reaching the land. 'And an hour may mean life to some of us,' he said grimly.

"The third day our water was exhausted, except for a few ounces apiece for the ten of us. Our plight, now that we had lost track of our companions, was desperate. Gridley, observing a strong current setting to the southward, assumed that it was the action of this that had parted us, and he said that we might now do well to follow this current, doubling our speed, in hopes of sighting some land. 'These are from his bill a seed which floated on the water and was caught by Gridley. He examined it and said cheerfully, 'It is a fresh seed. Land is close by.'

"'But where?' we demanded.

"Gridley smiled upon us gallantly, recovering his courage and ascendancy. 'We'll soon find it,' he assured us. 'Everybody keep a good lookout.'

"That night we found it — a small, wavering shadow on the southern horizon. At first we thought it an illusion, a mere blot of cloud. But as we studied it, sniffed the air, and felt of the water, it came over us that it was truly an island. The mate carefully calculated the force and direction of the current, diverted our course by a few points, and we gradually drew up to it, dawn breaking while we were three miles away and rapidly approaching it over a

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windless sea. It was noon when we ran the boat up on a barren white shore and stumbled out, saying to each other, 'We must find water.'

"I'll pass over certain episodes of little moment and bring you to the hour, late that night, when we knew that there was no water on the island. We had searched it, scanned it inch by inch, knew its configuration perfectly, and were gathered in despair at the foot of the only eminence in its small area.

"The extreme breadth of the islet was a half-mile. In length it extended for about two miles, running almost directly north and south. In the middle of it, dividing it in two, rose a long, steep, sharp ridge of rock, rising precipitously from the white, barren sand for nearly the length of the island. This rock was very much like a wall, or a backbone. On either side of this ridge the sand was verdureless except for a small clump of bushes huddled at the foot of an abrupt cliff on the east face. These formed a thicket possibly a score of feet through, none of the bushes being over a dozen feet high. Above them the rock rose vertically for fifty feet, glaring white. I assure you that we knew what we were talking about when we agreed that there was no water. We had even dug in the coarse, white, sharp coral sand. We had tried to scale the spine of rock, and failed. We had almost pulled the stunted shrubs up in an effort to find whence they sucked their moisture. And now, lighted by the rising moon, we gaped at each other, mumbling our despair through swollen lips. Apart from us sat three people: Susan Hays, her hands clasped in her lap, and Honoria and Plicott, silently staring at us, driven from us by the consciousness that to them we owed our lamentable death.

"I don't know what would have been the outcome of our despair if a cloud had not suddenly overspread us and poured down a flood of rain. For an hour we drank out of our palms — out of any vessel we could find; we soaked our bodies in the warm water, lifting our faces to it in a sort of ecstasy. Yet, when dawn came we had managed to collect only a few gallons, and a cloudless sky and burning sun mocked us.

"We worked and built us a camp, with a fireplace, a cellar dug in the sand in the rock's shadow for our provisions, and a little store place for the scanty fuel the sailors gathered. Then Gridley divided us into watches, and we prepared to stay till we could accumulate enough water to fill the cask, which we repaired, and so continue our voyage to the mainland. Our circumstances were not pleasant: we were a thousand miles from land, the climate forbade us to expect many showers, and there was no hope of a passing vessel. Under these conditions, we settled down as best we might, relying on the possibility of soon being ready to take to the boat again.

"The seamen instantly accommodated themselves, and Gridley relapsed into sullen taciturnity. The old man, Howard, sat first on the west side of the rock of a morning, panted during the flaming noon, and then, when the sun had passed the meridian, crept over into the shadow on the westward side. With him, constantly silent, shy, thoughtful, went Susan Hays. Plicott and Honoria had withdrawn themselves to the edge of the thicket, where they sat, her hand in his, while he glared out into the great sunshine with stormy eyes. Honoria seemed pensive, with a subdued demeanor.

"Our water again gave out, in due course. We sought the implacable heavens for a cloud. Gridley tried to make a rude still to distill the sea water into a drinkable liquid; he failed. Once more we searched the islet for a trace of water, digging into the hot sand with our fingers. Plicott came with us, furious in the hunt for two days. Then he desisted, and lay in the shadow of the thicket, gazing seaward, or staring at Honoria, now sunburnt and with blackened lips and bloodshot eyes.

"The next night thereafter I wakened from an uneasy sleep, hearing a rustling sound in the thicket, outside which Howard, Susan Hays, Honoria, Plicott, and myself had laid us down. I was at the foot of the rock, and when I opened my eyes I thought I discovered a figure clambering painfully up the cliff, out of the tops of the bushes. At first I supposed I was dreaming; but I finally decided that some one was trying desperately to find water. There was nothing unusual in this, for each of us at some time or another wandered off in that hopeless quest. However, I had not thought it possible to scale the rock. I stole away and into the thicket. There I waited till a slight, scrambling noise warned me that the man was coming down. I drew aside and listened. Whoever it was dropped softly upon the sand and sank down, breathing heavily. Waiting for the moon to rise and give me light upon him, I fell asleep. When I wakened again it was to hear the whisper of a man's husky voice. It was Plicott, saying, 'Drink it all, Honoria. I've found it for you.'

"Gradually I made out that they were standing a few feet from me, the woman with one hand supporting her against the rock. She was whispering, 'I mustn't, Harry. Give it to the others. It's wicked! Give it to the others!'

"'The others shall have some when you're done,' he insisted. 'You are first.'

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"'And there is plenty?' she demanded.

"'Plenty,' he told her.

"Presently she sighed, and drank. A moment later Plicott crawled past me, and then Honoria stepped out of the thicket. When I returned to the rest, I saw her seated a little distance off; Plicott was back in his old place.

"You see what I had discovered: Plicott had found water. While I was debating what to do, the dawn broke. Scanning the blackened, swollen faces about me, I kept silent. Instead of speaking a word of what I knew, I followed Henry down to the boat, and when he turned on me with a look of inquiry, I made no bones of my intentions. 'You've found water,' I said. 'Where is it?'

"He snarled at me like an animal. 'You'll never know,' he muttered.

"'I will,' I said loudly. 'I suppose you think that you and the woman you have stolen can have it all. But it is on account of you and your guilt that we decent people are dying. Do you suppose we will endure it?'

"I can't describe the look that altered his face. He stood there, staring at me with a hurt, puzzled expression, a man suddenly confronted with an inexplicable problem. 'But you don't love her!' he managed to say.

"'Of course I don't,' I retorted. 'Why should I? But I'm going to have some of that water.'

"You can give what explanation you like of his next move. He took me by the arm and strode back to the thicket, pulling me into its shade after him. On the ground lay Honoria, asleep. He motioned to me to pass her, and as I crept up beside him he laid his finger on a small groove in the face of the rock.

"'Look!' he said.

"The depression, a very shallow one, extended vertically up. It was still damp. It was the channel of a stream.

"'I found it,' he told me savagely. 'It's mine. Somewhere up the face of the cliff there is the outlet of a spring. When the sun shines and heats the rock, all the water that issues evaporates before it comes down within reach. But at night, after the face of the rock has cooled, it commences to trickle down into a little basin twenty feet up there. When that basin is filled a few drops trickle down to the ground, but then the sun rises and heats the rock and instantly evaporates it, so that a few minutes after sunrise there is only this slight dampness to mark its course. It's mine!'

"'But if one should climb up to the spring—to that basin,' I said eagerly, 'then we could get water all day long, for all of us.'

"He laughed feverishly. 'I've measured it. Working for hours last night, I got — how much? A cupful! All told, less than a pint! Enough for only one!'

"'And that's you!' I stormed.

"'No,' he replied dully. 'Honoria.'

"I went away, quite undecided. I was of a mind to tell the rest. But what good would that do? The scanty pint a day — a cupful — would not moisten the lips of all of us. And, besides, I had a profound fear of Plicott. He was capable of murder; he would kill us all, if it came to the question. I did not doubt his ability. While we had silently made these two, the guilty man and the guilty woman, apart from us, separated by an invisible strong line, they dominated us. Keeping to themselves, forced aloof by some unspoken reprobation of ours, they, however, seemed to have the balance of power with them. Yet I cannot tell what I would have done had not an opportune shower drenched us and given us half a cask of water again. This reprieve strengthened us. But at the end of twenty-four hours we wakened to find that the three sailors had stolen the cask and our boat and vanished, leaving Howard and the mate, Plicott, Honoria, Susan, and myself with but very little victual and no water.

"Day after day passed. Our little rations of food would not go down our throats for dryness. We lay in the shadow of the rock, after soaking our bodies in the surf, and muttered insane blasphemy at the pitiless and shining sky. When I say 'we' and 'our' I refer to those of us who had thrust Plicott and Honoria into a separate society. I did not disclose their secret — yet. We were all weakened and nerveless; Plicott and the woman were strong, unwithered by the heat and the drought. But I saw to it that they got nothing of our scanty food. I recall smiling across at Plicott and daring him to demand his rations. And he smiled back, magnificently.

"Gridley grew violent within two days after the desertion of the seamen, went off by himself, and maintained a steady and vigilant watch over us, like a vulture. Howard, old and dried up anyway, did not seem to need water as much as the rest of us. He sat against the rock, as he had always done, changing from shadow to shadow as the sun swept overhead; and Susan Hays leaned on his knee and dreamed, her hands clasped over her bosom. Apart, Honoria sat like a splendid goddess at the entrance of her sacred thicket; sunk in dark meditation, Plicott sat beyond her, sullen and silent, now staring at the woman, now gazing upon the ground.

"I think about two days more had passed when I was wakened in deep night to hear a harsh voice saying, 'Get back! Get back!' I got

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up and ran round the edge of the rock toward the thicket, and saw Gridley on one knee, fighting off Plicott.

"As I came up the second mate called out through the dark, 'They've got water! Kill them both!' He rolled over under a blow, his voice dying in his throat.

"The tumult brought Howard, and he and I stormed at Plicott, who confronted us under the bright stars, pistol in hand. I admit it was not a pretty scene. But Plicott's pistol subdued us, and we went muttering away. As we stumbled back, looking over our shoulders and cursing, the old man pitched forward. Gridley, stooping over him, stared into his set face and rose, croaking, 'He's dead.' So he was.

"This brought matters to a pass. The girl, Susan Hays, came and sat through the morning by the side of her only protector and friend, dry-eyed, serene, her cracked lips parted in a gentle smile. Far off, Gridley huddled in the wet sand at the water's edge, while Plicott stood on the other side, pistol in hand. After hours of hesitation, I got up and drew my knife, intending to go and kill Plicott.

"But at this moment Honoria came, walking easily and slowly, calling out, 'Susan! Susan!'

"Plicott made a sudden attempt to stop her. But she merely smiled at him and came on, splendid and beautiful, white arms swinging at her sides, her cheeks fresh and dewy. She saw the girl crouched over the old man's body, and halted. Then she ran up to her, crying, 'Susan! Susan! What's the matter?'

"The girl lifted her quiet, dull eyes and said simply, 'He's dead.'

"Honoria swept down beside her, drawing her into her arms. 'How did he die?' she cried. 'What's the matter?'

"I broke in: 'Can you ask? How dare you ask! Can't you see we are all dying for lack of the water you are using?"

"She stared at us; then, suddenly stooping over, she brushed her white finger-tips across the old man's parted lips. His open eyes and protruding tongue would have told any one the story. And Honoria got up slowly, drearily, and walked away. Plicott met her and tried to say something. She shook her head. 'Why did you deceive me? I didn't know,' I heard her say. 'Why didn't you tell me that they had no water?' She stared at him a long moment, and then said, 'We are guilty, Harry. We can never get away from it.'

"She went into the covert of the thicket and came out with a cup in her hand. This she carried to Susan and held to her lips, with little murmurs of comfort. The girl, suddenly waking, so to speak, gulped the water down, looked wildly over the scene, and fell to sobbing bitterly. Honoria put her arms about her.

"'I'll never see Tom,' I heard Susan whisper. 'He's waiting for me in Connecticut.'

"'Yes, you'll see him yet,' Honoria returned, while Plicott and I stood by dumbly.

"'No, and I've waited for him all my life — till he made money enough. And now I won't see him ever! Oh, Mrs. McLean, you've been married and had your life and the man you love! You've had your husband! And I'll never have Tom!'

"Imagine that slender, plangent voice talking to the brassy sky, through pale lips, over a dead body. It shook me. I seemed to see before me all the misery of the world suddenly drawn down into the heart of a young girl. To Honoria it carried a different message; she rose, with infinite gentleness, and caught Plicott's eye.

"'I understand why you did this, Harry,' she said to him, shading her eyes with her hands. 'You didn't tell me the rest were dying for a drink of water. But you and I have come to the end of things, Harry. I ought never to have loved you. I'm a wicked woman. But now that it is all done, and you and I have nothing else, we'll keep our love. We'll deserve it, Harry. We'll earn the right to carry it to God and tell him it wasn't all false, it wasn't all unworthy and mean and dishonorable. . . . Bring her in and put her in the shade.'

"Plicott stooped over dizzily, took Susan in his arms, and carried her into the thicket. Honoria went in then, and we stood outside, panting and thirsty and desperate. When Honoria came out she walked to Plicott and put her fingers in his. 'Now we'll die together,' she said calmly, and sat down.

"That night we buried the old man, and Gridley drew me aside to say, 'I know that Plicott and that woman stole our cask of water. Look at their wet lips! Let's kill them!' He made this proposal with earnestness; and when he had made it he lay down, struggled a little with phantoms, and later died in a burning pain.

"Without any help I dragged his body into the shadow of the rock, and went and told Honoria and Henry. She looked at me quietly. 'I'm guilty of his death, too,' she said. 'But I didn't know. You wouldn't stay with us; you looked at us as if we were too wicked, and we stayed by ourselves. I didn't know you were not having water to drink. Harry showed me how to get the water at night, and there was only enough for the two of us. Why shouldn't we have it?'

"'But Plicott owed it to the rest of us,' I said

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brutally. 'He had no business to snatch you into our boat and get your husband to shoot at us and spoil our cask of water.'

"'That is so,' she replied. 'But I'm glad Harry loved me that much. Now we'll let Susan have the water, so that she can meet that fellow in Connecticut.' She crept into Plicott's arms, and we sat together through the night. At dawn, gently disengaging himself, Plicott drew me aside to say through cracked lips, 'I didn't drink any of the water. She thought there was plenty.'

"'But what became of it?' I demanded.

"'There was only a cupful,' he answered, walking on beyond the thicket.

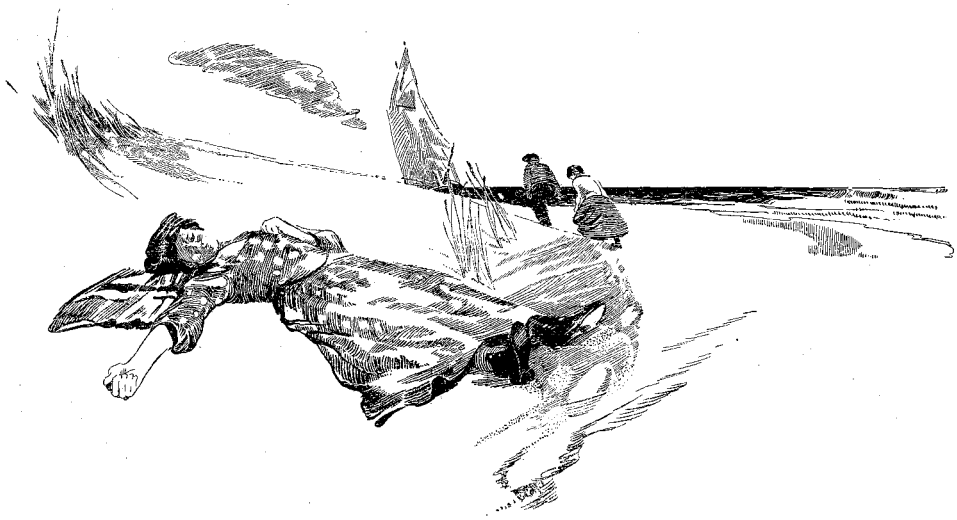
"But something caught my eye. Pinned against the hot face of the rock, I saw a pair of long stockings spread out to dry.

"To my exclamation he croaked: 'She washed them. She thought there was plenty of water. You couldn't expect her not to . . . a delicate woman. . . . The sea water, she said, made them sticky . . . she wanted to be beautiful for my sake. . . . She said she would have made me a tidy wife . . . men like tidiness . . . she washed them. I lied to her . . . she went thirsty herself, so's she could have her stockings clean . . . she . . . *Honoria!*' He suddenly fell forward, clutched his fingers into the sand, and sighed, blowing the coral dust out of his parched nostrils in a final puff. And, as he relaxed, a gentle draught of air picked one of the lace stockings from the rock and let it fall across his lifeless hand.

"It was a week later, or two or three weeks later (time passed by us with tremendous irregularity), that I dreamed that it rained. I started to my feet, and in my wild eagerness stumbled over something and fell, being at the end of my powers. There I lay, sucking at the very air for moisture till I slept again. I was roused at daylight to see Susan standing over me, sobbing. 'She's dead! she's dead!' she cried again and again.

"I remember that I looked up into the blue sky and felt my dry clothes about me. When I cleared my eyes, I saw, a few yards off, Honoria, lying on her back, her glowing hair shrouding her white face, her parched lips and shrunken throat. Beyond her I saw the white surf. Yet beyond that gleamed the sail of a vessel.

"I forgot everything, and ran down to the shore and shouted in a thin voice, while Susan stood before me, her hands clasped over her bosom in an agony of suspense. It wasn't till I was sure the schooner was heading up for the island that I turned round, and realized that Honoria was quite dead in the barren sand that covered the lean, burnt body of the man who had loved her lawlessly."



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THE OMINOUS HUSH IN EUROPE

AN OUTLINE OF THE SITUATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY

H. R. CHAMBERLAIN

LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK "SUN"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is the deepest reproach upon the present-day civilization that preparation for war should be the dominant concern of the two most powerful nations of the Old World at the close of the first decade of the new century. England and Germany are not alone in pouring treasure into the construction of armaments at a rate never before contemplated. Every Great Power is compelled by their example—all in the interests of peace, forsooth—to do likewise. The legislatures of three countries, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, have been engaged during the past summer in imposing great burdens of taxation upon their constituents, amounting roughly to $125,000,000 per year in each case. National defense has been the impelling cause in every instance. There is no sign that the end has been reached; nothing to indicate that the appalling rate of increase will not continue indefinitely toward the bankruptcy that the present policy makes absolutely inevitable.

But I am not concerned for the moment with the ethics or the economics of the question of peace and war. It is to the imperative interests of all peoples to take cognizance of the facts of the specific international situation, to recognize the crisis toward which the affairs of man are tending, and to seek to avert the almost equal evils of war or peace in the conditions that threaten to supervene. To come at once to the point: Are the leading statesmen of all parties in Great Britain right or wrong in apprehending a gigantic struggle at arms between their country and Germany in the near future?

A Period of Silent War

It is important to reproduce the foreboding note of warning which Lord Rosebery sent ringing through the Empire in the great speech he delivered before the press delegates last June. He said:

> "I do not know that in some ways I have ever seen a condition of things in Europe so remarkable, so peaceful, and in some respects so ominous as the condition which exists at this moment. There is a hush in Europe, a hush in which you may almost hear a leaf fall to the ground. There is an absolute absence of any questions which ordinarily lead to war.
>
> "All forebodes peace; and yet at the same time, combined with this total absence

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of all questions of friction, there never was in the history of the world so threatening and so overpowering a preparation for war. That is a sign which I confess I regard as most ominous. For forty years it has been a platitude to say that Europe is an armed camp, and for forty years it has been true that all the nations have been facing each other armed to the teeth, and that has been in some respects a guarantee of peace. Now, what do we see? Without any tangible reason we see the nations preparing new armaments. They cannot arm any more men on land, so they have to seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up these enormous preparations as if for some great Armageddon — and that in a time of profoundest peace. We live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch *tacens bellum* — a silent warfare, in which not a drop of blood is shed in anger, but in which, however, the last drop is extracted from the living body by the lancets of the European statesmen. There are features in this general preparation for war which must cause special anxiety to the friends of Great Britain and the British Empire.

"I myself feel confident in the resolution and power of this country to meet any reasonable conjunction of forces. But when I see this bursting of navies everywhere, when I see one country alone asking for twenty-five millions of extra taxation for warlike preparation, when I see the absolutely unprecedented sacrifices which are asked from us on the same ground, I do begin to feel uneasy at the outcome of it all, and wonder where it will stop, or if it is nearly going to bring back Europe into a state of barbarism, or whether it will cause a catastrophe in which the workingmen of the world will say, 'We will have no more of this madness, this foolery which is grinding us to powder.'"

It was this utterance of a great independent leader of English political thought which Sir Edward Grey, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Unionist party, indorsed without reserve. Speaking in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey said:

"The great countries of Europe are raising enormous revenues, and something like one half of them is being spent on naval and military preparations. You may call it national insurance, that is perfectly true; but it is equally true that one half of the national revenue of the great countries in Europe is being spent on what are, after all, preparations to kill each other. Surely the extent to which this expenditure has grown really becomes a satire and a reflection upon civilization. Not in our generation, perhaps; but if it goes on at the rate at which it has recently increased, sooner or later, I believe, it will submerge that civilization. The burden already shows itself in national credit — less in our national credit than in the national credit of other nations — but sooner or later, if it goes on at this rate, it must lead to national bankruptcy.

"Is it to be wondered that the hopes and aspirations of the best men in the leading countries are devoted to trying to find some means of checking it? Surely that is a statement of the case in which, however attached a man may be to what I may call the martial spirit, he may at least see that the whole of Europe is in the presence of a great danger. But no country alone can save that. If we alone among the Great Powers gave up the competition and sank into a position of inferiority, what good should we do? None whatever: no good to ourselves, because we cannot realize great ideals of social reform at home when we are holding our existence at the mercy, the caprice if you like, of another nation. That is not feasible. If we fall into a position of inferiority our self-respect is gone, and with it that enterprise which is essential both to the material success of industry and to the carrying out of great ideals. We should fall into a state of apathy; we should cease to count for anything among the nations of Europe; and we should be fortunate if our liberty were left and we did not become the conscript appendage of some stronger Power. That is a brutal way of stating the case, but it is the truth."

Mr. Balfour, in an earnest speech delivered in London on July 27, said:

"The Government have found it necessary to modify, to qualify, to limit the original two-Power standard formula. That is not denied. It may be that the

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movement of the world, the progress of events, have rendered such modification possible; but I do ask everybody to realize that on this depends the very existence of the City of London as a commercial centre, the very existence of Great Britain as a Great Power. I ask them to put this question to themselves. We have now got to the point when, with regard to the old type of ship — by which I mean the pre-Dreadnought type — we are indeed in an overwhelming superiority, but a superiority which, by the admission of the Government, is diminishing far more rapidly in our case than it is in the case of any other Power; in other words, the senescence — the growing old age — which makes a battle-ship of more than a certain time of life as utterly inefficient and useless as a human being is beyond a certain time of life for really active and efficient service — that period is going to attack our ships more quickly than it is the ships of the two next great naval Powers. That is not denied. Then if we turn from the old type of ship — the pre-Dreadnought type — and we ask what this Government are doing with respect to the new type, on which the great contests at sea will ultimately be decided, we find ourselves insensibly, but surely not without astonishment, discussing in the House of Commons, not whether we are equal to two Powers, but whether our bare margin over one Power is sufficient to ensure national safety.

"I do not believe that the country realizes the danger of the situation. I do not believe they know upon how narrow a margin of battle strength we are relying. I do not think they fully grasp the fact that, if you remember our responsibilities in the Mediterranean as well as in the North Sea — if you remember that we have not merely got to defend our shores, but to defend all our colonies and all the routes which lead us to our colonies and our foreign markets — I do not believe they realize how the preposterously meagre building programme of the Government during the last three years has imperilled the greatest and most vital interests of the Empire."

The Kaiser's Devotion to Peace — and Activity in the Krupp Works

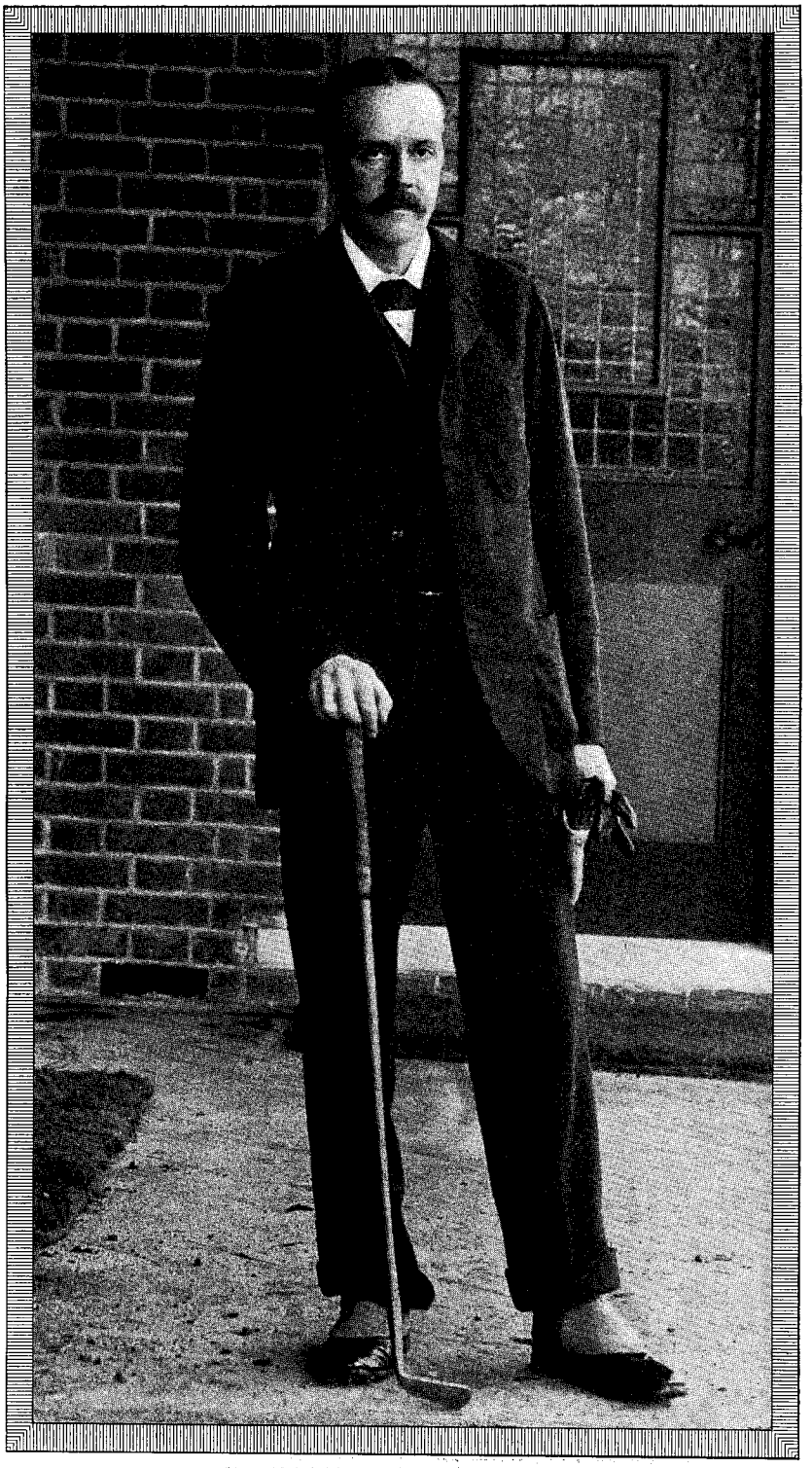
If I may judge from the press and such personal expressions of opinion as are available, the American people regarded with rather contemptuous indifference the "scare" in England on the subject of national defense up to the time when Lord Rosebery delivered his great speech before the Imperial Press Conference last June in London. I have watched two or three naval panics in England in the past twenty years, and to the casual observer this seemed a repetition of that peculiar psychological phenomenon. Never was the pacific tendency of public sentiment in all countries more sincere and profound than now. All last winter the dread of war was so universal throughout Europe that it approved — nay, compelled — the acceptance of a flagrant breach of treaty obligations by Austria-Hungary, rather than risk the consequences of drawing the sword in defense of a primary principle in international good faith. The German Emperor, moreover, was proclaiming his devotion to peace even more fervidly than usual. Why should his word be doubted, as doubted it was and is to-day by the Government and Opposition leaders of Great Britain? The answer is found in the great Krupp Works at Essen and in the ship-building yards on the Elbe.

Germany's Passion for National Expansion

It is not necessary to go deeply into the political affairs of the Old World in order to understand and also to sympathize with Germany's aspirations. Her people are the most prosperous and the most enterprising in Europe. Her population has grown from forty millions to more than sixty millions, despite an emigration of several millions to the United States and other parts of the world, since the Franco-German war. Her foreign trade, already enormous, continues to increase. Expansion in every respect has become her natural and imperative ambition. Above all, she needs and seeks colonies. She is overcrowded, and she is not to be condemned because she desires that her surplus population should be able to live under the flag of the Fatherland in homes beyond the seas. These are conditions that have existed many times before in the world's history, and always with the same result: the expansion has taken place, whenever the parent nation has been strong enough to carry it out. The law of evolution is as inexorable when applied to nations as it is in its relation to other elements of the universe.

But the world is a crowded place in these latter days. National expansion in the twentieth century can take place only at the expense

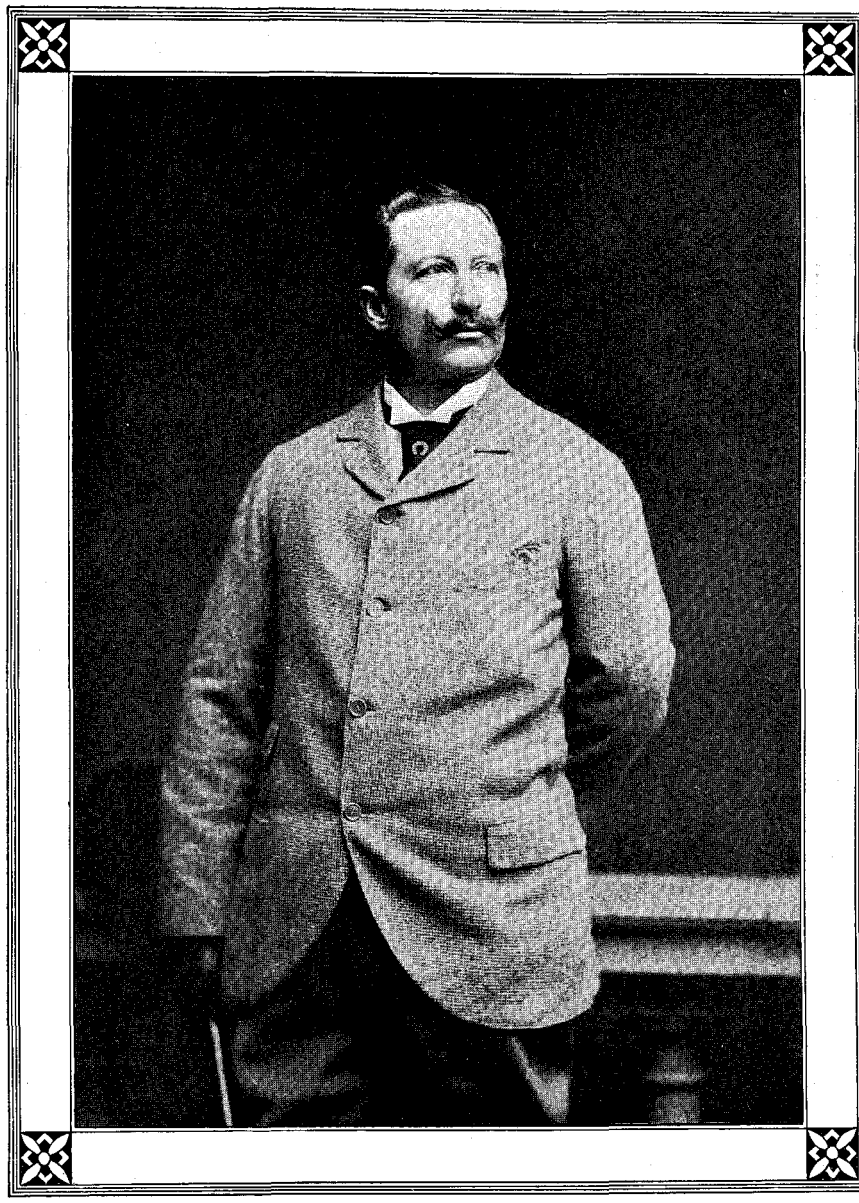
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ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

WHO HAS BEEN EARNESTLY CALLING THE ATTENTION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE TO THE GROWING SENESCENCE OF THEIR NAVY AND THE NARROW MARGIN OF THEIR BATTLE STRENGTH OVER THAT OF GERMANY

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EMPEROR WILHELM II.

WHO, IN VIEW OF GERMANY'S NEED FOR TERRITORIAL EXPANSION, IS PUSHING FORWARD A VAST PROGRAM OF NAVAL DEVELOPMENT THAT THREATENS THE SECURITY OF ENGLAND AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE

of some one else. Other considerations besides economics and numerical increase enter into the problem. Love of dominion and power may be primitive and unworthy instincts in human nature, but they still form one of the most potent incentives to nations as well as to individuals. It was in Constantinople nearly ten years ago that the dream of German destiny was first explained to me by masters of the diplomatic craft. It was of a German Empire stretching across Europe from the Baltic to the Ægean Sea, from Rotterdam and Copenhagen to Salonika. Is the idea as absurd and impossible as it appears to the average man in the street to-day? Given the opportunity, which means the necessary force of arms and diplomatic skill, would Germany refrain from carrying out such an ambition?

England No Longer Splendidly Isolated

Still another motive has had an important influence in shaping German policy during the

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KING EDWARD VII.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO RECOGNIZE ENGLAND'S RELATIVE DECLINE AS A WORLD POWER; FOR YEARS HE HAS BEEN ORGANIZING A SERIES OF DEFENSIVE ALLIANCES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE OTHER EUROPEAN NATIONS

past six years. King Edward has been actively engaged during that time in organizing what has been vaguely described as a league of peace among the nations. The series of alliances and ententes that England has formed constitute a radical departure from her traditional attitude toward her sister nations. The splendid isolation in which she gloried for two generations or more has been abandoned. Why? Was it because the King's genuine love of peace impelled him into the paths of altruism? Was it even because England's ambitions were satisfied — that her days of aggrandizement were over and she wished the world's map to remain unchanged in its present lines of political division? There was a more practical reason than either of these. Great Britain was no longer capable of maintaining the same degree of supremacy at arms that had enabled her for years to regard her position as impregnable against any attack. Her strength had not declined; on the contrary, her equipment and resources were

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LORD ROSEBERY

WHO DECLARES THAT "NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAS THERE SO THREATENING AND SO OVERPOWERING A PREPARATION FOR WAR"

greater than ever. The power at arms of her possible enemies, however, had increased in far greater ratio than her own. The combinations that might be made against her had become more dangerous and threatening.

Two courses were open to the Government of the British Empire at the critical juncture when King Edward came to the throne. Naval expenditure must be increased on an enormous scale and universal military service must be made compulsory, or England must seek friends and allies among the nations to join forces with her in case of emergency. The King was the first man to recognize the crisis, and for six years he has devoted himself with consummate skill and true statesmanship to the task before him. He has labored zealously for peace throughout the world. It detracts nothing from his credit that peace is also the chief interest of his people.

It hardly requires explanation that King Edward's efforts should have given rise to honest suspicions in Germany. The entente with France was his first great accomplishment. Simultaneously he sought and gained a close rapprochement with Spain, with Portugal, and with Italy. No formal treaties have recorded these new friendships. Italy, indeed, remains the ally of Germany and a member of the Triple Alliance. The world has learned anew within the past year that there are international bonds stronger in practical effect than treaties. The new triple entente between Great Britain, France, and Russia is a league more potent in its binding force than if it bore the signs and seals of the Chiefs of State of the three Powers.

Germany's Resentment at King Edward's Policy

Germany has shown her resentment against this new grouping of her neighbors in ways more significant and convincing than if she had openly declared her anger. She succeeded, in a humiliating moment for France, in compelling the retirement of her able Foreign Minister, Delcassé. He was the man whose coöperation made the complete reconciliation and friendship between France and England possible. Then the Morocco complications were seized upon by the German Emperor and Government as a source of discord, and very ugly indeed was the situation that developed on more than one occasion. It is a fact of unwritten history that at one moment both France and England expected war, and every preparation was made for it. Great Britain had promised France certain military support, and had also pledged herself to throw her whole

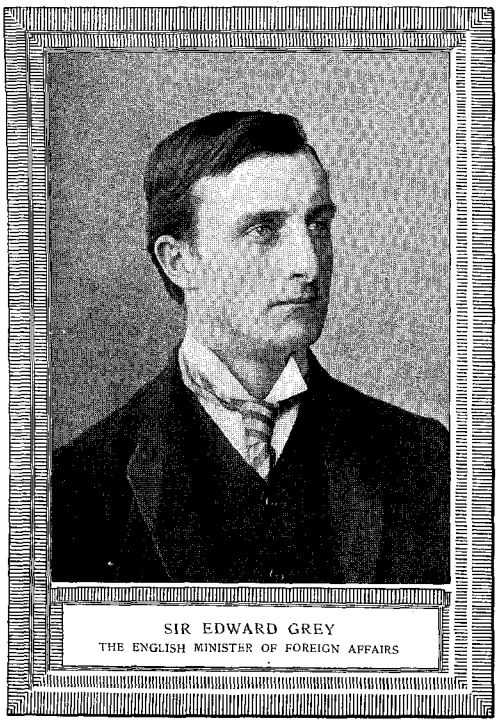
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naval force against Germany the moment the latter's troops should cross the French frontier. The attack was not delivered; perhaps there had been no real intention to make it. French statesmen believe otherwise, and they are convinced that it was the decisive stand taken by England that averted the blow.

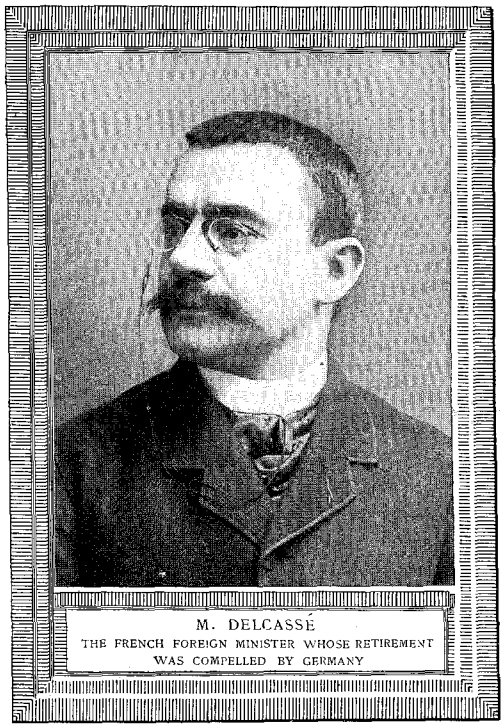
Germany's attitude in the foregoing respect seems altogether inconsistent with her Emperor's well-known peace declarations, but it is susceptible of a righteous explanation. Kaiser Wilhelm and many of his advisers honestly believed that King Edward's whole peace campaign was a scheme of thinly veiled aggression against Germany. His object, in their view, was so to hedge about the German Empire that it should be powerless to expand and develop either in Europe or in any part of the world. In other words, he was trying to organize, not a peace league, but an anti-German league. It was inevitable, under such circumstances, that German statesmen should resent and resist such an effort, even at the risk of war.

English Appetite for Expansion is Dead

Turning now to English estimates of the German position, we find a similar deep-seated suspicion. The English people are virtuously conscious of the sincerity of their peace-loving intentions. The appetite for expansion, for increasing the area of the Empire upon which the sun never sets, is dead in Great Britain.



SIR EDWARD GREY
THE ENGLISH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS



M. DELCASSÉ
THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER WHOSE RETIREMENT WAS COMPELLED BY GERMANY

This is true in so complete a sense that Englishmen resent the suspicion that the ruling passion of generations any longer survives in these islands. They grieve with pangs of injured innocence when the old phrase "perfidious England" is revived anywhere by friend or foe. They see only injustice in the imputation that even so recent an act as the annexation by force of arms of the South African republics was prompted by any motives of aggrandizement.

Their change of heart is so radical that they have no sympathy with aspirations, in another Power, such as made the British Empire what it is to-day. This is but natural when we remember that the world is now so small that any seizure of territory or transfer of sovereignty must upset the general political equilibrium. Great Britain desires merely to maintain her vast realm intact. It has been a comparatively easy task until now. The burden of defense has been borne with little difficulty by the mother country, without material assistance from her outlying dominions. All this has changed during the present decade, and England finds her task grown suddenly to dimensions that tax to the utmost all her vast resources. Whence comes the new insecurity, the implied danger? The British people to a man point across the North Sea for the answer.

Here is the British case in a nut-shell: At the close of the nineteenth century Germany possessed the most powerful land force the world

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Photographed for McClure's Magazine by Underwood & Underwood

KING EDWARD OF ENGLAND, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND EMPEROR WILHELM II.

had ever seen. She could put into the field no less than four million men, well trained and superbly equipped. She was well-nigh invulnerable against land attack, while her coast fortifications and a small but adequate navy made invasion from the sea practically impossible. All this was legitimate defensive precaution, and in 1900 Germany, despite her double frontier, was practically impregnable. These preparations had cost her dear, but her people, peace-loving as they were, had borne the burden cheerfully.

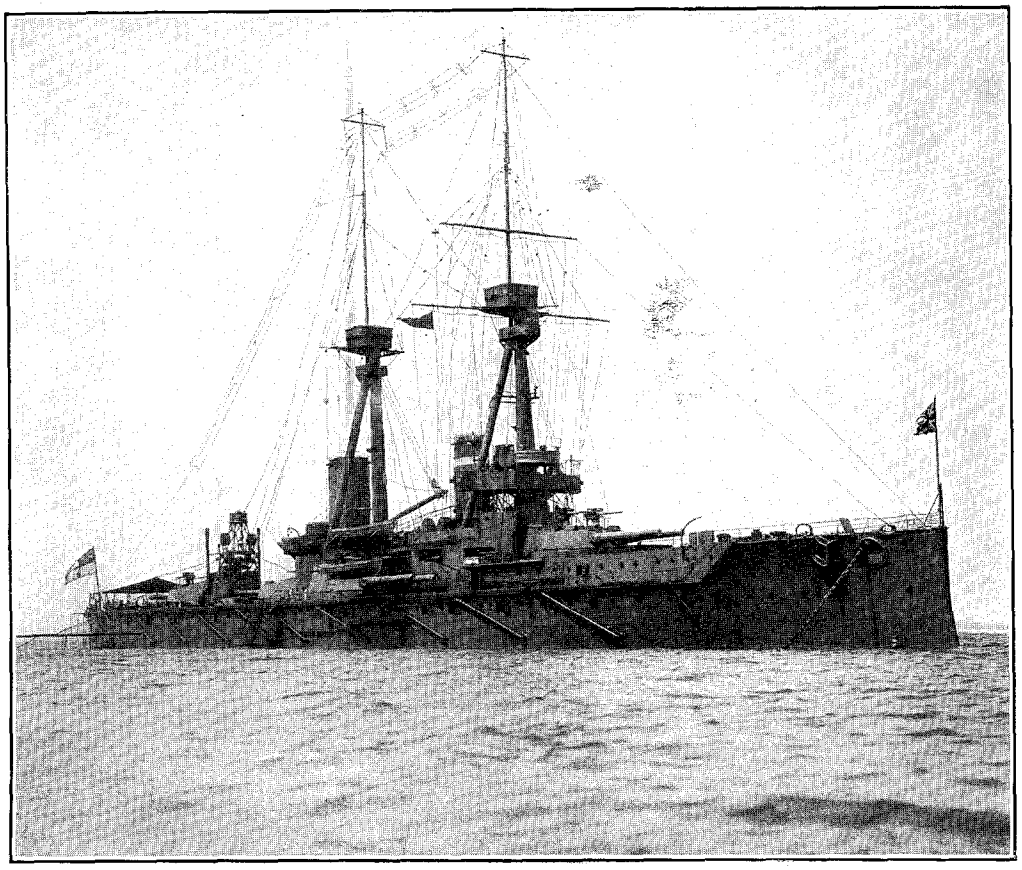
Then the policy of the government changed in the sense that it went far beyond the requirements of defensive equipment. The Emperor, through his ministers, announced a vast program of naval development, to be spread over a term of fifteen years. He denied in set terms that this scheme involved any intention of future aggression. "The rapid expansion of German trade throughout the world made it necessary to provide means for its protection, and German dignity and greatness demanded a navy proportionate to the country's importance as a world Power." That was the official explanation.

England was not disturbed at first. She made a reluctant increase in her naval program, and a little later she endeavored by two means to modify the situation. She initiated a movement for the limitation of armaments by international agreement, and she built the Dreadnought. Germany vetoed flatly the consideration of a limitation of armaments proposed by the Hague Conference, and she secretly made preparations for building Dreadnoughts faster than England herself could turn them out. The British authorities learned also that the principal ships that Germany was constructing were of small coal capacity, proving that they were unsuitable for their ostensible purpose of protecting German commerce in distant seas. In other words, they were designed solely for use in the North Sea and other home waters.

England's Dreadnought a Blow at England's Naval Supremacy

British alarm did not become really acute until it was discovered several months ago that

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THE ENGLISH DREADNOUGHT: THE TYPE OF SHIP THAT HAS CREATED A SILENT REVOLUTION IN EUROPE

Germany was quietly accelerating her announced program of naval construction. This was not so disturbing, however, as the fact that by the construction of extra slips at various yards, and the expenditure of ten million dollars upon the great Krupp gun-works at Essen, Germany was able to build war-ships of the first magnitude at a rate equal to or exceeding the British capacity.

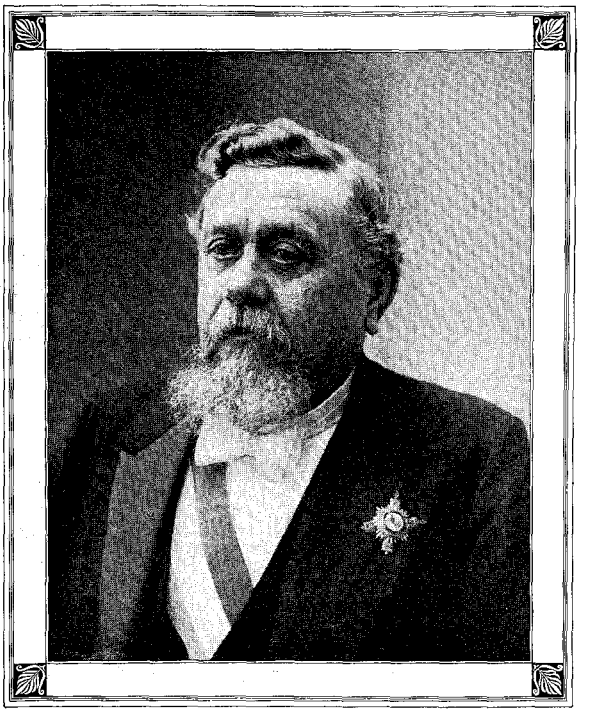
The significance of this requires some explanation. Many Englishmen believe the British Admiralty committed a fatal blunder in building the first Dreadnought. That vessel and the super-Dreadnoughts now under construction by several countries established an entirely new standard of naval architecture. This may readily be understood by even the ordinary layman. Speed and gun-power are the essential elements of fighting-ships. The Dreadnought type is four to six miles an hour faster than other modern battle-ships. The range of guns and weight of metal they can throw are also superior. It is obvious that a ship which can take a position just out of the range of the enemy's guns, pursuing or retreating at will, and pouring in a terrific fire of great shells at an almost helpless foe, is supreme in modern naval warfare. The practical effect of this state of things is indicated by the question that Englishmen are asking each other to-day: What becomes of our naval supremacy if in two or three years Germany is able to send against us more Dreadnoughts than we have?

It is appalling how rapidly the most expensive of modern fighting-ships become obsolete. I visited recently the vast armada that assembled in the Thames for public inspection. More than one hundred and fifty modern engines of war of every description they numbered, and they cost the British nation more than three hundred million dollars; and yet within two or three years practically three fourths of this fleet will be obsolete. This, too, despite the fact that the oldest battle-ship in the great double line five miles in length was launched only eleven years ago. This ship, the *Albion*, would be completely at the mercy of the *Superb*, the youngest of the fleet. The newer vessel could choose her range, and her crushing armament of ten twelve-inch guns is deadly at a

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distance of four miles. The *Albion* has only four guns, each thirty-three per cent inferior in power to the *Superb's* weapons that would be available at that range. The *Albion's* shells would not pierce the *Superb's* armor, while the latter's missiles would all go through the older ship's plating. Practice records show that with a target the size of the *Albion* at four miles' range the unhappy ship would almost certainly be riddled and sunk by the newest battle-ship within ten minutes.

It is not necessary to go further into the technique of modern naval construction to show how real is the danger that Great Britain's naval supremacy may disappear in the near future. No naval man in England or any other country denies that the British "panic" of the past few months is justified by the facts of the situation. The two-Power standard that has been so proudly maintained by the British navy for more than half a century has already been abandoned by the present Government's program.



M. FALLIÈRES, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE
WHICH HAS LATELY ENTERED INTO A WARM FRIENDSHIP WITH ENGLAND



PRINCE VON BÜLOW
WHOSE STAND ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF GERMANY'S ABNORMAL WAR TAX RECENTLY COST HIM THE CHANCELLORSHIP

Ignoring for a moment the enormous economic considerations that are involved, the vital question arises: What will be Germany's course after she has created a navy equal or superior to that of her great rival? Is the British deduction sound, that war will follow? If the United States should outstrip Great Britain in sea power, Englishmen would continue to "sleep quietly in their beds," to use Sir John Fisher's famous phrase, without even a nightmare to disturb them. But when another friendly nation embarks upon a similar enterprise, half the country believes the empire is in danger.

It is a truth that even most Englishmen admit, that the German people as a nation have no aggressive desires or designs against Great Britain. But the average Britisher adds that force of circumstances will change that attitude, and, moreover, the German people may have little or no voice in deciding the question of war. The financial burden inseparable from the creation of a great navy

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already presses heavily upon Germany, prosperous though she undoubtedly is. The question of the distribution of this abnormal load cost Prince von Bülow the Chancellorship only a few weeks ago. Each succeeding year will bring another large increase in cost. A country like America, which is able to create a navy without the imposition of war taxes in time of peace, has no need to appeal to any more potent impulse than national pride in order to win popular approval of its policy. In Germany that point has already been passed, and the immediate future involves universal personal sacrifices that usually accompany only vital crises of national existence.

"The Reward Will Come By and By"

Every possible appeal is being made to the German people to meet the emergency courageously. Always it is represented to them that the need is temporary and that "the reward will come by and by." The vague phrase has a very definite meaning. Politicians do not proclaim it, the newspapers do not print it, but the members of the powerful Navy League and the war party make no secret of it by word of mouth. It means a sudden invasion of England, a dash to London, and the levying of a war indemnity twice as heavy as that which France paid in 1870. The words are as well understood as those of the silent toast drunk after dinner every day on the German war-ships. An English chaplain told me that this toast was drunk even in his presence, when he happened to be a visitor on a German cruiser a few weeks ago. The senior officer at the ward-room table raised his glass with the words, "To the day," and all present stood and drank silently and solemnly. When my friend asked his host what it meant, he received the frank reply: "Oh, we always drink on German ships to the day when war shall be declared between England and Germany."

War May Become Cheaper than Peace

It is natural enough that men of the profession of arms should be eager to put their training into practice. But when a nation is composed of so large a proportion of trained combatants, and when the entire people have been compelled to make onerous sacrifices for which successful war offers the only recompense, what is going to be the public sentiment and demand of that country when the opportunity is reached? It is only another form of stating the proposition that when war becomes cheaper than peace, then war it will be.

I have left out of account thus far the enigmatic personal factor in the situation — Emperor Wilhelm II. Estimates vary as widely as the poles as to the real character and purpose of this erratic, impetuous, but great ruler. It must always be remembered that, unlike most modern monarchs, the German Emperor both reigns and rules. He is the sole dictator of the foreign policy of his empire. In domestic affairs also he is only less an autocrat. His ministers are subject entirely to his will and not to parliament. He can and does dissolve the Reichstag at his pleasure. He personally has made the moves that more than once have threatened Europe with war in the past twenty years. But almost every considered public utterance that he has made since he came to the throne has been ardently loyal to the cause of peace. English suspicion of him can be explained in a single phrase — they believe that actions speak louder than words. They point to the Kruger telegram, to the humiliation of France when he forced the retirement of M. Delcassé, to the useless but dangerous quarrel over Morocco, to his arrogant dictation to Russia last spring when he compelled her to approve of Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

I am tempted to quote an estimate of the Kaiser's character very different from that which prevails among his own and other peoples. An eminent German, who was for a long time in a high position that brought him into the closest official and personal association with his imperial master, said to a friend of mine in a burst of confidence:

"The Emperor will never make war. He is the cleverest expert among public men of to-day in the uses of bluster and bluff, but he is a coward at heart. He will not fight anybody."

This is harsh and amazing language, coming from the source it did, and I do not pretend to indorse it. I have discussed the situation from this extraordinary point of view with one or two prominent Englishmen, and the reply has been:

"If the Emperor is such a man as that, it does not lessen the danger in the least. The policy he is pursuing will create a situation which will force him into war. He will not be strong enough to prevent it."

Fear of Germany Not a Bogy Scare

I have indicated very briefly some of the features of the situation that Lord Rosebery describes as the ominous hush in Europe. It would be an insult to a great nation to deride her leading statesmen and her most intelligent citizens as the victims of a bogy scare. They are honest in the belief that the Empire will soon be face to face with the gravest crisis in its history. What, then, is the duty of a strong Gov-

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ernment under such circumstances? A Bismarck would not wait until he had been overtaken in the race of preparation and then submit to attack at the time and place of the enemy's choosing. Would England be justified in demanding of Germany that she abandon a policy that is essentially threatening and unfriendly? I have heard many Englishmen answer that question in the affirmative during the past few months. They point out that British supremacy at sea is secure for only two years more, and that England to-day is far better able than Germany to meet the financial strain of war. She has urged the nations to enter into an agreement to reduce or limit armaments, and Germany alone has rejected the pacific overtures. Great Britain would be the best friend of civilization, they argue, if she compelled a halt in the mad race.

A more high-spirited and less scrupulous nation than England might take such a step. Therein lies another danger of the situation into which the world is drifting. England will do nothing so drastic, at least while the present Government is in power. She dreads the storm of obloquy and the misconception of motives that would follow. Mere prudence and common sense justify any nation in assuming a belligerent intention on the part of a neighboring country when it masses great bodies of troops upon the intervening frontier. More than one war has been the natural sequel of such a movement. England affirms that it is virtually an identical situation that Germany is creating to-day, and she is taking her measures accordingly.

I do not propose to enter into any detailed or technical discussion of the rival armaments. England's military strength is so insignificant compared with Germany's, and her land fortifications are so trifling, that a mere fraction of the German army, once landed on British shores, would soon be able to dictate terms of peace in London itself. All Englishmen acknowledge that Britain's sole means of defense is the navy. England's vast sea power is not a danger to any other great Power, because it is not supplemented by enormous land forces such as Germany possesses. The significance of a great German fleet, therefore, becomes quite different from that of a British navy. One is a menace in some sense to all the world, the other is not.

The present British Government, confident in the growing influence of the sentiments of peace and good will among the nations, adopted a policy of strenuous naval economies, and made direct overtures to Germany to cooperate along similar lines. The utter failure of this effort was perhaps the greatest disappointment of Campbell-Bannerman's official life. Germany not only rejected the British suggestions, but she seized the opportunity to increase, or rather to hasten, the execution of her plans for naval construction. Germany had a perfect right to do this, according to the law of nations. The primitive instincts of self-preservation compelled England to apply her utmost energies along the same lines. She did so unwillingly and at first half-heartedly. She relied at the beginning too much upon her undoubted superiority in financial resources, and believed that it was merely a question of money in keeping ahead of any possible German equipment. It was not until she discovered suddenly that Germany could build ships of the first magnitude quite as fast as she herself that England became genuinely alarmed.

Eight New Dreadnoughts at a Cost of $80,000,000

Had it not been for the German danger, Great Britain would not have built more than two battle-ships this year. She has ordered eight, which will cost $80,000,000. This is the maximum number that she can construct with the existing dockyard and gun-making facilities. The German program calls for the completion of thirteen ships of considerably greater power than the Dreadnought within the next three years or a trifle longer. But England is by no means sure that the actual output will not considerably exceed this figure. At all events, she intends to have twenty such ships in the fighting line within that time.

The situation is not so simple, however, as these figures indicate. England's first necessity, of course, is to defend her home waters, but it is only less important to British interests that a commanding force shall be maintained in the Mediterranean. Austria has announced her intention to build at once four ships of the Dreadnought type, and Italy the same number. England must in her estimates include Austrian vessels in the armament of her German ally, and she will be compelled to detach at least an equivalent force from her home fleet for Mediterranean service. France and Russia are not actual allies of Great Britain, although the ties binding together the Triple Entente are strong. The Russian navy is almost non-existent, and the construction of four modern battle-ships has only just been begun in the Russian yards. The navy of France has deteriorated during the past ten years to a point that is a national scandal of the first magnitude. This applies to both material and personnel. It is due chiefly to the introduction of corrupt methods and to socialistic demoralization among the sailors and dockyard employees.

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England cannot count upon material assistance from abroad during the first critical hours of a conflict, if it should be forced upon her. The attack, if it comes, will be almost without warning. The advantages of surprise and choice of objective in such a struggle are incalculable. They are so great, in fact, that an aggressive nation will not sacrifice them to more than the barest amenities of the rules of international intercourse. Secret preparations, a sharp ultimatum demanding instant reply, and the blow is struck — that is likely to be the record of the inception of the next great war in Europe. History shows in repeated instances that the *casus belli* of the moment has been some trivial incident, as, for example, the forged Ems telegram on the eve of the Franco-German war in 1870. That war, as all the world knows to-day, was deliberately forced upon France by Bismarck. England sees an amazingly close analogy between the situation as it is developing to-day and that which preceded that conflict, when Germany accompanied her preparations with loud protestations of peace.

Fall of the British Empire a Practical Question

It is impossible to include within the limits of this article any discussion of the military problem of the successful invasion of Great Britain. The opinion of skilled observers on this point is changing rapidly, under the influence of the swift development of new conditions and resources that is taking place. The effect of the possible fall of the British Empire is at all events no longer a subject for mere academic speculation. It is at this moment within the purview of practical politics. The question of the hour in international affairs is the duty of neutral and friendly nations with regard to a very real danger that threatens the world's peace. To be specific, will any obligation or responsibility rest upon the United States, the most disinterested of all the Powers, if the crisis becomes more acute? I imagine that the influence of the traditional policy of isolation and disentanglement, proclaimed in the days when this was a world of scattered communities without interdependence, would dictate a negative reply from the majority of the American people. It would be said that both combatants were friendly nations and that it would be wrong to take sides, especially when no important American interests were involved.

What is the Responsibility of the United States?

I am afraid they take a narrow and mistaken view who believe that the destruction of the balance of power in Europe and the world at large would be a matter of small American concern. The crippling of Great Britain would make Germany the undisputed master of Europe, and more. The hegemony of the Old World, once gained, could be retained almost indefinitely. The changed conditions of modern times makes this entirely feasible. It is no longer possible to equip a nation for war within a few months. The construction and equipment of a battle-ship require a minimum of two and one half years. The technique of war on both land and sea has become a highly developed science that makes the methods of even a generation ago child's play by comparison.

Assume for a moment that a single nation has gained full supremacy in fighting power in the world of to-day, and that it was determined to maintain that position. Its obvious and practical policy would be not to wait idly while its neighbors strove to rival its equipment and strength, but to forbid them to enter into the competition. It could say, in the language of diplomacy, "We shall regard any further increase in armament on your part as an unfriendly act." It will be said that such a gross defiance of the principles of national liberty and independence is impossible in the twentieth century. So it is, as long as a balance of power exists. But it is no more high-handed than Germany's treatment of Russia last March, when she assembled an overwhelming force on the Polish frontier, and then invited the Czar, in the politest language, to give instant recognition to Austria's annexation of the Balkan provinces.

The Anglo-German crisis is only one phase of the question in which every nation, America included, is vitally concerned. The impoverishment of the world by war — even by war which is never fought — is the most imminent evil now threatening the race. It costs, as I have said, ten million dollars to build a warship of the latest type. Each broadside fired by such a vessel, in practice or at an enemy, costs ten thousand dollars, and her guns are capable of discharging six rounds per minute. The construction of these marine monsters is proceeding at the utmost capacity of the dockyards and gun foundries of the entire world. The anxiety of the moment is not how to find the money but how to provide the physical facilities for turning out these engines of war still more rapidly. The bills have still to be paid. The peace taxes of the present are already heavier in the aggregate than the burden imposed to carry on any of the great wars in history.

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Thus far the statesmanship of the day has shown itself impotent to provide any check to the iniquitous process. Peace conferences are utterly futile. So they will continue to be as long as it is within the power of any single Power to veto the will of the others. One nation is able in effect to add millions to the naval budgets of all the others, and nobody yet dares to question its right to exercise this arbitrary dictation. This principle does not obtain in the domestic affairs of any civilized country. Why should it be allowed to govern the family of nations? Patriotism becomes a narrow virtue when it forbids universal interests to put restraint upon the predatory ambition of any single community. The plea that the national sovereignty and independence are too sacred to be touched by foreign interference in the domestic affairs of a people, even to the extent of limiting their preparations for so-called defense, is a counsel of perfection that threatens to lead the world into the direst of calamities.

The wild and innocuous peace agitation, with its leagues and conventions in various countries, is scarcely worth serious consideration as a practical factor in dealing with the present crisis. Sterner measures than any that it advises must be taken to check the bloodless war that already rages. To make peace — real peace — by the sword or by threat of the sword may be a paradox; but I see in it no actual inconsistency with a sincere purpose to establish international peace and good will. Other pressure, aside from the menace of war, may be brought to bear upon a nation that refuses to adopt a standard of armaments within reasonable limits. Trade restrictions alone might provide a decisive weapon.

Initiative Belongs to America

The moment may not have arrived, but it is close at hand, when a drastic remedy must be found for the gigantic evil that is beginning to undermine civilization itself. The initiative unquestionably belongs to America. She alone among the Great Powers is above suspicion in motive. Her share of the general burden, which is piling up so rapidly, has not yet become crushing. Disinterested common sense is her sufficient incentive and justification. Public negotiations and peace conferences no longer meet the requirements of the situation. Diplomacy accomplishes little at debates in public tribunes. The pregnant process in the diplomatic world is "the exchange of views." Perhaps this has already begun through the White House and State Department.

A MOORISH GARDEN

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Within the fronded garden
Beside the Moorish spring,
Jewels of emerald quiet,
Luster of vines a-riot
On every mildewed wall
That ripple, running after
But never murmuring,
Save the dark inaudible laughter
Of an earth-enchanted thing.

Within the Moorish garden
Slow water-sluices dropping,
Poinsettia-sepals splashed
Like heart's-blood ebbing, stopping,
Of some great wounded queen,
Who in her life has quaffed her
Full meed of love and laughter,
And, wreathed with laurel green,—
Exotic, crimson-trailing,—
Drinks to the God Unseen.

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THE PROBLEM

BY

OSCAR GRAEVE

THE big department-stores emptied their stream of chattering, hurrying employees on to Fulton Street at shortly after one o'clock, for the Saturday half-holiday. The mass flowed down many streets, separating into little eddies and currents and spreading far and near, just as if a huge glass of water had been spilled on the stone pavements. One of the very many drops was Bobby Upham, clerk in a silk department.

He stood irresolute on the corner, his hands in his pockets, his eyes slightly contracted in the glare of the bright sunlight. He really had nothing especial to do; and on that account the half-holiday, the first of the season, seemed doubly wasted.

As he stood debating, the crowd of young people disappeared, and the street, usually crowded, settled down into a semi-quiet which it knew only on this one afternoon in summer, besides Sundays.

Bobby was just preparing to saunter across the street and enter the moving-picture show which rather forlornly shrieked out its attractions through a megaphone, when he saw a girl coming down the street, adjusting her hat as she walked. He recognized her as a fellow employee who worked in the cashier's department and whom the other girls called "Flo."

As she passed him she bowed, reddening slightly, for what reason Bobby could not guess.

"You're late, aren't you?" he called.

She half stopped. "Yes; but what about yourself?"

"Oh — me; I've got nothing much to do."

"Well, I've got nothing much, either," she confessed, with a little laugh, and she reddened again.

Bobby liked the way she had of blushing; it flattered him, why he did not know. He was silent for a moment, considering an idea which he finally blurted out:

"Say, why can't you and me go off on a little excursion together for the afternoon?"

She laughed. "Oh, that would be great, but I — I don't know you."

"You know me well enough for that. You see me every day."

"Do I look all right? You know, I'm not fixed up at all."

He glanced over her attire, hastily and not critically. "You look fine!" he exclaimed.

"All right, then." She reflected his enthusiasm. "Where shall we go?"

It did not take them long to decide. To people of their class and means a holiday in summer spells but one thing — Coney Island.

They walked down the street together, a little apart, grown suddenly shy of each other, and climbed the stairs to the elevated train. When they reached the Island, after a crowded trip, they strolled down Surf Avenue and entered one of the big amusement parks. After they had taken a trip to Iceland, shot over the amazing whirls of a scenic railway, and had some ice-cream in biscuit cones, Flo slipped her arm through Bobby's.

"Say, don't you spend any more money on me," she said. She hesitated, then went on: "I know you fellows don't get much more than we do, and, Lord knows, that's hardly enough to keep decent on."

Bobby reddened slightly, for he felt that his pride had been touched, although secretly he thanked her for her thoughtfulness. "We do get more. I've always got plenty to get along on. Only no joy rides nor fizz dinners, nor nothing like that," he replied, and then added reflectively: "Of course they tell us we're expected to keep looking neat, and that takes most of what they give us."

"Well, let's just walk around and take what's free," said Flo.

So they watched the performing bears in the suspended arena, and danced several times on the perfect floor of the ball-room, while the band played a familiar air which they both hummed as they whirled around together. And every time their eyes met, they smiled before their glances wavered. And it was June!

"Dear me, I'll have to go home," said Flo. It was about five o'clock.

"Do they expect you?" asked Bobby wistfully.

"Oh, no; I haven't any one to expect me. But — I'm getting hungry," she laughed.

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"Let s get something to eat down here," he proposed eagerly.

She shook her head. "You're an easy mark," she said, "but I don't want you to do it, honest. No, let's take a train back to the city."

He was insistent, however, and finally she consented. They went over to a place where a bountiful table d'hôte was served for seventy-five cents. The china was heavy and nicked, the service was not over-clean, and the food was well disguised; but the boy and girl were not critical.

After the meal was finished, they walked down to the beach near the Parkway, where the roar and blare of the Island came but faintly, and the countless lights, reflected in the sea, transformed the brazen place into a fairyland. Here they sat on the sand and were silent.

On the way home they managed to get a seat together in the trolley, and, with a wildly beating heart, Bobby finally found courage to get his arm in behind Flo; not really around her, but just so that it gave him an absurdly happy sense of proprietorship. She was very happy too, and flicked with her fingers a few atoms of sand from his coat collar, an act that corresponded in a way to the position of his arm. And when Bobby spoke, he had to clear his throat first on account of his perturbed emotions. So it was until, at her door, he was bidding her good night.

"I've had the grandest time," she said; "and won't you come down some night to call?"

"Sure I will," said Bobby.

They stood silent for a moment, each loath to go; but as there was really no further excuse for lingering, after another good night they parted.

Bobby was so foolishly, so intoxicatingly happy that night, he did not count the money he had left until late Sunday morning. Then he found that of his fifteen dollars salary but eleven were left. After he had paid for his board and wash and one or two other necessary things, he would have just about enough left for his lunches and car-fare. And he needed a new suit in order to maintain the neatness his employers required.

He sat there on the bed, with the money scattered over the counterpane. He had intended to see Flo again that night. "Gee, but I can't let myself fall in love," he reflected. "I can't afford to get married. I'm not going to ask a girl to marry me on what I make." So he stayed home that Sunday night instead, and read the voluminous newspapers. You see, the problem had already presented itself to Bobby.

Poor Bobby was no hero. He was utterly commonplace — short, inclined to stoutness, but with a nice, hesitating smile. He was of the size and pattern in which God stamps a thousand men. And yet, people liked Bobby; you or I would have liked Bobby.

The next morning, Flo, as she passed him standing behind his counter, gave him a nod and a smile; but after that he did not see her until the gong rang out the closing hour at half-past five.

She was walking slowly down the street, hoping perhaps that he would catch up with her, when Bobby saw her. His first intention was to cross and avoid the girl, but a desire stronger than prudence sent him hurrying after her.

It was the same way the following evening. And it came to be a regular thing for them to walk home together. At least twice a week he called to see her, and several times they went out together on Saturdays and Sundays. And all the time Bobby was fighting against the attraction with a sickening knowledge of the limitations of his salary.

He knew vaguely that he was in love; but he did not seek to analyze his feelings. A little bit ashamed of his emotions was Bobby.

One Sunday night the two were returning from the Island. As a special treat, they had taken the boat that lands at the Battery. It was a soft, quiet night; the moon was just hidden behind vaporous clouds. They were seated on the upper deck, and the music of the band reached them dimly. A crowd of girls and men were talking and laughing at the other end of the boat, and one of the girls' voices rang out clearly in the lilt from a popular sentimental song. "Will you love me all the time, summer-time, winter-time?" she sang.

"Just think, the summer's almost over," sighed Flo, breaking a long silence.

"It's been a happy summer for me," said Bobby.

"And for me, too."

"What's made it so happy for you, Flo?" Bobby asked huskily.

"I guess you have, Bobby," she answered.

Several times a question rose to Bobby's lips, but he forced it back. At last it burst from him: "Say, Flo, will you — do you think I'd make any sort of a husband?"

The girl turned to him sobbing, hiding her eyes against his coat.

"Oh, I think you'd be the best kind of a husband for me, Bobby," she said.

So they became engaged. Flo had agreed to wait until Bobby received a raise. After some deliberation, they decided that it

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would be better not to marry on his present salary.

It was about a month later, one night, that Flo proposed that they call on a girl friend of hers who had been married about a year and a half before.

"I promised Sue I'd come, and I've been putting it off and putting it off. So I'll surprise her, just for the fun of it."

It developed that Bobby knew Sue's husband, Tom. He had at one time worked in the same store with him. So they set out to make the call with some eagerness.

It was one of those stifling nights that enwrap the city in mid-September, when there is every reason to hope for cooler weather. Sue's apartment was away out beyond Fiftieth Street somewhere. When Bobby and Flo reached it, they had to climb four flights of dark, evil-smelling stairs.

They were greeted by the sound of a baby's crying, and when the door was finally opened, Flo did not immediately recognize in the slovenly, faded woman the girl she had known not long before.

"Don't you remember me, Sue?" asked Flo.

The other opened the door wider. "Oh, yes; come in, Flo," she answered in rather a constrained way.

She showed them through the dark hall into a tiny, musty front room furnished with two large plush chairs, a sofa to match, several crayon pictures, and an ornate gilt clock. All this time the baby was crying, not loudly, but with a broken, incessant wail.

"This is my fiancé, Sue," said Flo, in a tone divided between pride and embarrassment.

"Well, you won't find marriage all you expect it to be," said Sue, with a short laugh, as she shook hands with Bobby. "Tom's out; he'll be back soon."

The two girls chatted, but after inquiries concerning mutual friends they seemed to have few topics left. Sue looked tired and, in spite of an evident intention not to do so, kept glancing at the clock.

Finally Flo arose. "I guess we won't wait for Tom," she remarked. "Good-by, Sue."

It was good to be out in the street again after the close air of the flat.

"My, but Sue's faded," said Flo reflectively. "She used to be so pretty, too. I guess Tom don't make much. They oughtn't to have married when they did. They should have waited, Bobby, like you and me."

But Bobby answered nothing; and he was quiet all the way home.

He did not return to his boarding-house after he left Flo. From within him there came a call for action. So he walked on and on until he came to the bridge. Then he started across that. Midway, he leaned on the railing, gazing down at the deep waters far below. The moon splashed a path of glory down the river and the bay, stretching far away so that the eye could almost imagine the hills of Staten Island alight with the flood. But Bobby did not see this. He was thinking. . . .

He had suddenly dropped into one of those abysses that sometimes present themselves in our spiritual life — an abyss in which there is no hope. Abruptly he realized — he *knew* — that he would always be what he was now, that and nothing more. He might eventually make a few dollars a week more, but for any material lifting of the daily grind he could never hope. And he was dragging Flo with him. Poor, pretty little Flo! In a year after their marriage she would be like Sue, faded, worn, and lusterless.

No, he couldn't treat her that way. He must give her up. But it was not easy; don't imagine that. His heart sang out no, he loved her; his blood, his nerves, his whole body cried out no, they wanted her. But the best of him, that small part that some of us would call his soul, lifted its still voice to say inexorably, "You must give her up!"

With a long-drawn breath, as of one snatched back from death to live unwillingly, he pulled himself together and made for home.

But even when he reached his tiny room, rest was not immediately granted him. He sat on the bed, bent over, his fingers twisted in his hair. "My God, what shall I do!" he whispered dully. *"My God, what shall I do!"* he repeated.

He threw himself across the bed and sobbed in a foolish, maudlin fashion until sleep finally overcame him.

The next day was Saturday and the last half-holiday of the year. The thought brought memories of the first holiday of the summer that had been spent so happily, and Bobby for a time considered putting off telling his decision to Flo until Monday. But he knew that every day meant added sorrow, so he determined to tell her that afternoon.

She was waiting for him outside. He went up to her and said: "Let's walk along Chauncey Street, Flo, away from the crowd."

She knew then that something was wrong, and darted him an inquiring glance, but said nothing as she turned to walk beside him.

They went a little way in silence. Then he stepped before her. "Flo, I — I can't let you marry me," he said abruptly.

She put one hand out toward him. "Why — Bobby!" she stammered.

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"I can't do it, Flo. I can't drag you down to Sue's level. Supposing my raise never comes. Supposing I never amount to anything, Flo."

"I don't care, Bobby," she said. "I'm willing to take the chance."

"But I can't let you, Flo. I —" He stopped, and then stripped his soul. "I sort of feel I'll never amount to anything. There's — something wanting in me, Flo."

"But I'll wait, Bobby."

He shook his head. She stood, her eyes searching his face for hope; then she burst out, half sobbing: "And look at me, Bobby. I'm all dressed up for you. I've been saving and saving to get this dress and this hat and these shoes. I wanted everything to be complete. I've spent every cent I had, Bobby, because I wanted you to be proud of me. And now ——" She threw out her hands to him, but they fluttered ungrasped; so she turned and left him, walking a little unsteadily.

He started in the opposite direction, and walked unseeing until he came to the park. In a secluded pathway, he threw himself on a bench, and sat twisted so that he might hide his face against his sleeve. He stayed there until night fell . . . and after.

They were leaden days that followed for Bobby. He did not see Flo; with a little care they managed to avoid each other. Life would finally resume its monotonous roll, he knew; but now he experienced each day an agony of want and longing.

Then, one night, when he reached his boarding-house, he found a note from her. It was scrawled in pencil across a torn sheet of paper:

DEAR BOBBY:

Can you meet me to-night in the park where we met one Saturday? At about eight. I'm most dead with worry. I need you awful bad.

Respectfully yours, FLO.

Of course, Bobby did not hesitate. At half past seven he was in the park waiting for her, and before the hour Flo was with him.

"I've lost my job," she sobbed, as soon as she was near him. "Bobby, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Why, I'm sorry, Flo," he said; "but you can get another soon."

"I can't, Bobby. It's this way. There was a mistake in the cash, and they thought maybe I took it — maybe on account of all my new things, you know. They couldn't prove anything, but they discharged me. And when I asked for a reference they wouldn't give it to me. And now I can't get another job, Bobby, without a reference, and I've spent all my money. What shall I do?"

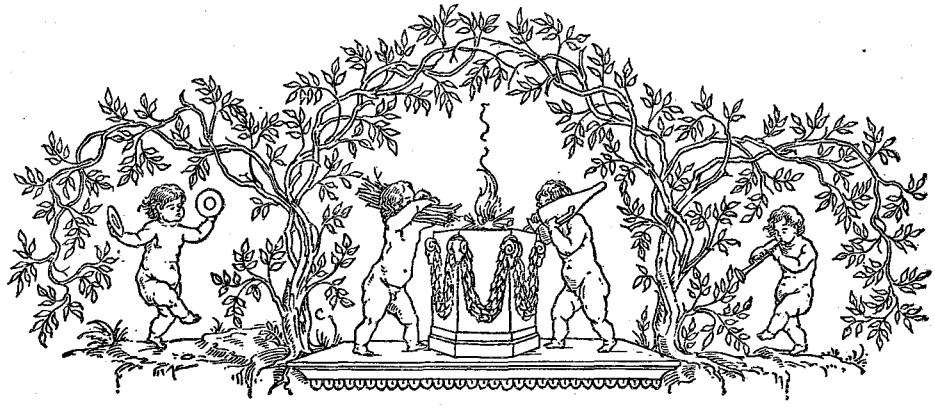
Bobby's heart leaped. Surely here was sufficient excuse for their marriage. What other way was there left? And his heart throbbed with the thought.

"We'll get married, Flo," he whispered. "That's all we can do now."

"Get married?" she questioned brokenly. "Why, I — I — thought you didn't care for me any more, Bobby. I thought you didn't want me!"

He crushed her hands in his. "Not want you, Flo! Not want you! Why, my — my *girl*, my little girl —" he cried before his voice broke.

So the problem was temporarily settled for Bobby and his Flo. He was enveloped in a happiness that dizzied him in its completeness. Subconsciously he felt that all too soon he would be confronted by the old questions, the horrible daily struggle to make the two ends meet, and that the struggle would be even harder now. But, with Flo in his arms, at least some questions, some wants were satisfied. He knew that, when all was weighed and counted, life had smiled once at least upon his narrow pathway.



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THE VAMPIRE OF THE SOUTH

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NOT long ago a doctor, walking about the outskirts of Goldsboro, North Carolina, came upon a man, a mere skeleton, ghastly pale, clinging to a post to keep himself from falling. The doctor stopped and asked what was the matter. After a pause, during which he seemed to be trying to get up strength to reply, the man said, "I got no blood in me."

The doctor looked at him with unusual interest. Not that "crackers" and "poor whites" were anything new to him,— he had seen hundreds of them among the rural population of North Carolina; but the explanation of their peculiar anemia had only just been published, and the doctor, as he stood there, was asking himself if that explanation could be true. He questioned the man as to what he was doing for his trouble. After another long pause the man said: "I'm goin' to the blacksmith's — to git some iron filin's; put 'em in vinegar; drink it to bring my blood back." This is one of the common remedies among the people; another is to put an ax under the bed of a sick person "to cut off the pain."

Every one who lives in the South or who has traveled there knows the "crackers," "sandhillers," "barrenites," of whom able-bodied darkies facetiously sing, "I'd rathah be a niggah than a po' white trash." Feeble, slow-moving creatures, most of them, some emaciated, some bloated with dropsy, you recognize them at once by their lusterless eye and a peculiar pallor —"the Florida complexion"; their skin is like tallow, and you seem to be looking through a semi-transparent upper layer into an ashy or saffron layer beneath it. If you speak to one of these saffron-hued natives, especially to one of the children, you are generally met by a very curious, fish-eyed stare without a gleam of intelligence back of it, and you wait long before you get a reply. The reply, when it does come, is very likely a repetition of your own words, and you go off saying "Stupid!" to yourself.

The Dirt-Eaters — A Great Abnormal Race of the South

These people, the "poor whites," shiftless, ignorant, poverty-pinched, and wretched, are of pure Anglo-Saxon stock — as purely Anglo-Saxon as any left in the country; and if this arouses your interest to ask more about them, you will doubtless be told that they are "utterly wuthless; they've got 'the big lazy,' and wouldn't do a day's work to save their lives"; and to this your informant adds: "They're *dirt-eaters* — that's really what's the matter with 'em. They eat dirt and clay right off the ground; or they'll pick lumps of black soot out of the chimney and suck it till they swallow it, the same as you would a piece of candy."

There will follow an appalling list of the "dirt" some of them have been caught in the

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act of eating. They are "powerful ashamed" of the habit, and most of them won't confess to it, even with the "dirt" actually in their mouths. They "don't know how it got there — 'deed an' honest they don't!" Resin- and coffee-chewing, lemon-sucking, and salt-lapping are common forms of dirt-eating; cigar ashes are a tidbit with many, while others relish scraps of dried mortar picked out from between bricks. Pebbles, sand, clay, mud, chalk, slate-pencils, shells, rotten wood, salt, raw cotton, cloth, paper, tobacco-pipes or pipe-stems, mice, and young rats all have their devotees. Dr. Stiles saw one person eating live mice; another — a blind boy — had eaten up three coats, thread by thread, in a year. A girl in an asylum swallowed so much human hair that her stomach became crammed and she died of starvation.

All through the South — the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi — these abnormal people, the "dirt-eaters," have been known for a century, and anemia is a universal malady south of the Potomac. "It's something those people eat," is the favorite explanation of it. For years the patent-remedy man has had a "sure cure" for it, and has built bottle monuments, at a dollar a bottle, in the yards of the poor ignorant whites. Yet for more than a century the disease has swept on, regardless of the patent-remedy man, regardless of the doctor, regardless, apparently, of everything.

The "Poor Whites" Turned into an Invalid Population by the Hookworm

One's first and strongest impression of the "poor whites" is of their shiftlessness. I remember how dreadfully it used to depress me years ago when I spent my vacations in the North Carolina mountains. I have been in little windowless, stoveless, one-room cabins, the home of at least ten persons, where all the cooking was done over the primitive open fire — except when it rained down the chimney and put the fire out; then there wasn't any cooking till the rain held up! And as I talked with the women I was always asking myself, "How *can* people live like this? Why don't they go to work and fix things up?"

It was only gradually that it dawned on me that they couldn't fix things up — they had barely enough energy to keep soul and body together, as it was. Everybody had a "misery." One had a "misery of the heart," another of the stomach, a third had "the bloat," and a fourth was wasted to a skeleton. They tried to work, but they couldn't. It wasn't in them. One poor mother said that she and her husband were "turrible disencouraged, for it seems like it takes all we-all make to pay the doctor; they ain't really anything left to live on."

A little imbecile girl lay on the bed beside her, and whispered to me proudly, "I have spells — I have spells," smiling happily at the distinction "spells" conferred; the other children moved about the cabin like octogenarians.

The father's brother, his wife, and six of their eight children had died of "the sickness," and every family in the neighborhood had at least one member down with it. No wonder the mother was "disencouraged" as she looked at the colorless faces of her own loved ones. But what grew on me most was the joylessness of the children. They played, if they played at all, like little old world-weary men and women; they never romped and leaped and ran like children in the North. I fancied sometimes that the solitude of the mountains, the shadows of the primeval forest, had cast a spell over their spirits and claimed them in babyhood as neophytes of the Silent Life. I did not know that they, too, were sick.

It is estimated that scattered over the Atlantic seaboard, from the Potomac, round the Gulf, to the Mississippi River, there are to-day two millions of these poor whites — our native-born whites — suffering with anemia, and hardly one of those two million knows, or even suspects, that he is really suffering from an internal parasite — that his disease is caused by the hookworm.

This is what caught the attention of the Goldsboro doctor — he was wondering if the man had the hookworm; and he took him straight to his office and dosed him with thymol and found out. From fifteen to seventy-five cents' worth of two cheap drugs, thymol and Epsom salts, the dose varying according to the severity of the infection, will cure any ordinary case. Two million dollars will pay the whole bill for the cure of the South, for many doctors are giving their services for nothing; and when the cure is complete, the South will take her place with the North and West in agricultural and industrial prosperity, for her two million sick whites will be two million able workers.

How the Parasite Got its Name

Ten years ago even the foremost physicians did not know that the anemia of the South was caused by the hookworm; but to-day, thanks largely to the tireless efforts of one man — Charles Wardell Stiles — the whole medical profession and many of the laity are awake to

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the vital issues of the problem and are preparing a crusade that shall reach from the worst regions of the barrens, where nearly the whole population is suffering, to the farthest "cove" in the mountains, and stamp out the disease.

The discovery of the hookworm itself is not recent. In 1782 Goeze, a German clergyman and zoölogist, found a small, hair-like parasite in the intestine of a badger he was dissecting, which he called *der Haarrundwurm* (the hair-round worm), mentioning in his published description some finger-like rays in the membranous expansion of the tail that he supposed to be hooks; and seven years later Froelich, another German zoölogist, found a similar parasite in the intestine of a fox. Observing the "hooks" spoken of by Goeze, and still supposing them to be such, Froelich adopted the vernacular word, *Haakenwurm* (hookworm), and gave the generic name *Uncinaria* (from *uncinus*, a hook) to the genus he established. Thus the parasite got its name. As a matter of fact, the "hooks" are not hooks at all, but supports, somewhat resembling umbrella-ribs, for the flared tail membrane, or bursa, of the male. However, the name clung for two other reasons: the head of the worm bends conspicuously backward, making a hook of the worm itself; and within the mouth cavity of the European species, *Anchylostoma duodenale*, lie four sharp, chitinous hooks by which the parasite fastens itself to the intestine.

The Disease First Found Among Rural Italians

Similar parasites were next discovered in other animals, the most important being "colic worms" in horses; but it was not until 1843 that Dubini, an Italian of Milan, described a species occurring in man, to which was later attributed the widespread anemia among Italian brickmakers, excavators, and the poorer rural population.

This view of the relation of hookworms to anemia seems to have attracted little attention till 1879. In that year a terrible epidemic of what then became known as "tunnel disease" broke out among the workers in the St. Gotthard Tunnel, and the interest of the whole scientific world was aroused. Investigation of this epidemic left no doubt as to the cause of the disease, and that it had been spread through total neglect of personal hygiene on the part of the workers and lack of sanitary conveniences. The soil of the tunnel was completely impregnated with the ova and larvae of the hookworm, and all who handled it became infected. In 1881 Bozzolo, in Turin, suggested the use of thymol, the active principle of thyme, for the destruction of the parasite, which remains the stock treatment to-day.

By this time the disease was known to be widely prevalent in Europe — though it had not been located above the fifty-second parallel — and certain mines were notorious for the anemia among their workers. As soon as attention was dramatically centered upon it by the St. Gotthard epidemic, reports came in rapidly from such widely scattered parts of the world as Calcutta, Lower Bengal, Ceylon, Borneo, Japan, the Malay Archipelago, Tunis, Algiers, Cape Colony (the Kimberley mines), Abyssinia, Zanzibar, Madagascar, and Egypt.

America had not reported — the hookworm had not yet been found here; probably because malaria and poor food were generally considered a sufficient explanation for the anemia of the poor whites; but by the '90's the St. Gotthard Tunnel story and Bozzolo's treatment had become known, and the more advanced physicians were on the lookout for cases, when in 1893 Blickhahn won the priority claim for first discovery by publishing in the *Philadelphia Medical News* the report of an imported case of a German bricklayer he had treated. Following on the heels of this, a few cases were found in Richmond and New Orleans, and the profession knew that the hookworm was here. Nobody, however, had suspected that America boasted a hookworm of her own, as indigenous to the country as the bison or the red Indian. And then, in 1901, the right case fell into the hands of the right man — Dr. Allen J. Smith, of Texas — and the account of it was published by Dr. M. Charlotte Schaeffer in the *Texas Medical News*.

Dr. Stiles Predicts an American Hookworm

To show how this played into the search for the cause of the "two million sick" in our Southern States, we must first swing over to Washington, to the Bureau of Animal Industry and the work of a zoölogist, Dr. Stiles, then connected with the department, but since transferred to the Marine Hospital Service.

Dr. Stiles had for years been studying intestinal parasites, particularly among dogs and sheep, and had found hookworms in sheep producing an anemia so severe that in some flocks the mortality rose as high as fifty per cent. Reasoning inductively from this, he became convinced that the "poor whites" of the South were suffering, not from laziness and shiftlessness, but from a widespread endemic disease that had hitherto remained unrecognized by the physician. Not being a medical

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practitioner himself, cases by which he could test his theory did not come his way; but so certain was he of the truth of his inferences that he presented his theory wherever he could. Physicians laughed at him. Still he kept urging them to examine more carefully their anemia and obscure malaria cases for an intestinal parasite like Dubini's.

In 1896 he was lecturing on animal parasites at Georgetown University, and he made the remark to his medical students, "If any of you ever go South, or into the tropics, and find a case of anemia the cause of which is not clear to you, look for a hookworm like that found in the dogs about Washington."

The Net Closes Around the "American Murderer"

A young man who sat in the class that day — Bailey K. Ashford — entered the army on graduation, and was ordered to Porto Rico. Almost his first cases were of a peculiar anemia, the cause of which was not clear, but was attributed to improper nourishment. He made a microscopical examination, and found the hookworm! — which he followed up presently with the further discovery that one third of all the deaths in Porto Rico were due to it. This discovery, in the opinion of Dr. Stiles, is one of the most important results of the Spanish-American war.

The young doctor believed he had captured the Old World hookworm, *Anchylostoma duodenale*, but he sent some of his specimens up to Dr. Stiles to make sure. Dr. Stiles had had the specimens only a few days when Dr. Claytor of Washington telephoned him that there was a peculiar anemia case in the Garfield Hospital for him to see. Dr. Stiles went at once, and passing through the ward, without a hint from Dr. Claytor, he walked straight to a pale, emaciated lad, fresh from Virginia, and said, "I believe this is the case I've been looking for." And it was.

Meanwhile, out in Galveston, the net was drawing about the "American murderer," as Dr. Stiles now calls the hookworm. In 1895, two years before Dr. Stiles began predicting the hookworm, Dr. Smith, who was then professor in the medical school, now professor of pathology in the University of Pennsylvania, had found in a specimen from an unknown person parasite ova resembling those of Dubini's hookworm. For six years he had been on the lookout for another case, and on December 21st his case was admitted to the Marine Hospital.

The man was a sailor, born of American parents in Australia. During his seafaring life he had always been healthy. In the preceding August he had accepted a position as overseer on a plantation in Chiapas, in southern Mexico. The food there he described as pretty fair, but the water as horrible — greenish and nauseating — and to it he attributed his sickness. He stated that two days after his arrival a colony of Russian peasants came to work on the estate. Within sixty-five days three hundred and seventy-eight of them had mysteriously sickened and died, and those that remained were emaciated, pallid, and often dropsical. This and his own sickness proved too much for the new overseer. He left at the end of ten weeks, made his way to the coast, and finally reached Galveston and the hospital.

His symptoms, which included considerable changes of temperature, were so suggestive of malaria that he was treated for this at first, and it was not until the 17th of February that Dr. Schaeffer, on making a microscopical examination, discovered quantities of parasite ova which Dr. Smith identified as being those of a hookworm. Dr. Keiller, the physician in charge of the hospital, administered thymol, and two hundred hookworms were the result.

The Race for Priority

Dr. Smith had waited six years for these specimens. He presented them to his class, asked their help in making further examinations, and found eight cases among his eighty-six medical students. All of these young men were residents of Texas.

The parasites were hookworms — but what hookworms?— Dubini's, of St. Gotthard fame? Dr. Smith did not know. Dr. Stiles, having seen the account of the first case, wrote requesting samples, which Dr. Smith forwarded; then he took all his specimens and his German treatises and his microscope and went off on a vacation to work out the question of their species.

Dr. Stiles, who was in Washington, was asking the same question: Is it Dubini's hookworm? He had, however, samples from three localities to work on — three sides to his triangle — those from Porto Rico, those from Virginia, and the ones from Texas sent him by Dr. Smith.

Dr. Smith presently discovered that his hookworm was not Dubini's, but a new American species, never before described. While he was writing his paper on it, the mail one day brought him a little two-page pamphlet, dated May 10, 1902, signed "Stiles," announcing the new American hookworm. Dr. Stiles had won the priority claim for the discovery.

It was one of the closest runs for priority on

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big game in the history of zoölogy. To the Nimrods of science a half-inch worm is big game, and these two men had put into their hunt for the hookworm enough work to capture a boa-constrictor. Still, the hookworm had to its credit more human deaths than had all the boa-constrictors put together from the beginning of the world. Both doctors knew before it took place that it would be a great medical discovery; but even they, in those early days, did not realize that two million sick, feeble men and women, and children who were dying, or worse, growing up stunted in body and mind, were waiting for the men who could say the magic words of science: "Here is the proved cause of your trouble, and its cure."

The Public Laughs at the "Lazy Germ"

It was in December, 1902, at the Pan-American Sanitary Congress, that Dr. Stiles made his first general public announcement of the discovery and economic importance of the American hookworm, and to it he flatly attributed the "laziness" and "shiftlessness" of the poor whites of the sand-lands and pine-barrens of the South. He declared that these people were sick, not lazy; for he had just been out in the field studying the subject, and wherever he had found laziness and shiftlessness, there he had found the hookworm.

Next morning a New York newspaper announced that the "germ of laziness" had been discovered. Within a week the press of the country had made it the joke of the season.

Dr. Stiles went out in the field again. He tried to discover what made the disease spread; why some localities were relatively free from it, while in others fifty per cent of the adults and eighty per cent of the children were infected. He came back with proof piled on proof. Still the joke buzzed on —"the lazy bug, the lazy germ"; people laughed whenever he talked about it. But Dr. Stiles had seen emaciated men trying to wrest a living from half-tilled fields, and women, to whom rest never came, trying to nurse starveling babes at withered breasts; and at last, in an address, the words were wrung from the man's heart: "It isn't a thing to laugh at when women and children are *dying*."

Those who heard him stopped laughing and enrolled themselves for one of the great medical crusades of our times.

How the Hookworm Feeds on its Victim

The hookworm's motto might well be, *Multum in parvo;* for, compacted within its tiny body, less than an inch long and looking like a bit of soiled coarse thread, are well-developed organs — mouth, esophagus, intestinal canal, various glands, etc., to which the female adds the capacity for many thousand eggs.

The mouth is cup-shaped and bordered by a flattened rim that can be squeezed up snugly against the intestine of its host during feeding, and the strong, muscular esophagus thus becomes a powerful and effective suction pump. Inside the mouth are two pairs of sharp chitinous lancets, and prominent at the rim is a single stiletto-like fang, the "conical dorsal tooth," with a long gland at its base. When the hookworm is ready to eat, it presses its mouth disk against the intestine, draws a tiny piece of the mucous membrane into its mouth, and punctures it with its lancets and fang. Through the minute holes thus made the blood is sucked out. The punctures are repeated many times in the course of a meal, finally riddling the bit of mucous membrane with holes, if not actually gouging it out. After the worm has dropped off, pyogenic bacteria frequently find lodgment in these holes, producing small ulcers which often run together and form irregular ulcerations. On account of the irritation caused by the presence of the worms it is quite common to find, in addition to the definite lesions, the existence of a diffuse catarrh of variable severity.

Thousands of Hookworms to a Single Case

How long a hookworm remains clinging to one spot before it moves to a fresh one is not known; but the condition of the intestines in dogs and men on whom autopsies have been performed seems to indicate that they move frequently, a small number of worms causing many wounds, which, if they do not ulcerate, leave scars and a general hardening of the intestinal wall that greatly interfere with its function. Dr. Sandwith, an English physician who made a study of the subject in Egypt, found in one of his autopsies 250 worms and 575 bites. In another, when the autopsy was performed seven hours after death, there were 863 worms, of which 217 were still clinging, and "some of them had not only their heads but half their bodies buried in the intestine. It was often impossible to dislodge them by a strong stream of water, and they had to be pulled out by forceps."

While the number of worms frequently runs to more than a thousand,— two thousand is not an uncommon number, and the record rises as high as forty-six hundred,— many severe cases of uncinariasis (hookworm disease) yield very few. Six of Sandwith's autopsies showed fewer than ten, three showed twenty, forty,

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and fifty. In four of Dr. Smith's cases, after thymol treatment two, three, sixteen, and twenty-four only were discovered. To account for this fact, Sandwith makes the suggestion that as the intestine becomes riddled with bites and thickened through their healing, the worms constantly shift to other pastures, and "in such cases the parasite must not only have to burrow extra deep, but the blood when reached is of course of deficient quantity," and the half-starved, feeble worms, themselves the victims at last of their own work, are expelled by the diarrhea that usually sets in in advanced stages of the disease. We may say, indeed, that once the hookworms have done a certain amount of work on their host, his disease can run itself without their help — often to a fatal termination.

Why the Blood Loss Is So Great

It was in connection with this disparity between the severity of the disease and the apparent smallness of the infection in certain cases that Dr. Smith performed a brilliant bit of research. It is evident that actual blood loss through twenty or thirty worms the size of the hookworm can hardly be a serious matter to a healthy person — we lose as much every time we prick a finger as they would eat in a day; but the leaking of blood into the intestine through holes bitten in the mucous membrane is a serious matter. Dr. Stiles found that this blood can often be seen, and that, when it is not visible, its presence can easily be proved by the blotting-paper test. Yet even this leakage, if the punctures acted in the ordinary way, would not amount to much. When one pricks a finger, it bleeds only a moment, for the blood coagulates in the hole, forming a plug and stopping the flow. So, either the hookworms were constantly changing their feeding-spots, or their punctures bled longer than a pin-prick in the skin. This suggested to Dr. Smith the possibility that while the worms were feeding they injected a poison, similar to that found in leeches, which kept the blood in a fluid state and made suction easy.

Dr. Smith and Dr. Loeb (then assistant in pathology in the University of Pennsylvania) undertook experiments on the hookworm found in dogs, which closely resembles *Necator americanus*. The doctors obtained a number of living specimens and cut off their heads, then mashed the heads and the tails separately with ground glass and normal salt solution (distilled water with salt equal to the salt in the blood). The ground glass was used to lacerate the microscopic glands, particularly the long sac at the base of the "fang," and release their contents. This done, fresh blood was drawn from the femoral artery of a dog; one cubic centimeter of it was mixed with the normal salt solution as a control, and a cubic centimeter each with the head and tail solutions. The control mixtures coagulated in from five to nine *minutes;* the mixtures with the head solutions in from four to eight *hours*. The tail solutions had very little effect on coagulation. Dr. Loeb showed by further experiments that the coagulation-time varied with the strength of the hookworm solution and the amount of the blood, it being possible to keep blood fluid for over twenty-four hours.

Thus the minute arteries may, at a bite, be so thoroughly injected with this substance, whatever it is, as to keep on bleeding for hours, perhaps for days, after the hookworm has moved away to a fresh feeding-ground. It is now practically proved that the "conical dorsal tooth" with its long gland is a sort of microscopical snake fang with a poison-pouch attached. Grassi, an Italian, has recently brought forward another interesting point about the blood loss: he has shown that when the hookworm feeds, a steady stream of blood may flow through it all the while.

If this were all, the victim of severe infection would have a good chance of recovery once the hookworms were removed. But it appears from the evidence — though it remains to be conclusively proved by experiment — that the hookworm secretes some additional substance in the nature of a poison that is widely absorbed by the system and acts directly on the marrow of the bones, injuring or destroying the blood-making function, the blood falling from twenty to seventy per cent below normal. The deaths, in spite of treatment, after advanced stages of the disease have been reached, bear out this theory.

The Hookworm Harder on Southern Children than the Cotton-Mill

This being the case, widespread disturbance of function, bodily and mental, must be the necessary outcome of hookworm infection, particularly in childhood. Retardation of development due to hookworms has caused a great deal of unmerited criticism to be heaped on the Southern cotton-mills. Lads of seventeen or eighteen appear no older than normal boys of ten or eleven; boys of ten or eleven sometimes look like little children. Strangers not knowing their real ages and seeing them at work go away with lurid stories of the horrors of child labor. Their impression is still further heightened if they try to talk with the

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supposed children. The disease makes them dull and backward,— they are generally the stupidest pupils in the schools,— and they seem unable to answer the simplest questions intelligently. Perhaps they feel too miserable even to try. In school they cannot concentrate their minds on anything, and the teachers in the hookworm districts say that if their pupils remain seated for any length of time they "swell up."

In severe, long-standing infections many patients show echolalia — parrot-like repetition. Asked, "What is your name?" they answer, "What is my name?" "Yes — what is your name?" "My name?" "Yes — your *name!*" After a pause, "My name — is John." Echolalia is a well-defined symptom in some forms of defective mentality and dementia. In the severest cases of uncinariasis the mind is probably always more or less affected.

Dr. William Weston, of Columbia, South Carolina, has recently published (Journal of the South Carolina Medical Association, December, 1907) an interesting case in this connection that came under his treatment about seven years ago — a man whose trouble he had diagnosed as anemia and two other physicians, called in consultation, as "either Bright's or valvular heart disease." The man's mind had become so affected that his wife decided to have him placed in an asylum. While the commitment papers were being prepared, Dr. Stiles' work on the hookworm came out. Dr. Weston read it, held up the lunacy proceedings, made a microscopical examination, found the hookworm ova, and in five weeks the man was back at his work, cured. The doctor uses this as a warning to others, and adds that he has since treated "between three and four hundred cases with practically uniform good results."

Damp Soil the Home of the Larvae

Yet in all this dark picture there is one hopeful word. Unlike the bacteria, the hookworm cannot multiply in the body of its host. The female lays her thousands of eggs in the intestinal tract of her victim, but they cannot develop without oxygen. When they have passed out, and conditions of air and temperature are favorable, it takes them from one to three days to hatch into minute larvae, barely visible to the naked eye. They then feed, and after a short period of growth, depending on moisture and heat, a new skin is formed under the old one and each larva molts. It becomes noticeably longer and thinner, the esophagus changes, and presently the second molt (ecdysis) begins.

The old skin rises from the body, but is not cast as it was in the first ecdysis, for it now surrounds the larva like a little neat, seamless sheath-gown. This is one of nature's fine protections, the larva in its little "gown" being able to withstand more drying than at any time before. With this development it has reached the critical period of its life, for it is now in the *infective stage*, and unless it can fasten on a passing foot, or a stroke of luck sends it down its future victim's throat in drinking water or on the surface of unwashed vegetables, its career as a parasite is nipped in the bud and its little sheath becomes its little shroud. Freezing and complete drying are fatal; yet, even escaping these misfortunes, it must ultimately starve to death, for with the beginning of the second ecdysis it is no longer able to eat, but lives on the nourishment it has stored up in its intestinal cells — a thrifty expedient to get results, for, not having the business of feeding on hand, the young larva can devote all its time and instinct to the lively pursuit of the main chance. It wastes no time, but crawls off to the nearest puddle or into the damp soil, where it can protect its feeble body from the drying action of sun and wind. In this way — burrowing through loose, sandy soil, gathering about the roots of plants and vegetables — the larvae hatched from a single deposit spread themselves over an area probably a hundred times greater than the spot whence they originated. And there are tens of thousands of them, all bent on the same errand, all ravenous for contact with human flesh.

How the Larvae Burrow into Human Flesh

Precisely what happens next was discovered by accident. Dr. Stiles had at first believed — as had all the earlier investigators — that the larvae entered the body through the mouth in drinking water, or were possibly breathed in with the dust, as are many of the bacteria. Now, Looss, a German investigator, had long been studying the Old World hookworm. One day, while working with some very active larvae in the infective stage, he accidentally spilled a drop of water containing about a thousand of them in the cleft between two fingers of his left hand. He was surprised to find this followed by a burning sensation. He at once repeated his accident as an experiment: he carefully placed another drop on the back of his hand. Within a few minutes all except a few sluggish individuals had disappeared, leaving their sheaths behind them.

Here, then, was the next chapter of the hookworms' history: the very act of becoming parasites meant for them a developmental step,

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the completion of the second ecdysis. The accident yielded still more, for it was not till seventy-one days after infection that microscopical examination revealed the presence of the hookworms through their ova in the intestinal tract, and Looss found himself suffering from a severe debility and anemia, requiring a prolonged course of treatment to cure. He repeated this experiment on a man who offered himself, and obtained identical results: the ova did not appear until the seventy-first day, a point that may at times be of great clinical importance, since it apparently proves that over two months must elapse from the date of infection before microscopical examination can determine it.

Looss' next experiment was on a hospital patient — a lad of thirteen about to have his leg amputated. An hour before the operation the leg was carefully washed with soap and water and a drop of larvae-infected water placed upon it. The drop spread out and dried in ten minutes, producing no redness, however. After the operation, this portion of the skin was removed, hardened in alcohol, and sections were cut for microscopical examination. The sections showed that the larvae had entered the skin mainly through the hair-follicles, though to some extent through the pores. So far as the drop had spread, there was hardly a hair-follicle free from them, there being one in some, masses in others. They were in all stages of entry, the tails of many still hanging outside.

From the hair-follicles the larvae bored their way down into the hair-bulbs, and from the hair-bulbs into the cutis. That was as far as Looss could trace them with this specimen. Still, he knew now how the larvae got in. What he did not know was how, starting on the back of his hand, for instance, they were able to make their way to the intestine. Did they simply bore and bore, blindly following their instinct, till they got there?

The Hookworm's Journey through the Body

The work after this had to be carried out on puppies. Looss repeated his former experiments. The larvae, as with human subjects, went into the skin through the hair-follicles. Their subsequent migrations were traced by chloroforming the puppies at stated intervals. It was then learned that the larvae made their way from the hair-bulbs into the cutaneous veins and were carried to the heart, thence to the lungs. Here they worked into the air-cells, and from them into the bronchial tubes, crawled along the mucous membrane, up the wind-pipe, and down into the stomach. Such was their extraordinary journey. Luckily for the patient, many never complete it. Some pass into the lymph-glands, are seized by the lymph-cells, and held fast and killed. Others become embedded in the mucous membrane of the trachea, where presumably they die.

In the lungs of the experimental puppies infected through the skin, great numbers of minute hemorrhages about the size of pin-heads were always observed. This condition may account in part for the heavy death rate from tuberculosis and the general fatality of pneumonia in these patients. Dr. Heiser's tables for Manila show that in hookworm cases the death rate from tuberculosis is double the tuberculosis rate in the general population, and while this is usually accounted for by the great debility of the patient, it is still reasonable to suppose that bacteria happening to fall on the hemorrhage spots find them exceptionally good breeding-places and cause the disease to progress more rapidly. In the sand-lands and pine-barrens of the South, and among the negroes, who are generally heavily infected with hookworms, "galloping consumption" seems to be the rule.

During the whole migration of the larvae from the skin to the intestine, which evidently occupies a considerable time, they are living, so far as we know, on their stored reserve food; for not until four or five days after reaching the intestine do they go through the third ecdysis, in which the mouth capsule develops, armed with its fang and lancets, and they are ready to begin the work that won for them the name *Necator* — murderer.

Hookworms May Live for Years

Yet even this does not finish their story. A fourth ecdysis takes place after another four or five days, and the larvae become developed adults. About a week later the females begin to lay eggs, each with its chance of life and infection. The egg, the harmless larva, the infective larva, the blood-sucking parasite, the egg-layer — this is how their life cycle is fulfilled; but the main point to remember is that, except in relatively rare instances, each separate hookworm in the body of a human being represents a separate act of entry by a little larva, guided by its own little instinct, bound to get in if it can, for its life depends on it.

It is difficult to calculate the ages of larvae and hookworms exactly. Stiles, Smith, and Looss have shown that in the infective stage, protected by their "sheath-gowns," the larvae may live for months in water of suitable temperature; and some of Dr. Stiles' cases go to prove that after reaching maturity they live for years. In 1902 he examined the children

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Courtesy of Dr. J. L. Nicholson

A FAMILY OF "POOR WHITES" IN NORTH CAROLINA, ALL INFECTED WITH HOOKWORM DISEASE

in the Charleston (South Carolina) Orphan Asylum, and found fifteen cases of hookworm, among them two sisters who had been there six years and another child who had been there six and a half years. Judging from the discipline and sanitary arrangements, it seemed impossible that they could have contracted the disease at the orphanage, and from this and the history of their sickness, which dated back to their admission, Dr. Stiles concluded that they had brought the infection with them — that the hookworm can live to be at least six and a half years old. Other writers have given longer periods during which their patients have suffered with anemia, but they have not shown that there was no chance for reinfection.

Dirt-Eating a Symptom, Not a Cause

Experiment has thus accounted for one cause of "ground itch," "foot itch," "dew itch," "dew poison," and "dew sores," common among the poor whites and often seen among barefoot children, sometimes on the hands or other parts of the body as well as the feet. Dr. J. L. Nicholson, of the North Carolina Board of Medical Examiners, reports the case of a seventeen-months-old baby who was treated for anemia. The physician was at a loss to account for the origin of the infection, as the little thing had never taken a step in its life; but, on having it undressed, he found great patches of "ground itch" on its body. The mother said that was nothing — the baby always got it sitting on the sand. She did the washing out in the yard, and let the baby sit on the ground near by, so that she could watch it while she worked. The child was at death's door as a result.

Likewise, the theory that "dirt-eating" causes the infection seems to be disposed of. In some cases, a reinfection may take place, though the kind of "dirt" eaten, which is usually dry, does not generally harbor the parasite. This weird, abnormal appetite is now regarded as a symptom of the disease, exhibited when the infection is severe and the digestive derangement has become pronounced. Nor does it seem to be nature's instinct for a remedy, since most of the "dirt" — soot, for instance — has no known effect on the hookworms. As a symptom, though, it gives a fairly clear indication of the presence of intestinal parasites of one sort or another.

Microscopical examination for the hookworm ova is, however, the only certain diagnosis. Magnified from one to four hundred times their diameter, they are seen as small ellipsoid granulated cells surrounded by a thin shell, their number varying with the severity of the infection. Unless the sample is fresh, they are usually segmented into many cells and may

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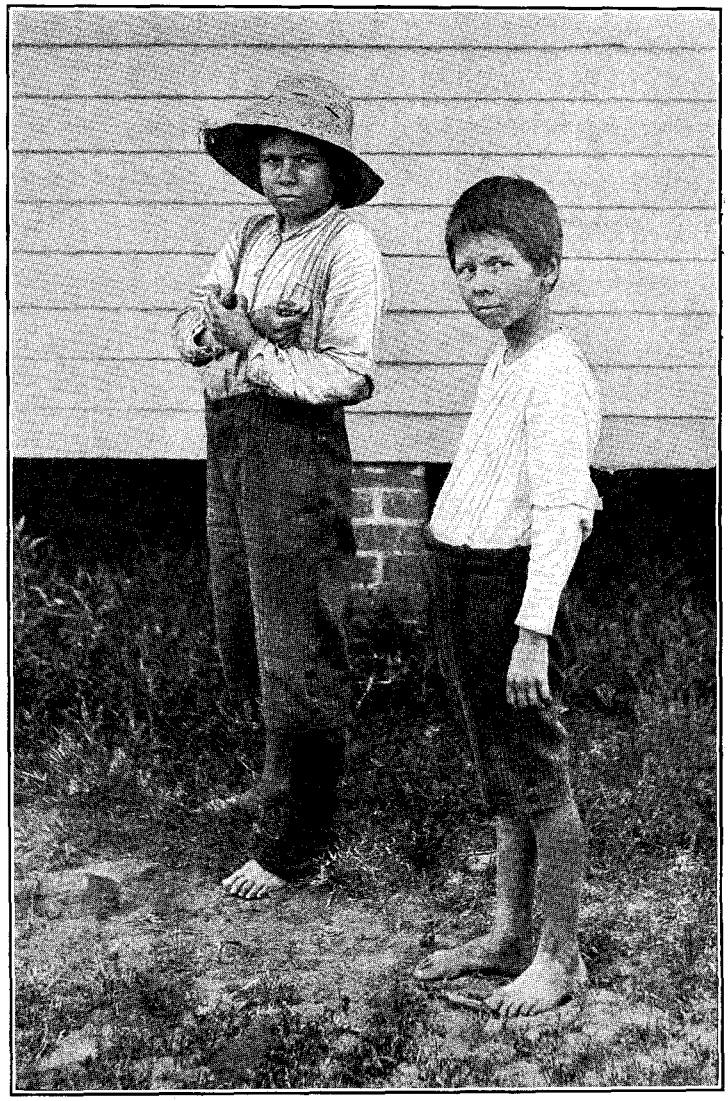
even show well-advanced embryos almost ready to hatch.

The Cure Simple and Cheap

In light infections, microscopical examination is the only known test; but with moderate and severe cases other symptoms are so clearly marked that the case is usually diagnosed and treated without it. As one doctor told me, "I look at their *color*, dose 'em with thymol, and diagnose afterward! Never known it to fail!" The color — that is, the pallor — often extends to the gums, which become as white as chalk or paper. The lip lines fade out and the mouth looks like a gash in the face. The tongue is coated and frequently has pigmented spots or a dark line running its length.

Dr. Stiles was the first to call attention to the peculiar facial expression in hookworm cases: in the older people, a strained, dull hopelessness; in the younger, a fixed, fish-eyed stare. Once you have become familiar with the stare, you cannot mistake it.

The one remedy that has stood the test of time is Bozzolo's thymol treatment — thymol, followed by Epsom salts. But thymol is a



Courtesy of Dr. Weston, Columbia, S. C.

TWO BOYS FROM FARMS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, BOTH INFECTED WITH HOOKWORM DISEASE. THE LARGER SLEEPS MOST OF THE TIME, AND IS TOO WEAK TO WORK IN THE MILL. THE SMALLER IS A DIRT-EATER AND ALMOST AN IDIOT; NOTICE HIS SWOLLEN STOMACH

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powerful and dangerous drug when taken carelessly, and should never be used except by the direction of a physician. Ordinarily, it passes through the intestine, stunning the hookworms and compelling them to drop their hold, though many resist a first and even a second dose, probably because they are so deeply embedded in the mucous membrane, as shown in Sandwith's autopsies. Two hours after the thymol, a dose of Epsom salts clears out the intestinal tract.

Thymol is soluble in fats, oils, and alcohol, and when one of these is present it dissolves the thymol, which then passes into the system of the patient, acting directly on the heart. If the amount is large, death will be the result. Sandwith attributes two deaths to it. One of Dr. Stiles' experimental dogs died under it. Dr. Smith warns strongly against its undirected use, especially where the heart is already weakened or atrophied by the disease. The patient must therefore be dieted the day before the dose is administered, to exclude fats and oils. The dose is best given on an empty stomach, the first thing in the morning.



Courtesy of Dr. J. L. Nicholson

A BROTHER AND SISTER, BOTH INFECTED; THE PUFFY LOOK ABOUT THE EYES IS A FREQUENT SYMPTOM

Patients Prefer the Hoodoo Women to the Doctors

In working among the poor, ignorant whites, physicians often have great difficulty in getting them to follow directions. Not long ago a whole family, in dreadful shape from the disease, moved into Raleigh. One and all of them positively refused to give up bacon for a day. The doctor was afraid to try thymol on them, and reported the case to the Board of Health. One physician in Columbia (South Carolina) begins thus: "Now, I'll give you something that will cure you, if you'll do exactly as I tell you to. If you don't — you'll die, sure! Do you want to die?" He says that he feels easy only about his negro patients — they "get scared." The "poor whites" don't "get scared"; they think that, if the doctor doesn't know what they eat, it won't hurt them.

The doctors find even greater difficulties among the very ignorant, for they believe they are "cunjahed" — that somebody has "put a spell" on them. They simply won't be treated at all, but hunt up some old hoodoo woman, who engages to take the spell off — for a consideration. There is a "little boy" at the Palmetto Mills who looks eleven and is really twenty-seven. Dr. Weston, of Columbia, has three times induced him to promise that he will submit to treatment; but each time, when it came to the point, the "little boy" refused, saying, "It won't do *me* no good, for I got a *cunjah* on me."

So much for the cure of the individual. What of the stamping out of the disease? Uncinariasis is not like smallpox or



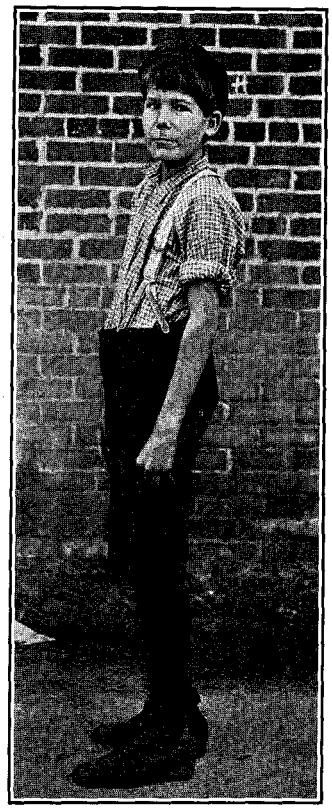
Courtesy of Dr. Weston

A BOY OF FIFTEEN, WITH THE SWOLLEN STOMACH CHARACTERISTIC OF UNCINARIASIS

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scarlet fever, which, once cured, tend to establish immunity to subsequent infection. There is absolutely no immunity from uncinariasis so long as the larvae remain in the soil and can reach the human body. The real problem, then, is the proper disposal of body waste.

The early investigators left little doubt that polluted soil was the most important source of infection. Thus, out of 200 of Sandwith's Egyptian patients, 190 were accustomed to work with their hands in more or less damp earth; 152 were agricultural laborers, 18 masons or bricklayers, 7 were street scavengers and cesspool-cleaners, and 7 were peddlers of unwashed vegetables. But the recent field investigations of Dr. Stiles have settled the question. He finds that throughout the sand-lands, pine-barrens, and other infected regions, 68 per cent of the rural homes are without toilet closets, and most of those that exist are open in such a way that pigs and chickens are able to carry from them the hookworm ova and larvae and spread them over the soil surrounding the dwelling. This accounts in part for the fact that the men, wearing shoes and working in the fields most of the day, suffer less from the infection than the women, who are often barefoot and spend their time in or about the house; while the barefoot children playing in the door-yard are usually the worst cases. On one of these farms, the father and ten children were suffering from hookworm disease, one of the children being in the dirt-eating stage. The mother had recently died.



Courtesy of Dr. Weston

A DIRT-EATER FROM A SOUTH CAROLINA COTTON-MILL

THIS BOY IS OVER TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD

The Rural South in the Sanitary Dark Ages

On a plantation in South Carolina, sixty hands were employed, all infected with hookworms, several of them in severe degree, and all from the same obvious cause — no sanitary convenience. In another State, thirty per cent of all the rural school-houses were without closets, — in some entire counties no rural schools had any, — and the soil for a radius of one hundred and fifty feet about each of these schools was infested with hookworm ova and larvae. Superficial examination of the school children in one district showed seventy to eighty per cent of them infected, many of them very badly. These school percentages



A GROUP OF SOUTHERN MILL GIRLS; THE FIRST GIRL ON THE LEFT AND THE LAST TWO ON THE RIGHT ARE BAD CASES OF UNCINARIASIS

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are about three times those of the adult and twice those of the non-school-going population in the region from which the schools draw, the school, as a hotbed of infection being nearly double in potency the "one-horse farm." As Dr. Stiles remarks, compulsory education in these schools means compulsory hookworm disease.

Through Dr. Stiles' later investigations a new and startling aspect of the negro problem came to the surface. In his earlier work he had seen the symptoms of hookworm disease very seldom among the negroes,—even the school-children,—and he concluded that the negro suffered much less than the white man from the parasite. He was later to learn that the negro is more frequently and heavily infected than the white man, but he is almost immune to the effects of the disease when he has it. Without so much as guessing that there is anything the matter with him, he is able to carry about with him a number of hookworms that would lay a white man in his bed and a white child in its grave. There are no extensive statistics regarding the negro, because he seldom comes in for treatment until his infection is very severe; but several Southern physicians have given it as their opinion, founded on the general conditions under which the negro lives, that not less than seventy to eighty per cent of them have the disease. Dr. Weston says: "It would not surprise me to learn that ninety-eight per cent of them are more or less infected. Knowing their habits, I don't see how any of them on the farms can escape it, and they take it with them to the towns."



A GROUP OF SOUTHERN SCHOOL-CHILDREN; THE CHILD AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS BADLY INFECTED



ANOTHER GROUP OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN, SHOWING A HOOKWORM CASE (THE THIRD CHILD IN THE UPPER ROW)

The Disease Brought Here and Spread by the Negro

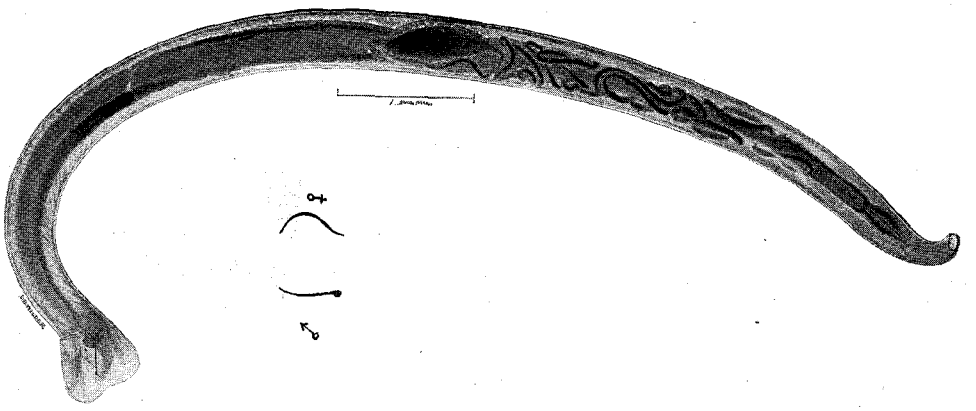
Dr. Stiles took a census of 366 sand-land farms, white and negro, and found 43.8 per cent of the white, as against 79.5 per cent of the negro, without any kind of sanitary convenience; that is, the negro was nearly twice as great an offender against sanitary law as the



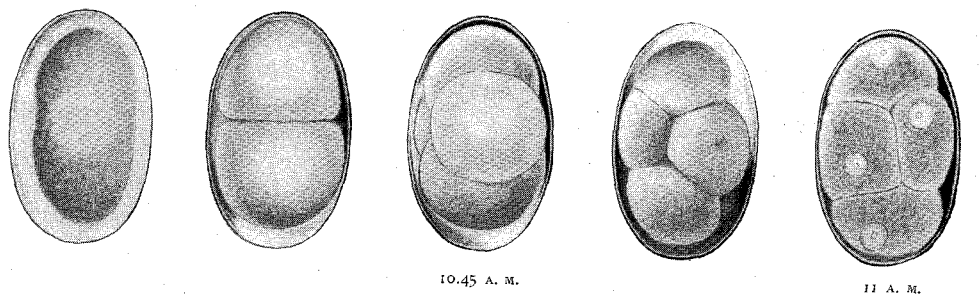
Courtesy of Dr. Stiles

A GROUP OF SOUTHERN MILL HANDS; THE MAN AT THE LEFT IS A VERY BAD HOOKWORM CASE AND SHOWS THE TYPICAL "HOOKWORM STARE"

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DRAWINGS SHOWING THE ACTUAL SIZE OF THE HOOKWORM, AND ITS APPEARANCE WHEN MICROSCOPICALLY ENLARGED



HOOKWORM EGGS IN PROCESS OF DEVELOPMENT



A YOUNG LARVA READY TO INFECT MAN

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white man who lived alongside him in the same county.

Ignorant of his own condition, oblivious to the white man's common decencies, the negro is thus the great reservoir and spreader of the hookworm disease in the States that harbor him. Where he goes the hookworm goes. The one real hope of curing the white man lies in curing the black man; which brings us to the question of the origin of the disease and our particular species of hookworm — *Necator americanus*.

In the beginning, the negroes brought it with them from Africa on the slave-ships, and it has remained with them ever since. It is an imported disease, and its "import tax" has been literally paid in blood—pure Anglo-Saxon blood. *Necator americanus* has been found in the pygmies of Central Africa and the West Coast negroes; but even if it had not yet been discovered there, the relative immunity of the negro race to it in this country offers a strong presumption in favor of the importation theory; for relative immunity usually means long association,— for generations, if not for centuries,— while the law of the survival of the fittest slowly sifts out the less immune and leaves the more immune to propagate the species.

How long the parasite was confined to the negroes — the African slaves and their descendants whom they infected — we have no means of knowing, but the poorer whites seem to have begun picking it up more than a century ago, if we may judge from early accounts of the "dirt-eaters" and their anemia, the first of which was published by a Dr. Pitt in 1808. Dr. Pitt thought — as did every one else till the hookworm was discovered — that the anemia was due to lack of nourishment; but the picture he drew of the symptoms leaves little doubt that the "price of slavery" had already in his day fallen on the white man and his children. One thing seems certain: wherever the whites — not necessarily the "poor whites," either — have associated with the negro on the soil, or have followed him on the plantations he tilled in slave days, anemia, with the symptoms of hookworm disease, has broken out among them, and, from being rare in Dr. Pitt's time, it now numbers two million cases in the South. Outside the negro States it is almost unknown.

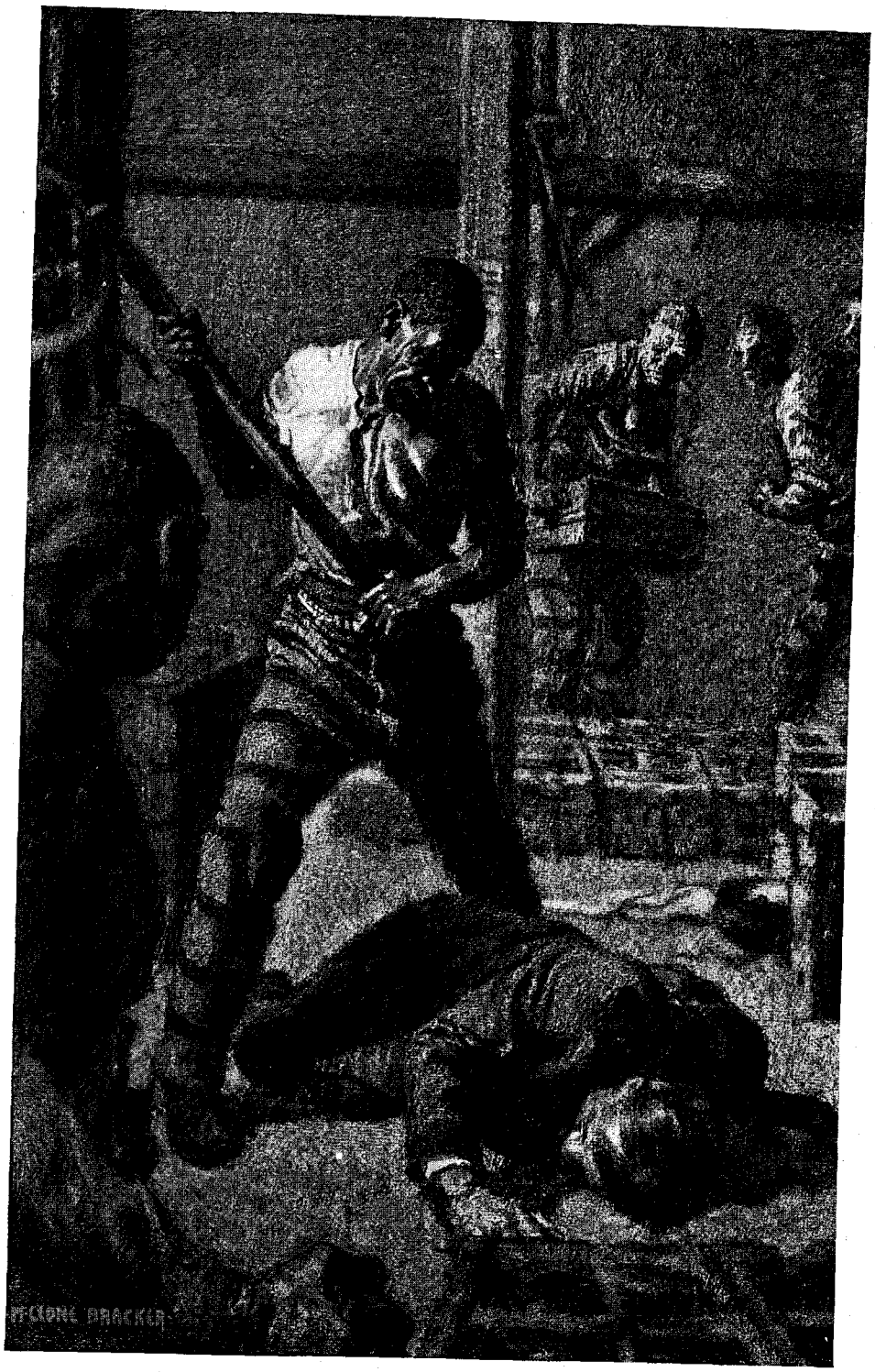
The Southern Landlord Responsible

But if the negro brought the hookworm in the beginning, it is the white man who has let him spread it — has let him continue his jungle habits and has not taught him better. Negro crimes of violence number dozens where his sanitary sins number tens of thousands. For one crime a mob will gather in an hour to lynch him: he may spread the hookworm and typhoid from end to end of a State without rebuke. Outside of the District of Columbia there is not a law to punish him for an offense that may mean the sickness and death of a whole family.

In the end, the responsibility for this disease that has reduced thousands of American families to abject poverty, that has made labor scarce and incompetent, that has lost every State below the Potomac untold millions of dollars, rests primarily with the landlord. The majority of both the poor white and the poor negro population are renters — tenants on another man's land. Too poor to put up a single small building, too ignorant to appreciate the risks they run and the need of sanitation, they take what the landlord gives and make the best of it. Often the landlord is as ignorant in the matter as his tenant. Thus, largely through the ignorance, neglect, and carelessness of the landlord, it has come about in five great States that the labor problem is the problem of soil pollution and the hookworm.

NOTE.—The drawings of the life history of the parasite are here published through the courtesy of Surgeon-General Walter Wyman. The writer is further indebted to the following papers: Stiles: "Hygienic Laboratory Bulletin No. 10" (1903); "The Significance of Recent American Cases of Hookworm Disease in Man" (1902); "Soil Pollution and the Hookworm Disease in the South" (published by the Alabama Board of Health); "Medical Influence of the Negro in Connection with Anemia in the White" (Bulletin North Carolina Board of Health, June, 1908); Smith: "Uncinariasis in Texas" (*American Journal of Medical Science*, 1903); "Uncinariasis" (International Clinics, Vol. XI, 14th series, 1904). Schaeffer: "Anchylostoma Duodenale in Texas" (*Medical News*, New York, October, 1901). Kinyoun: "Uncinariasis in Florida" (Report of American Health Association, 1907). Sandwith: "Ankylostomiasis" (1905). Loeb and Smith: "Presence of a Substance Inhibiting the Coagulation of Blood in Anchylostoma" (1904). Loeb: "Ein weiterer Ver. u. die Blutgerinnung hemmende Substance in A. caninum" (1904); and the Annual Report of the Surgeon-General of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service of the United States for 1908.

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"THE DESCENDING BAR STRUCK HIS SHOULDER FIRST, AND THEN, WITH DIMINISHED FORCE, CRASHED THROUGH HIS SKULL"

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THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

BY

WOOLSEY R. HOPKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE visitors' gallery of the great prison was filled with people who had come to see the midday march of the convicts. In the crowd was a Distinguished Guest; the warden himself was in escort. The sound of a gong thrilled across the long, bare courtyard, and at the far end there emerged from a dim orifice a huge gray caterpillar. Another thrust itself into the light from a second hole; then a third, and a fourth, until the whole place was sibilant with their shuffling progress. The prisoners, joined in the hideous bond of the lock-step,* were going by sections from the workshops to the dining-room.

Their path took them almost directly beneath the little balcony where the visitors waited. As they approached this point where recognition or identification would be easy, each man threw his head to the right and dropped his chin on his shoulder; but as the line from the machine-shop passed, one man held his head erect and steady. There was no bravado in his bearing; rather, it was the calm, unconscious carriage of one accustomed to look every man in the face.

"Who is that man who held his head up?" asked the Distinguished Visitor.

"That's Langdon," answered the warden. "He never tries to hide his face, as the others do."

"Who is Langdon?" asked the guest, as the erect convict passed from sight.

The warden looked a little surprised. "Henry Langdon, of the Southport Bank gang," he explained. "You surely remember the famous robbery? He's in for fifteen years for manslaughter. Killed Red Feeley, who turned State's evidence on the gang in a burglary case."

"Rather a remarkable face," said the Distinguished Visitor.

"And a remarkable man, sir," returned the warden. "A good prisoner, but a bad record. If they could land him for all the tricks he's turned, it would foot up to a life sentence for Methuselah."

In the records of the three great prisons of the State, the convict who had enlisted the visitor's interest was thus specifically described:

"Henry Langdon, professional burglar: six feet high; broad shoulders; powerfully built; large nose; square chin; gray eyes; brown hair; powder scar on left cheek; third finger of left hand missing."

The powder scar was the memento of an express robbery in which the charge exploded prematurely. The missing finger had been shot off by a watchman, hopelessly defending his trust against desperate odds. Watchman Horan's blood was on Langdon's hands, but there was no weight on his conscience. The murderers had never been discovered, and this was one of the many crimes from the punishment for which Langdon felt himself safe. Nor did the killing of Feeley cause him any regret, except that it had not been so contrived as to permit of escape from the consequences. Langdon was proof against remorse. He looked all the world in the face, as he had looked the warden's visitor.

Langdon had always been known as a "good" convict; he obeyed the rules, and performed his tasks well. According to his curious criminal code, he owed this, in the game that he had played and lost against society and law. So much of his life and labor as the courts demanded, he would pay as his stakes in the game. He bore no grudge against the authorities. They were on the other side; that was all. "Pay, and play again," he said.

But during this last term in prison his views had changed. "I quit," he said; "I've played the string through, and now I quit."

He felt no faintest sorrow or regret for anything in his past; no desire or thought to be a better man. He cursed dead Feeley, and remembered with shame mistakes he had made by which opportunities for plunder had been lost. He recalled the figure of Horan, shot through the heart and lying face down upon

*The lock-step has been abolished in our State prisons since this story was written.

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the floor of the bank, and his companions hurrying in flight through the open door. "I was a fool," he said; "I might have known the sneaks would run from a dead man. Fifty thousand lost there!"

His determination was the result of much scheming and planning. He was almost fifty years old, and had spent more than twenty of them in prison, upon sentences that aggregated more years than he had lived, but which had been cut down by "short time" and commutation. The fierce excitement of desperate chances no longer tempted him. He had money enough for his purposes. He wished to try something new; "a different line," as he expressed it.

He believed he could carry through anything he attempted, but his life had taught him to attempt nothing without thorough preparation and proper tools. "It's learning I lack," he said; "I'm ignorant. Before this bit is done I'm going to know things. I'll know the iron business all through, and have a shop of my own. I'll make money; and then I'll get into a bank, in the daytime, by the front door — director — president. There's no better graft than that; money to steal by law, and walk the streets with the roll in your pocket. That's what I'll do."

His keeper became interested in him and helped him. The warden heard of it, and encouraged and assisted him. He took books from the library and read and studied. He already knew German; he now learned French and Italian. The army of crime is recruited from every nation, and a great prison offers better facilities for learning foreign tongues than a university. So Langdon studied, toiled, and waited.

By a rule of the prison, convicts are forbidden to speak with each other. By another rule, keepers are required to watch the shop under their charge, and oversee the work done there. When the keeper obeys the second rule, the convict breaks the first. As the keeper turns his head and looks about the shop, low words are exchanged behind his back.

The prisoners have other ways of communication. At night, when the long rows of grated cells are but dimly revealed by the hall lights, a mysterious tapping may often be heard, echoing through the silence. It is a convict talking to one of his fellows, perhaps in the next cell, perhaps at the farther end of the long gallery. This "tap-talk" resembles, in one way, the message of the wireless telegraphy. The sound floats through all the corridor, passing by many ears unheeded, until it falls upon the ones waiting to receive it, and tuned and adjusted, by previous arrangement and planning, to understand it.

The keeper at his post at the end of the long corridor hears it, and listens. He knows that some one is talking, but understands no word or letter. Slipping off his shoes, he passes, in stockinged feet, swiftly and silently, along the gallery, peering intently into each cell. Every man lies quiet, apparently sleeping upon his cot. An instant after he starts there sound, clear and sharp, three taps, and instant silence follows. Some one has seen him, as he passed, and tapped the warning.

He can make no movement unseen. Through every moment of each long night there are, in those dark and narrow cells, some eyes that never close, some ears ever alert. Dreadful thoughts and fierce passions banish sleep, and frightful scenes are pictured in the darkness. The faces of victims or of loved ones shine clearly in the gloom, and at intervals the deep silence is broken by a curse or a sob.

But Langdon, with blood upon his hands and upon his soul, slept as peacefully as a tired child.

Langdon knew this "tap-talk." For a week past he had heard, every night before he slept, the messages passing to and fro. But the ordinary "cipher" had been somewhat changed; the messages were "blind"— concerning something too important for the general ear. But, after study, he understood enough to know that mischief was planned for his shop. He could not find out what it was nor when it was to take place. "Well," he said, "let it go on; it's no business of mine." Yet, from long habit, he listened and watched.

As his company marched from the shop one afternoon at the close of work, he heard a man behind him say in a low, distinct voice, "Forty-three — late," and a man, the second ahead of Langdon in the file, coughed and moved his hand, for an instant, from the hip of the one in front — a sign to the speaker that his words had been heard and understood.

Langdon knew the man ahead: a negro, doing twenty years for a nameless crime. "Well," he said, "I've got *you* pat; but who talked?" The voice sounded three or four back; it might be farther. Beginning with the second man to his rear, he ran over the next four in his mind: a Jew, forgery, ten years — two to serve; a Hungarian, burglary, twenty years — ten to serve; an Englishman, murder, second degree — life; an American, arson, second offense, twenty years — three to serve; a Swede, assault with intent to kill, third term, fifteen years — ten to serve. This was far enough.

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It was one of these who had spoken to the negro. Men with short time to serve avoid trouble. He eliminated the Jew and the American from his problem.

That night Langdon lay upon his cot, wakeful and alert. The silence was unbroken, save by the heavy breathing of those who slept or muttered in disordered dreams. He knew where all the men were locked: the Jew and American to his right; the Hungarian and Swede across the gallery; the Englishman — known as the "Gorilla"—far to his left.

Through the thick walls came faintly the sound of a town bell striking the hours. He counted them — twelve, one, two, three — "Not to-night, then," he said, half aloud; and, as if in response, there sounded four sharp taps, followed after a short interval by three — "forty-three"; and then this: "When they wrestle — when they wrestle." That was all.

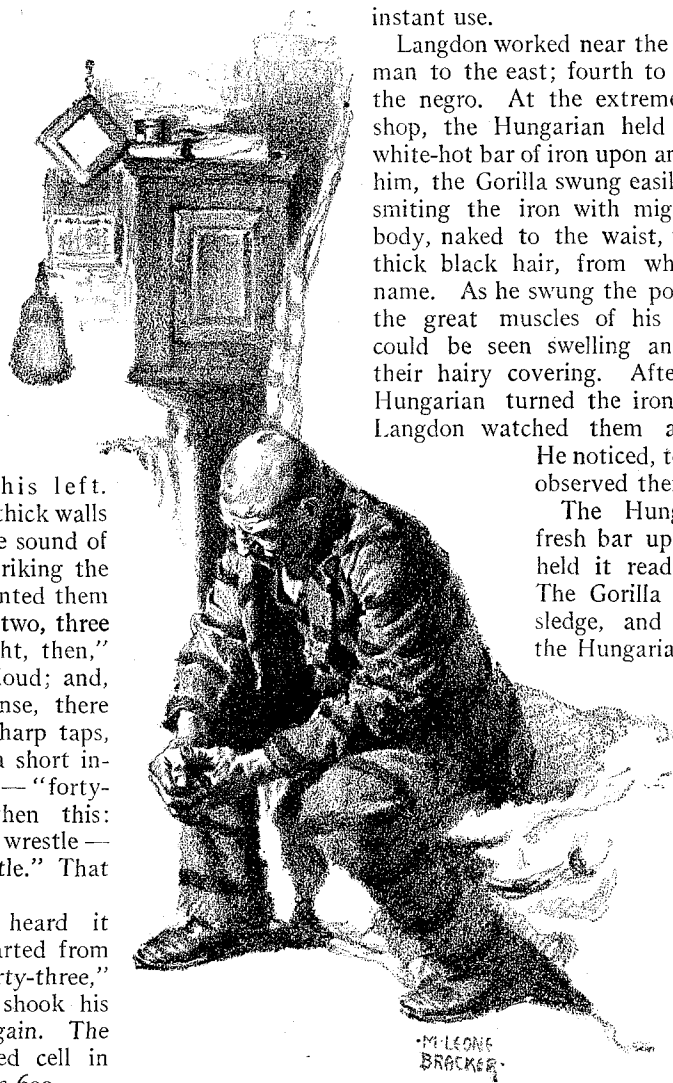
The keeper heard it clearly, and started from his seat. "Forty-three," he said, and shook his head and sat again. The lowest numbered cell in the corridor was 600.

Langdon sat upon his cot, thinking. "Forty-three," he said. "That's the nigger. It came from the left. It's the Gorilla; yes, it's the Gorilla *and* the nigger." He thought intently for a time, and then struck his clenched fist into his palm, smiling. "Yes," he said; "'when they wrestle — when they wrestle.' Well, it ain't my business. I ain't here to save keepers." Then he slept.

The foundry was a long, low shop upon the ground floor, in which worked one hundred and twenty men. Half way along its south wall was the keeper's desk, upon a platform raised a little from the ground, so that he might easily overlook the men at their work. His only visible weapon was a loaded cane, but the men knew that in the pocket of his loose uniform coat a revolver lay ready for instant use.

Langdon worked near the keeper, the third man to the east; fourth to the west, worked the negro. At the extreme west end of the shop, the Hungarian held with his tongs a white-hot bar of iron upon an anvil. Opposite him, the Gorilla swung easily a heavy sledge, smiting the iron with mighty blows. His body, naked to the waist, was covered with thick black hair, from which he took his name. As he swung the ponderous hammer, the great muscles of his chest and arms could be seen swelling and shifting under their hairy covering. After each blow the Hungarian turned the iron upon the anvil. Langdon watched them as they worked. He noticed, too, that the negro observed them closely.

The Hungarian placed a fresh bar upon the anvil and held it ready for the blow. The Gorilla swung aloft his sledge, and as it descended the Hungarian quickly moved the bar aside. The hammer crashed upon the unyielding anvil, and its handle broke and shivered with the shock.



"'I QUIT,' HE SAID; 'I'VE PLAYED THE STRING THROUGH, AND NOW I QUIT'"

The Gorilla dashed the fragments upon the ground and with a loud curse sprang upon the Hungarian and seized him by the throat, while the latter in turn grasped the hairy neck of his assailant. The other convicts, each in his place, watched the struggle in silence. The negro, his head only half turned, paused in his labor, the bar of iron upon which he had been working still grasped in his hand. The keeper started from his seat and glanced about the shop.

"Every man in his place!" he shouted. "I'll cross-mark the first who moves." Then he

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called loudly to the fighting men: "Johnson, White, quit that! Come here, both." In his right hand he grasped his loaded cane, and his left, in the pocket of his coat, closed over the butt of his revolver.

The combatants paid no heed to his command. Each held his grasp upon the throat of the other, and they writhed and twisted over the anvil, the glowing iron still upon it. Langdon noticed that the powerful Gorilla seemed to have no advantage. "Forty-three," he said, half aloud, and looked at the negro. The keeper called once more, glanced over the shop, and started toward the fray. "Yes," said Langdon, smiling; "when they wrestle — when they wrestle. Good-by, Mr. Keeper."

The keeper was a brave man, as courage goes; he was not afraid. But the shop was known as the "hardest" in the prison. He knew the men. He had "cross-chalked" many of them for discipline, and a fracas offered opportunities to clear scores. He hesitated, turned back to his desk, pushed the call-button to the keepers' hall, and started running toward the struggling men. He knew the risk, and as he ran kept as nearly as he could the center of the aisle, so that a man would have to step out a little to strike him.

The negro, as he approached, stood motionless, but his hand tightened upon his bar, and as the keeper came opposite he swung it with all his might.

"Chalk-mark me, will ye? Get me paddled, will ye?" he screamed.

Something, a motion half perceived by sight or hearing, gave the keeper an instant's warning. He ducked his head and, struggling to draw his revolver, threw his shoulder upward and so escaped instant death. The descending bar struck the shoulder first, breaking the bone, and then, with diminished force, crashed through the skull.

As the keeper fell, the Gorilla and the Hungarian loosened their grip, and each sprang for a weapon. At the same instant Langdon leaped upon the negro, tossing him aside as if he had been a baby, and stood astride the senseless body of the keeper. He was smiling still. "Things are working all right so far," he said.

The Gorilla raged through the aisle. "Now, mates," he roared, "the west wall — quick!"

A few men, timid or with short time to serve, leaped from the windows and made their escape, running toward the keepers' hall, shouting the alarm. A few stood, hesitating, in their places. The greater number joined in the mutiny and rushed toward the Gorilla as their natural leader.

Langdon stood fast, grasping the keeper's cane, which he had picked up from the floor. As the mutineers were leaving the shop, the negro looked back and saw Langdon.

"Come on!" he shouted.

Langdon shook his head, and the negro grasped the leader's arm and pointed.

"Wait," ordered the Gorilla. "Come back with me, some of you," and a number followed him as he ran back east through the aisle.

As they came close, Langdon called loudly, and for a moment they halted.

"You know me," he said. "The first man in reach is a dead man."

The Gorilla stepped forward. "See 'ere, Blaster," he cried, "I ain't afeard o' you, an' I ain't got no time to talk. Ye got to come, or promise ye won't give us away. Will ye ——"

Langdon interrupted, laughing. "The man's got to be born yet that can scare a promise out of me," he said.

The hairy giant swung aloft his hammer and sprang forward. Langdon stepped nimbly aside and struck. The leaden head of the cane crashed through the Gorilla's skull as if it had been an egg-shell.

The others hesitated, and, as they stood irresolute, the eastern door burst open, and a body of keepers rushed, with a shout, upon the mutineers, who turned and fled. Upon the floor, their blood mingling in one dark stream, lay keeper and convict. Over them stood Langdon, the bloody cane still grasped in his hand, the sneering smile still upon his face. "See 'em run," he laughed, "Forty-three and all. The Gorilla won't run no more, though. There ought to be something coming to me out of this."

There was, and it came quickly. The foremost keeper, rushing, revolver in hand, down the aisle, saw the armed convict over the prostrate keeper. He recognized Langdon and recalled his desperate record. Without a word he fired. The cane flew from Langdon's hand, whirling high to the roof, and he fell across the bodies of the man he had killed and the man he had saved.

Langdon recovered consciousness in the prison hospital. The true history of his part in the mutiny had become known. The warden visited him.

"Langdon," he said, "I'm sorry; but the keeper didn't understand. You did well. I'm going to try to get you out."

Langdon thought before answering. "Warden," he said, "don't try for a pardon. They won't give it; there's too much against me. Ask for a commutation, and you may get it."

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After a pause he added: "Tell the Governor, Warden, that when my bit is done here, I quit and begin over. I won't lie to you, nor to him. Tell him I'm through buckin' the law That's past."

The warden's report went on its way, and in the course of time and red tape it reached the hands of the Distinguished Visitor of that noon a year before, now Governor of the State.

"Henry Langdon — Southport Bank," he mused, and memory suddenly called up the figure. "The convict who stood straight," he murmured. "There's something in that fellow." And his decision made Langdon a free man on a commuted sentence. The convict laughed when the warden told him of it.

"It pays to hold up your head," he said. "I'll do it with the best of 'em now."



"THERE SOUNDED FOUR SHARP TAPS"

He had never inquired about the injured keeper. He cared not whether the man had lived or died. He was a tool, an instrument, which good fortune had cast in his way to aid him in his plans. He had served his purpose and was forgotten. But, as he journeyed to the great city, the keeper came for a moment into his mind.

"My scheme worked," he said; "that keeper was always square with me; perhaps I might have told him about —" He stopped and laughed. "Why should I?" he said; "I'm getting foolish; perhaps I ain't got over that shot yet."

To the booming of a drum and the broken notes of a badly played cornet, a few members of the Salvation Army moved from their barracks to the place appointed for the street meeting. As they marched, a few of the throng upon the sidewalk glanced at them with idle curiosity, or paused and watched them as they passed. Of these, one, after a little hesitation, turned and followed them and stood among the scanty crowd which their singing and exhorting had attracted. He was a tall, well-dressed man, a powder burn upon his left cheek, the third finger gone from his left hand.

The leader of the services was a tall, thin mulatto. His features were harsh and forbidding, but his voice, as he raised it in prayer or song, was sweet and pure. He told briefly and simply the story of his life — street arab in New York; pickpocket, thief, burglar, convict; his release from prison; his rescue by the Army; his desertion and recapture; his struggle and daily fight to stand firm; his faith that he would succeed; and the joy and peace such faith gave him.

The scarred man looked and listened. When the hat was passed, he put in a bill, and when the services closed, he followed the Army again to its barracks, and waited outside till that meeting, too, was over. As the mulatto came from the room, he followed him, and, as he turned into a side street away from the glare of lights, he stepped quickly forward and touched him. The mulatto turned swiftly and faced him.

"Wha' you want?" he asked, looking closely at the other.

"Don't you know me, Yellow?" said the man.

"Good *God*, Blaster!" cried the mulatto, starting back. "How are you out? Did you break?"

"Hold your clack," said Langdon warningly; "I want to talk to you."

The mulatto motioned him to follow, and the two men passed on. Neither spoke till they reached the room where the mulatto lived. Then Langdon briefly gave the other his history since entering prison. The mulatto said little, and they sat for some time in silence.

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"What's your scheme in the Army, Yellow?" said Langdon presently. "Is it a good place to work from?"

"Not the kind of work you mean," answered the other. "I've quit it; and if God keeps His promises, I'll stay quit of it."

Langdon looked at him curiously. He could not understand him.

"You were always straight and no liar, Yellow," he said. "What made you do it? Did you get scared?"

"There was never a man lived that I was scared of," answered the mulatto. "You know that, Blaster; not even you." Langdon nodded. "But I *did* get scared; I got scared of myself. There's one thing I never did, but I came close to it one night, and it scared me."

"You mean Red?" asked Langdon. "Well, that don't worry me any. He got what was coming to him, and I'm glad I did the job."

"I went looking for him one night," said the other, "and I meant to do him, but, thank God, I couldn't find him, or —" He paused, shuddering.

"You've changed, Yellow," said Langdon, watching him. "You didn't used to be so particular. How about the night watchman?"

"Not me!" screamed the mulatto, starting up and holding his open palms before him, as if thrusting something away. "Not me; that blood ain't on my hands."

"You stood close enough to get some of it on your clothes," said Langdon, with a sneer, "and you always took your share of the swag."

"I've give it away," cried the other. "I've give it to the Army, where it'll do some good. I'm poor, Blaster. I haven't got a red, except my share of what came in the hat to-night."

"You're a fool, then," said Langdon. "I've got plenty. Want some?"

The mulatto shook his head and stood trembling. "I wish you'd go, Blaster," he said. "I wouldn't drive you out if you was to be took; but you say you're out regular, and I wish you'd go."

"Afraid?" sneered Langdon. "You needn't get nervous. They ain't looking for me; they know I'm here."

"'Tisn't that," said the other. "They never bother me. 'Tisn't that, but you — Oh, Blaster, I always follered you, and when I see you it makes me think of the old times and — oh, Jesus, help me! — it makes me want to go back." He fell on his knees and broke into an incoherent, weeping prayer for aid and strength.

Langdon watched him, smiling. Then he strode to the kneeling man, lifted him to his feet, and turned him about so that they stood face to face.

"Listen, Yellow," he said. "Stop sniveling and listen," and he threw the mulatto into the chair from which he had risen. "You've turned chicken-hearted. If I had anything on, I wouldn't have you with me at any price. But I've quit it, too, Yellow. I'm tired of it. I've played the game to the limit; you know that. I've got money enough. I know a good thing now, if I cared to go after it, and safe, too; but it don't tempt me. I've quit, I tell you, so stop your blubbering."

"Thank the Lord for that, Blaster," said the mulatto. "You'll be happier. I've tried both ways and I *know*. I don't say I don't hanker after the old one sometimes. I miss the excitement and the chancy life, and sometimes it seems as if I couldn't stand it, this way; and I couldn't if it wasn't for the Army. The band helps me, and the marching, and the street meetings; and the Lord helps me more than all. He does, Blaster. You don't know how it feels to walk the streets and look every man in the face and not jump when a hand's laid on your shoulder. Oh, Blaster, try it. Ask God to help you, and He will."

"If He waits till I ask him, He'll get tired," answered Langdon. "*I'm* going to walk the streets any time I want to, and look people in the face,— yes, and over their heads,— but I won't ask God to help me, nor any one else. I'm going to do this thing *myself*, and the harder it is the better I'll like it. You never knew me like an easy thing, Yellow."

"You can't, Blaster," responded the mulatto earnestly. "You've got sand — more than any one I ever knew — but you can't do it alone. You could, if any man could, but there ain't *no* man that's been what we've been that can do it on his own strength. You've got to give up and ask the Lord's help, and it ain't easy even then. Besides," he added, from the experience of his old life, "the police won't let you."

"When I did my last bit," answered Langdon, "I squared with the State. I ain't worrying about the police. I saw the Chief this morning."

"What did he say?" asked Yellow.

"Asked me things," replied Langdon; "tried to pump me. I said, 'Chief, I've quit. You and me are even. You've done me sometimes, and I've done you more times. There's many a job you *think* I done — and you're right; but you ain't got any proof, and you never will have any; but from now on I'll never cross your path.' And we shook hands on it. This ain't sudden with me, Yellow. I've thought

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about it for long. I'd have done it before, only I had to do Red first."

"Going to stay here?" asked the mulatto.

"No," was the answer; "place is too big."

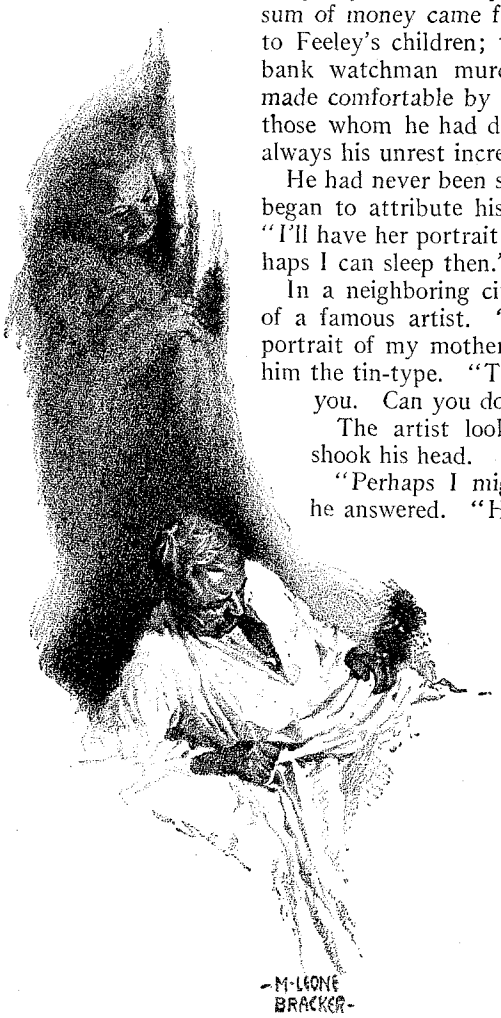
"Your own name?" continued Yellow.

"Yes," said Langdon, throwing back his shoulders. "Henry Langdon, and my record open to all. I ain't going to advertise it, but if they ask me they'll get it straight. That makes what I'm going to do a bigger thing. Good-by, Yellow. When you see me again I'll be on top."

Five years later Langdon sat in the library of his home in the Western city of Mendon. He had succeeded; every plan had been carried out; and he had found neither happiness nor contentment. His fierce and turbulent spirit still fretted and chafed, unsatisfied. Often, at night, locked in his little den just off the library, he took from his chest his kit of tools and looked at them longingly and wished he were back at his old trade. To-night he sat thinking of his life. A deputation of citizens had just left, after urging upon him the nomination for mayor. He had wished to accept, but could not. He was not a citizen. He had never been "restored," never even pardoned.

He went to his den, and in the darkness groped in his chest for his tools, and carried them to his desk, made fast the door, and turned on the light. Among the implements he saw an unfamiliar object. It was a little, old-fashioned tin-type. Without looking at it, he tossed it aside, and began to arrange his tools. He handled each one caressingly, and stood before them, looking at them and remembering. Presently, with his old gesture, he struck his clenched fist into his palm.

"I'm going back," he said. "This life is no good. I'm going back."



"HE LAY STARING INTO THE DARKNESS"

As he gathered the tools to replace them, he saw again the tin-type, picked it from the desk and turned with it toward the chest, and then, for a moment, hesitated. He had not thought of *her* for many years. How did she look? He could not recall her features clearly. He carried the picture to the light, looked at it earnestly, and then tossed it with his tools into the chest. That night, for the first time in his life, sleep came not at his bidding.

The germ of conscience may lie sleeping for years, to awake suddenly, at last, and lash the soul into heaven or hell. From the night Langdon looked at the picture of his mother he knew no rest. At night he lay with open eyes, staring into the darkness. Voices called to him, and the dreadful procession of past years marched through his tired brain.

By day he made reparation. A considerable sum of money came from an unknown source to Feeley's children; the widow of Horan, the bank watchman murdered at his post, was made comfortable by an unknown benefactor; those whom he had despoiled he repaid. Yet always his unrest increased.

He had never been superstitious, but now he began to attribute his trouble to the picture. "I'll have her portrait painted," he said; "perhaps I can sleep then."

In a neighboring city he sought the studio of a famous artist. "I wish you to paint a portrait of my mother," he said. He showed him the tin-type. "This is all I have to guide you. Can you do it?"

The artist looked at the picture and shook his head.

"Perhaps I might, with a description," he answered. "How did she look?"

Langdon stood silent, trying to recall her. Then he said hesitatingly: "Slight — a little woman; eyes like — she said once that mine were like them, I remember; it is long ago — I cannot recall her clearly."

The artist glanced from the picture to his face.

"In what position shall I paint her?" he asked. "How, oftenest, do you recall her?"

Langdon spoke

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again, half to himself: "What position? Sewing — sewing always; and stooped — bent over."

"Not a good position," said the artist. "Think of another."

Langdon's mind was busy. Through the troubled past of more than forty years the swift couriers of remembrance brought to him each detail of a little room, its shabby furnishing, and a slight, worn, sorrowing woman, sewing by dim lamplight at a table; a boy upon a cot in an adjoining room, and next the cot her bed.

He spoke again, but the artist was forgotten. "Kneeling," he said, "kneeling — by a cot-bed — one hand upon her breast and the other upon the forehead of a little lad in the cot — a soft hand, for all its toiling — soft and light — asking things for the boy — yes, so I remember her; and then tucking the worn bed-clothes about him, and kissing him good night — and the boy angry at the tears upon his face and bidding her go away; then sewing — sewing again — in the outer room; and at last, late at night, kneeling once more by the cot, in her night-dress, and then going to her own bed; and in the morning ——"

He paused, drawing a deep breath. "I'm not well," he said. "I've had things to worry me of late, and I'm not used to it." And then, angrily, to the artist: "Can't you paint her from the picture? Surely, it can't be very difficult; just an ordinary woman. Shall I leave this?" he asked, pointing to the tin-type.

"Yes," said the artist, "it may help me a little, but I shall paint her from the other picture."

"The other?" said Langdon. "I don't understand you."

Again he plunged desperately into business, but his soul was tortured within him. He saw madness before him. His mind turned to the mulatto. Yellow had found peace. Yellow would tell him. He must see him now, at once. In that little room in the great city where dwelt the lieutenant of the Salvation Army lay his last hope.

When Langdon reached the mulatto's room, a little boy was there reading to him. Langdon waited impatiently for him to go, and Yellow inquired as to the interval since they had met. Langdon told him briefly.

"Have you ever tried for a pardon, Blaster?" asked the mulatto.

"Three months ago," answered Langdon; "it ought to come any time now."

The boy left the room, and Langdon spoke again as if continuing the conversation of five years before. "You are right, Yellow," he said. "I can't do it alone. I've tried,— how I've tried! — and I can't. You must help me, Yellow."

In a moment the mulatto remembered.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Thank God, Blaster. You'll join the Army."

"I don't know," said Langdon. "All I know is that I'm in torment, and that this night it is heaven or hell for me."

The mulatto fell upon his knees and prayed, simply, almost incoherently, with many repetitions. Then he rose and took Langdon's hand.

"I'm goin' now, Blaster," he said. "I've asked the only one that can help you. I can't do no more. You've got to do the rest yourself. You've got to give up an' confess an' ask. You stay here an' ask all this blessed night, and you'll get help."

The mulatto left, and Langdon sat alone, and the floods of despair swept over him. All night the struggle raged, and then came peace. The coming day flushed faintly in the east, and found Langdon asleep on his knees, his head bowed upon his hands.

While it was still early Langdon left the room and walked rapidly toward the center of the city. All doubt had vanished. His mind was fixed steadfastly upon one thing: Confession — expiation — atonement. The words sang in his heart as he walked. In the throng some one called him. It was the mulatto. Busy with his thoughts, he had not noticed where he was. Now, as he glanced from the mulatto's face, he saw, close at hand, the police station. He halted and held out his hand.

"Good-by, Yellow," he said.

"Good-by?" asked the mulatto, surprised. "Where are you going?"

Langdon smiled. "I'm going back," he said, "back to prison — a free man." He turned and ran lightly up the steps to the police station.

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THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN AMERICA

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS

IN a little more than ten years Mr. Edward Henry Harriman has become the most powerful figure in the railroad situation in the United States. He now virtually dominates not far from 75,000 miles of railway — one third the total railroad mileage of the United States and nearly four times the railroad mileage of England. In a greater degree than any other single individual does Harriman thus represent the modern tendency toward the concentration of the country's wealth and material resources in the hands of a few men. Precisely what is the extent of this Harriman railroad power, how has it been acquired, and how is it being used?—probably no questions more vitally affect the welfare of eighty millions of people. The purpose of this article is merely to deduce, from such authentic material as exists, the e sential facts that partly answer these questions.

When we seek to discover what this Harriman power in American railroads is, we find that it consists of more than Harriman himself. The name ceases to stand for that of a mere personality, and signifies a comprehensive force. This force is composed of many people and of many things. It includes railroad men, financiers, banks, trust companies, speculative cliques, insurance companies, and other corporations — a mighty congregation, which, combined in a working and harmonious whole, has made the Harriman railroads the most effective combination of industrial and financial strength the world has ever known. In the history of the Harriman lines, certain familiar names appear almost as regularly as Harriman's own. When a Harriman railroad issues new securities, the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company invariably underwrites them; when Harriman requires ready money for his operations, the National City Bank, a "Standard Oil" institution, usually furnishes it. James Stillman, Henry H. Rogers, and William Rockefeller, the dominant figures in this National City Bank, have always conspicuously shared in the many syndicates organized to facilitate the Harriman program. Nearly all of these men now serve or have served as directors of Harriman roads. With the largest American life insurance companies Harriman has always had the most intimate relations. Until 1905 Harriman and his associates had the predominant influence in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. A syndicate composed of the directors of the Equitable Life reorganized the Union Pacific Railroad; Henry B. Hyde, the Equitable's president, was a Union Pacific director until his death in 1899; and the Equitable for many years invested extensively in Harriman securities. At the present time the Mutual Life is practically a Harriman concern. When, in obedience to a recent law, the Mutual sold the stock that it had held for many years in such powerful institutions as the Guaranty Trust Company and the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, the Harriman interests quite naturally became the purchaser.

Extent of the Harriman Railroad Influence

The Harriman railroad control, as thus defined, seems to be rapidly spreading over the greater part of the United States. The Harriman system sweeps from New York City to San Francisco and from Duluth to New Orleans. It comprises three trunk lines from New York City to Chicago and three transcontinental systems extending across the Rocky Mountains from Chicago to the Pacific coast. In an uninterrupted stretch of nearly four thousand miles it reaches from Puget Sound to the heart of the Republic of Mexico. With its steamship lines it extends, in the Atlantic, to Cuba, and, in the Pacific, to Panama, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, China, and Japan. Only a detailed picture, such as the

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map that accompanies this article, can make us adequately understand its extent and power. Herein we see the Harriman lines lying, in a tight network, all over the richest parts of our country. The traveler, starting from New York, can visit nearly every section of the United States, using only lines that the Harriman influence either actually controls or largely dominates. By combining these with the Harriman steamship lines, one can go from New York to New Orleans, thence across the country to San Francisco, thence to Hongkong, thence to Yokohama, thence to Manila, thence to Honolulu, thence to Portland, and thence through Chicago back to New York, without once leaving the Harriman properties, and without duplicating a single foot of the journey.

Like Dr. Johnson's philosopher, the Harriman transportation system literally surveys mankind from China to Peru. It penetrates virtually every corner of the United States that the industry of millions of Americans has made productive. It gathers up the agricultural wealth of the Northwestern and the Mississippi States, and deposits it at half a dozen ocean ports. It exchanges the manufactured products of the Atlantic cities for the natural products of the Pacific coast; the coal of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois for the raw wool and hides of Idaho and Utah. It carries the lumber of Oregon to the treeless States of Iowa, Illinois, and Nebraska, the oranges of southern California to a million breakfast-tables in the East; and, reaching down into Texas, it takes its cotton for transportation to the Orient. Through the instrumentality of the Harriman railroads China now trades its tea, lily-bulbs, curios, and camphor for American tobacco and American locomotives, Germany brews into beer the hops of northern Oregon, while the roast beef of old England is supplied, in constantly increasing amounts, by the stock-yards of Kansas City and Chicago. Should the Harriman railroads stop running to-morrow, a considerable number of the people in this country would eventually starve to death and a marked shortage would take place in the necessaries of life in Europe.

There are, indeed, only three large American transportation systems that the Harriman power does not actually control or in which it does not exercise a considerable measure of influence. These are the Pennsylvania, the Rock Island, and the railroads dominated by James J. Hill. The systems that, in the sense that has already been explained, may be classified as Harriman properties, are the following:

LINES PERSONALLY CONTROLLED AND MANAGED BY HARRIMAN

(THE "HARRIMAN SYSTEM")

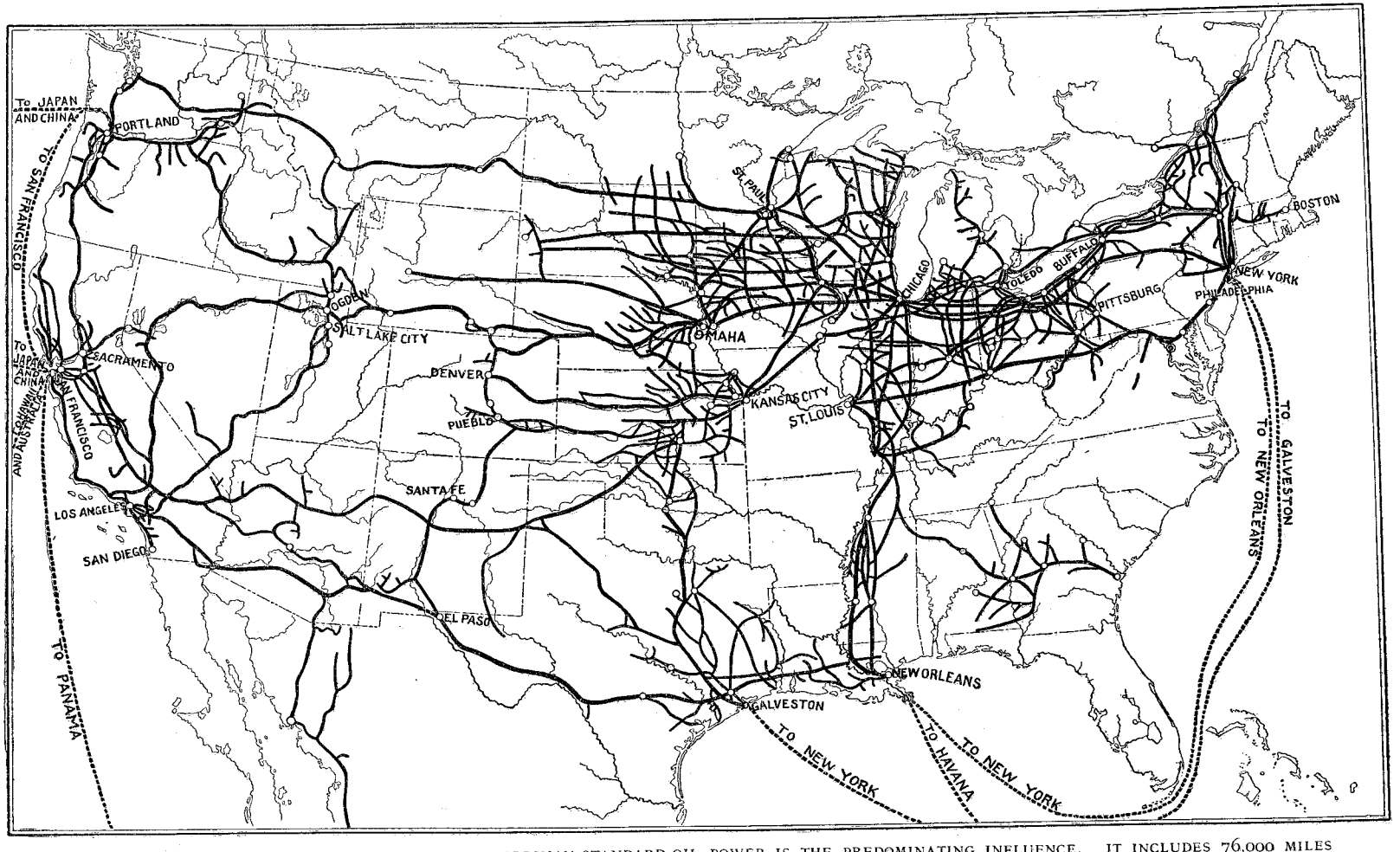
RAILROADS		MILEAGE
Union Pacific		4,961.84
St. Joseph and Grand Island		314.07
Oregon Short Line		1,879.24
Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company		1,676.96
Southern Pacific: Southern System		8,299.17
Sunset-Central-Pacific Lines		4,478.09
Mexican and Arizona Lines		265.15
Mexican Extensions		614.96
Sonora Railway		291.08
Northwestern Pacific		521.97
San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake		1,345.47
		24,648.00
Atlantic Steamship Lines	4,400.00	
Pacific Steamship Lines	31,200.00	35,600.00
Total Harriman System		60,248.00

RAILROADS IN WHICH HARRIMAN HAS THE MOST POWERFUL VOICE, AND WHICH ARE MANAGED IN ENTIRE SYMPATHY WITH HIS SYSTEM

RAILROADS	MILEAGE
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé	8,401.72
Illinois Central	4,459.14
Chicago and Northwestern	7,453.58
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul	9,875.20
New York Central	12,208.98
Baltimore and Ohio	4,485.71
Erie	2,438.00
Delaware and Hudson	482.89
Wheeling and Lake Erie	498.16
Georgia Central	1,877.83
	52,271.21
Grand Total	112,519.21
Total railroads	76,919.21

This table merely furnishes an outline of the Harriman power; nearly all the railroads named represent ramified systems in themselves, with hundreds of branch lines, large stock ownerships in rich subsidiaries, and alliances with bankers and investors. Taking this list as a starting-point, we might also show that the Harriman influence extended into hitherto unsuspected quarters. Thus the Baltimore and Ohio and the Lake Shore — the latter a New York Central property — jointly own the Reading Railroad, which owns, in turn, the Jersey Central, and largely controls the nation's supply of anthracite coal. Again, the largest single stockholders in the Pennsylvania are Henry C. Frick and the Mutual Life Insurance Company — both essential elements in the Harriman power. The Pennsylvania and the Union Pacific also find a common interest in the Baltimore and Ohio, in which they jointly own a majority stock control. But it is hardly necessary to push this analysis to extremes. The mere catalogue of his most

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THIS MAP SHOWS THE RAILROADS IN WHICH THE HARRIMAN-STANDARD-OIL POWER IS THE PREDOMINATING INFLUENCE. IT INCLUDES 76,000 MILES OF RAILWAY AND 50,000 MILES OF STEAMSHIP LINES. IT REPRESENTS THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL POWER THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN

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important possessions shows that Harriman is rapidly becoming the heir of all our railroad ages. More than any other man, he profits from the extensive labors of those who have gone before him. For sixty years the transportation systems of this country, through a process of gradual evolution, have reached their present perfection, only to have the ripened fruit fall into the lap of Harriman.

The Heir of All our Railroad Ages

In comparison with him, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Garretts, the Huntingtons, represent the parochial period in our railroad history. They consolidated small railroad principalities into kingdoms; Harriman is federating their kingdoms into an empire. Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, and Mark Hopkins spent a lifetime creating the Southern Pacific system; and Harriman, by the purchase of a few pieces of paper, takes over their property at the precise moment when it is becoming profitable. Jay Gould, dying at the early age of fifty-six, leaves his children an extensive railroad system in the Western States; in the last two years Harriman has acquired a great influence in this property, and it seems only a question of time before he will entirely control it. It was Jay Gould also who consolidated the Erie Railroad into a New-York-Chicago line; and this property has recently been annexed by Harriman. He has likewise become the largest heir of the life-work of John W. Garrett, who found the Baltimore and Ohio a local line and extended it through to Chicago. Harriman's rapidly increasing power in the Vanderbilt domain presents the most dramatic episode of all. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt died in 1877, leaving his eldest son the actual owner of a majority stock interest in the New York Central, the Lake Shore, and the other family properties. The Commodore practically disinherited his other eight children in order that the power he had so brilliantly created might remain intact. Shrewd and far-seeing in all things, the Commodore also foresaw the day when others than his own descendants might control the Vanderbilt system. "Worcester," he would frequently say to his confidential man, "I hope our people will be big enough to manage this thing after I am gone." How well-founded these apprehensions were became apparent in the early part of the present year, when Harriman quietly notified William K. Vanderbilt that at the coming annual election he expected to become a member of the New York Central board. Much as Vanderbilt hated and feared his towering rival, he meekly submitted to this imperious command, and, at the same time, two Vanderbilt directors, who had represented the family dynasty since the Commodore's day, retired. The Union Pacific itself now owns more stock in the New York Central than all the Vanderbilts combined.

Controlling Railroads Without Owning Them

When we say that Harriman controls certain properties, we do not necessarily imply that he actually owns a majority of the outstanding stock. Perhaps the most fruitful lesson of his career is the revelation of the extent to which a few men can control our transportation systems while having only a very small personal ownership in them. The starting-point and the present basis of the Harriman power is the Union Pacific Road; and even in the Union Pacific the Harriman syndicate controls less than twenty-five per cent.

Upon this point we now have the precise figures. As part of the testimony in the government's suit to undo the Union Pacific's purchase of the Southern Pacific, nearly all the important members of the Harriman syndicate have been compelled to make affidavits giving their holdings in Union Pacific stock for every year from 1900 to 1907. These figures show only the actual amounts which these individuals personally own, whether held in their own names or in those of dummies. For the first time, therefore, we are able to ascertain the combined personal interest in the Union Pacific Railroad of the individuals who in 1908 comprised the Harriman syndicate — Edward H. Harriman, Henry C. Frick, Henry H. Rogers, Otto Kahn, Jacob H. Schiff, James Stillman, and the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. The amounts are arranged in three classes: the stocks which these men hold "separately" — which they individually control and can dispose of at will; the amounts which they own "jointly" — in other words, those which they have turned into a "pool" and agreed to keep intact for a specified period; and thirdly, stock not actually held by the men whose names are mentioned, but which, as "syndicate" managers, they control. The figures are as follows:

STOCK IN THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY HELD BY EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, HENRY C. FRICK, HENRY H. ROGERS, OTTO KAHN, JACOB H. SCHIFF, JAMES STILLMAN, AND THE FIRM OF KUHN, LOEB & COMPANY

YEAR	SHARES	PAR VALUE	TOTAL OUTSTANDING	PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL
Sept. 4, 1900				
Separately	17,838			
Jointly				
Total	17,838	$1,783,800	$201,538,900	.88 of 1%

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YEAR	SHARES	PAR VALUE	TOTAL OUTSTANDING	PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL
Sept. 3, 1901				
Separately	80,809			
Jointly				
Total	80,809	$8,080,900	$203,654,964	3.96
Sept. 2, 1902				
Separately	178,958			
Jointly				
Total	178,958	17,895,800	203,654,964	8.78
Aug. 23, 1903				
Separately	61,829			
Jointly	210,000			
Stock held by others but controlled as "syndicate managers"	88,875			
Total	360,704	36,070,400	208,322,800	17.31
Aug. 31, 1904				
Separately	25,509			
Jointly	319,000			
Syndicated	29,775			
Total	374,284	37,428,400	208,374,670	17.96
Aug. 29, 1905				
Separately	172,030			
Jointly	287,000			
Syndicated	124,150			
Total	583,180	58,318,000	264,441,244	21.67
Sept. 15, 1906				
Separately	276,776			
Jointly	297,000			
Syndicated	116,150			
Total	689,926	68,992,600	295,029,080	23.38
Sept. 14, 1907				
Separately	251,796			
Jointly	297,000			
Syndicated	120,150			
Total	668,946	66,894,600	295,058,210	22.67*

In the Southern Pacific, the members of the Harriman syndicate personally own comparatively insignificant amounts. Inasmuch as the Union Pacific holds in its own treasury forty-five per cent of Southern Pacific stock, and therefore receives nearly half its earnings, this fact, as far as the Harriman control is concerned, is not of much consequence. The figures are as follows:

YEAR	SHARES	VALUE	TOTAL CAPITALIZATION	PER CENT HELD BY HARRIMAN SYNDICATE
March 15, 1900				
Separately	15,000			
Jointly				
Total	15,000	$1,500,000	$197,832,148	.75 of 1%
March 16, 1901				
Separately	300			
Jointly				
Total	300	$30,000	$197,847,788	.15 of 1%
March 22, 1902				
Separately	4,000			
Jointly				
Total	4,000	400,000	197,849,227	.20 of 1%
April 3, 1903				
Separately	122,100			
Jointly				
Total	122,100	12,210,000	197,849,258	6.17
March 18, 1904				
Separately	27,900			
Jointly				
Total	27,900	2,790,000	197,849,258	1.41
March 15, 1905				
Separately	45,145			
Jointly				
Total	45,145	4,514,500	237,412,508	1.90
March 15, 1906				
Separately	57,500			
Jointly				
Total	57,500	5,750,000	237,418,952	2.40
March 15, 1907				
Separately	17,740			
Jointly				
Total	17,740	1,774,000	237,418,952	.74 of 1%

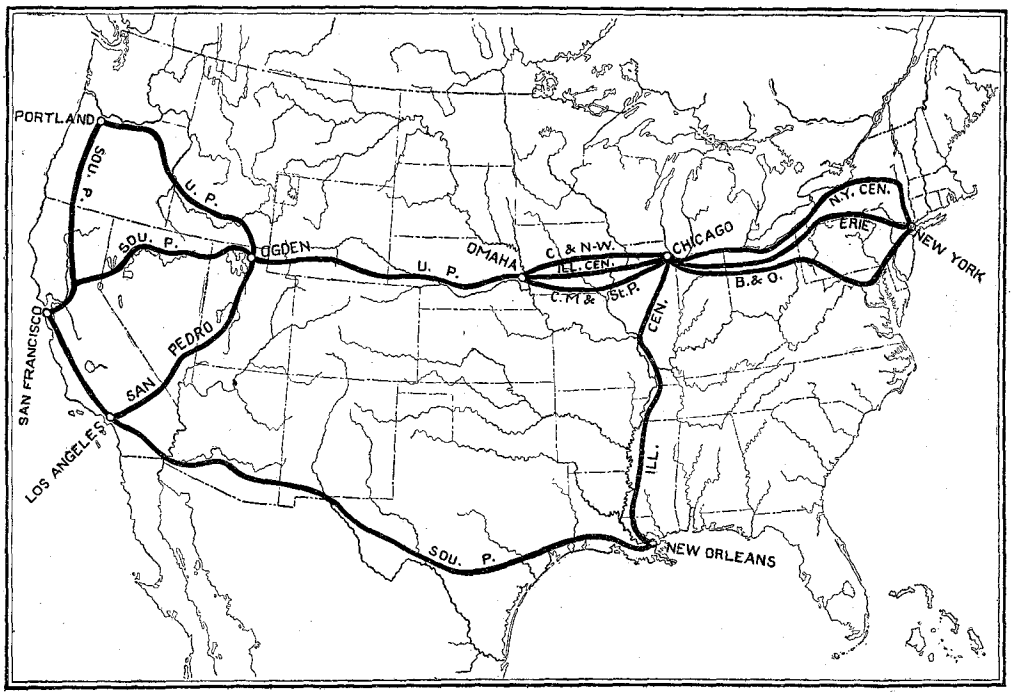
* As far as the writer knows, these are the first figures ever published showing the real personal holdings in an important railroad of this or any other group of capitalists. Last year the Interstate Commerce Commission made all railroads report their ten largest stockholders, with their holdings. As showing real ownership the figures had not the slightest value. Clerks and office boys in brokerage and banking houses suddenly appeared as the owners of railroad securities to the amount of tens of millions; that is, on the stock books of the corporations the real owners of stocks seldom appear—they carry their interests in the names of dummies. The holdings given in the text, however, according to the sworn affidavits by the gentlemen concerned, are absolutely accurate. As William Rockefeller was not a party to the government suit, his name is not specifically mentioned. Unquestionably, however, his holdings are included in the third group, as stock controlled by Harriman *et al.* as "syndicate managers." The dates given are those of the annual meetings of the Union Pacific.

Harriman's Union Pacific Interest Only Four per Cent in 1901

According to this table, in 1901, when Harriman and his associates were issuing new securities on the Union Pacific to the amount of $100,000,000, spending money by the tens of millions in improvements, purchasing the Southern Pacific Railroad and other properties, they themselves actually owned only a little more than $8,000,000, or barely four per cent of the Union Pacific's outstanding stock. In 1900, after they had dominated the property for two years, all of them combined owned less than one per cent. In recent years they have purchased more; but even in 1907 they held only about twenty-two per cent.

Upon this minority holding Harriman and his allies have constructed their extensive power. In its turn, the Union Pacific has acquired control of other lines, only once or twice, however, by purchasing a full majority interest. In the Southern Pacific the Union Pacific owns about forty-five per cent. In the other lines Harriman himself, or the Union Pacific, although they are the largest single stockholders, usually possess much less than a substantial majority. In the San Pedro they have precisely one half; in the Illinois Central the Union Pacific holds in its treasury about thirty per cent; in the Balti-

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THIS MAP SHOWS THAT HARRIMAN'S RAILROAD CONQUESTS REPRESENT A WELL-DEFINED PLAN. A TRIPLE TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE OF RAILROADS EITHER OWNED OR DOMINATED BY HARRIMAN CONNECTS NEW YORK WITH THE PACIFIC COAST; AND THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL, ARTICULATING WITH THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC AT NEW ORLEANS, GIVES HARRIMAN ANOTHER CONTINUOUS LINE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

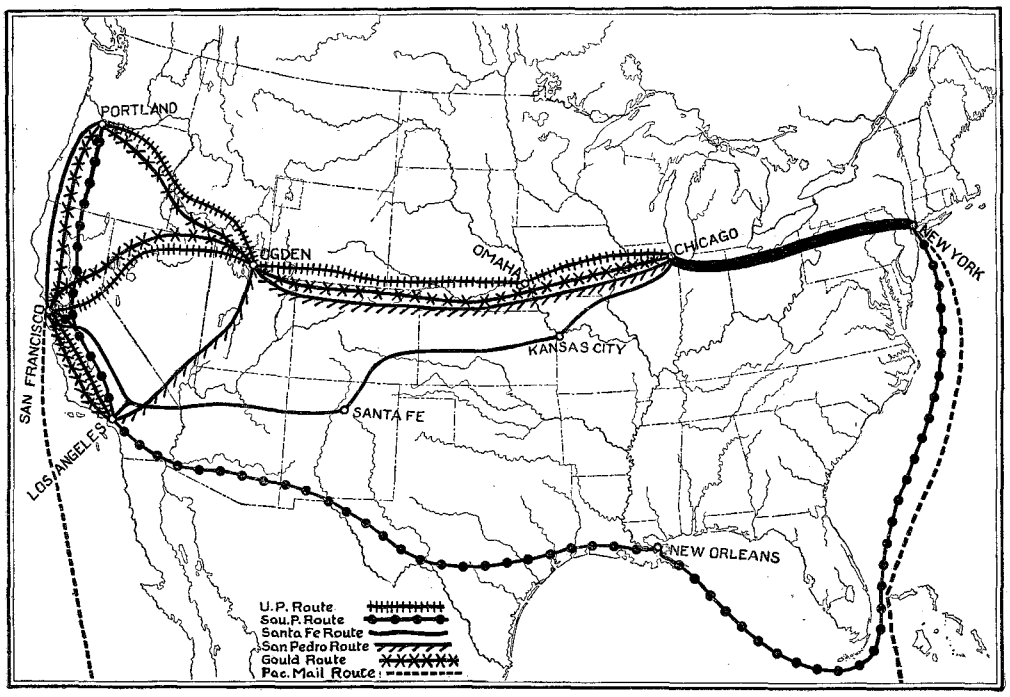
more and Ohio it has in the neighborhood of twenty; while in the New York Central it annually votes less than ten per cent, in the Santa Fé less than five, in the St. Paul only seven, and in the Northwestern only three. If, however, we add to the treasury investments of the Union Pacific system itself the personal holdings of the individuals and the financial institutions that work harmoniously with Harriman, the actual stock that he controls is considerably more. In the New York Central, the Northwestern, and the St. Paul, the Rockefeller holdings have for many years given the Standard Oil investors an important voice; and these, taken with the recent purchases of the Harriman railroads, practically make the Harriman power supreme.

Railroads the Greatest Investors in Railroad Stocks

Even when these additions are made, hardly in a single railroad does Harriman rule by the brute power of stock control. If at any time there should be a mathematical counting of noses, Harriman would retire in humiliation from nearly all the Harriman properties. Under modern conditions the control of a great railroad system evidently depends on other circumstances than the actual possession of its stock. A man may hold comparatively little, perhaps none at all, and still retain an almost absolute dictatorship; a man may possess the entire outstanding stock and conceivably have little voice in the management. The Whitney-Ryan syndicate played havoc for several years in the New York City railways, during the larger part of which period they personally owned very little of the stock. Alexander J. Cassatt was for several years the controlling factor in the Pennsylvania system, though his personal holdings amounted to less than a million dollars.

There are many reasons why a minority interest may practically dominate. In the first place, there is probably no great American railroad system in which any man or group of men, however unlimited their resources, could actually purchase fifty per cent of the outstanding stock. The combined wealth of Rockefeller and Carnegie, if used in a purchasing campaign, could not assemble enough stock in the Pennsylvania to swing an election. As a matter of fact, of the total outstanding stocks of American railway corporations, only a little more than half is now in the hands of the public. A detailed investigation

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THE SIX TRAFFIC ROUTES OVER WHICH NEARLY ALL OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL BUSINESS GOES. IN 1900 ALL WERE SEPARATELY OWNED AND MANAGED AND WERE SHARPLY COMPETITIVE. HARRIMAN NOW PERSONALLY CONTROLS FOUR. OF THE OTHER TWO, THE GOULD SYSTEM HAS BEEN *SHUT OUT FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, AND IN THE SANTA FÉ HARRIMAN HAS A POWERFUL INTEREST.* COMPETITION HAS CEASED AND RATES HAVE GONE UP

of this subject, recently made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, shows that the largest investors in railroad securities are the railroads themselves. By this the Commission does not mean that the railroads necessarily hold in their treasuries large blocks of unissued securities, but that they have themselves become purchasers on an enormous scale of stocks originally issued to the investing public. So extensively have they purchased one another's shares that they now own nearly one half of all outstanding stocks. In other words, if all the stocks of American railroads that are in the hands of the general public were concentrated in one place, they would barely carry a voting control.

Again, even of the stocks held outside the railroads themselves, large quantities are not for sale. They are owned by life insurance companies, by estates, and by individual investors whom no temptation can move to part with them. A still greater percentage can never be reached at all. The average holding is exceedingly small; the Pennsylvania Railroad has 57,540 stockholders — nearly half of whom are women — whose average holdings are 109 shares. They are scattered all over forty-six States and five continents; they know little of the turns of Wall Street, and, so long as they receive their dividends regularly, will never sell their stock.

Roads Controlled as Are Life Insurance Companies — by Proxy

Inevitably, therefore, others than the actual majority owners must control our railroad systems. In many cases the men who, through varying circumstances, once firmly seat themselves upon the throne, are able to remain there indefinitely. In theory the railroad, like the life insurance company, is a democracy — the stockholders, like the policy-holders, annually electing the directors or trustees. In reality both the life insurance company and the railroad are autocracies, and both are governed in precisely the same way. In both the nominal owners have the right to vote personally, and in both they almost invariably do not exercise this privilege. They seldom feel sufficient interest to do so; and, even if they did, only a few would be able to attend elections. How can a policy-holder of the Mutual Life, living in London, personally cast his ballot in New York? How can a stockholder of the Union Pacific, living in Hongkong, attend the annual meeting at Salt

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Lake City? In such corporations, therefore, there has developed the system of voting, not in person, but by "proxy." So long as things go smoothly, and no upheavals in public sentiment take place, the policy-holders and the stockholders usually send their "proxies" to the men who are already in control. If there comes a great public scandal, such as that which visited the life insurance companies a few years ago, or if the railroad becomes bankrupt, the ultimate owners sometimes manifest more interest. In quiet times, however, the secretary of a life insurance company which has 500,000 policy-holders, each of whom is entitled to a vote, usually casts 200 or 300 ballots and thus carries the day for the men who are already intrenched in power. The stockholders in a railroad company commonly evince more interest than this, but it is seldom that more than half the members take the trouble even to send their proxies. The Santa Fé Railroad has outstanding 2,150,000 shares of stock, each of which is entitled to cast a single ballot; according to President Ripley, the average proxy representation at elections is about 1,400,000 — a little more than half the entire outstanding stock. In other words, the man who gets twenty-five per cent of Santa Fé stock, under ordinary conditions, gets physical possession of this great property.

Controlling Railroads by Controlling Traffic

In addition to obtaining such minority interests, either personally or through his railroads and financial associates, Harriman controls in numerous other ways. The prestige of his name, his great personal force, his association with large financial houses, and his extensive railway interests enable him to dominate almost any situation in which he finds himself. Intrenched in strategic positions everywhere, the mere fact that he can influence, for good or ill, the earnings of many lines necessarily gives him an important voice in their management. The Chicago and Northwestern offers a striking illustration in point. At Omaha the main line of the Union Pacific and that of the Northwestern articulate, forming a continuous rail from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Instead of delivering to the Northwestern at Omaha great quantities of freight, as he now does, Harriman could easily divert it to other lines, such as the Rock Island or the Burlington. On the other hand, the Northwestern, at the same point, turns over a large business to the Harriman lines. This mutual interest inevitably makes the two properties the closest allies; and precisely the same relations exist between two other large systems, the St. Paul and the Illinois Central, which extend from Chicago to Omaha. Before Harriman's Union Pacific became the largest stockholder in these roads, the necessarily close relations existing between them and his own was evidenced by the fact that Mr. Marvin Hughitt, President of the Northwestern, had served for many years as an executive committeeman on the Union Pacific, and Mr. A. J. Earling, President of the St. Paul, had become a director in the same property. The great power which Harriman possesses in this way gives him almost as much authority as the large stock ownership that he controls.

The Curbing of the Santa Fé

Harriman's successful inroads upon the Santa Fé may be taken as a typical illustration, on a large scale, of these two points: the power naturally inherent in a large minority interest and that which is inseparable from a strategic position in a delicate railroad situation. In the old Huntington days the Santa Fé was the Southern Pacific's only conspicuous rival in California; competition was keen and rate wars were not infrequent. When Harriman began his operations he found this extensive system an embarrassing impediment to his plans. Like the Union Pacific, the Santa Fé had suffered severely in the hard times which followed 1893; but, again like the Union Pacific, it had sprung into new life with the sudden influx of prosperity following the Spanish war. Its new management, the leading men in which were Edward P. Ripley and Victor Morawetz, had displayed almost as much initiative and ambition as the Harriman interests themselves. Already Mr. Ripley had extended his lines from Los Angeles up to San Francisco — directly into that "plantation" which, as Collis P. Huntington used to say, was the peculiar province of the Southern Pacific Railroad. At the same time the Santa Fé had established an Asiatic line of steamships from San Diego, thus serving notice that it intended to compete directly with Harriman for Asiatic traffic. By planning several important branch lines into new territory, in many cases into fields which the Southern Pacific regarded as its own, Mr. Ripley assumed an even more threatening attitude. The southern part of Arizona, a land rich in mineral and agricultural possibilities, Mr. Harriman especially regarded as set apart for the Southern Pacific system. In 1902 the Santa Fé began building a railroad into this field. The new line meant much more than

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merely a "feeder" for the Santa Fé, for, with one or two other extensions, upon which Mr. Ripley promptly began work, it would virtually furnish the Santa Fé with a new line from Chicago to the Pacific coast. In northern California, the Santa Fé began to penetrate new territory which the Southern Pacific had thus far failed to develop. Mr. Ripley took possession of Eureka Harbor, thus obtaining the one possible seaport between San Francisco and Portland, and started to build a new line to San Francisco through the immensely valuable redwoods district of northern California. In a word, it seemed likely that there would be two great transcontinental railroad systems terminating in San Francisco, instead of one. A rival, of large proportions and of resourceful and ambitious management, seemed ready to grapple with Harriman for supremacy in California.

In the early part of 1902 Harriman bluntly ordered the Santa Fé management to stop building new railroads into Southern Pacific territory. He particularly had in mind the new railroad in Arizona. Backed by public sentiment, and also secure in their own sense of independence and power, the officers of the Santa Fé refused to comply with Harriman's demand. Their troubles then began, the new enterprise in Arizona becoming the first object of attack. Part of this new line ran through one of those cañons which have furnished the setting for much of that Homeric warfare that has marked railroad-building in the West. One morning Harriman unexpectedly appeared on the mountain-side of this cañon, directly above the railroad grade which the Santa Fé workmen were industriously putting down. He came, not in his own person, but disguised as the "Arizona Eastern Railroad Company," a corporation that had been formed overnight for the purpose of building a railroad along the line already preëmpted by the Santa Fé. Harriman's force of engineers and graders at once began blasting away terrifically at the mountain-side. Tons of stone and dirt came crashing down the slope, falling, strangely enough, directly upon the railroad bed so laboriously laid down by the Santa Fé, and quite obliterating all traces of it.

Any one familiar with the history of railroads can anticipate what followed. The battle of conflicting railroad gangs in the cañon gave place to the battle of the lawyers in the courts. Meanwhile a similar rivalry burst out in northern California. Mr. Ripley, as already said, had begun the construction of a new road from the harbor of Eureka southward to San Francisco. Harriman responded by starting a new Southern Pacific line northward from San Francisco to Eureka. Manifestly the two hostile camps, one going north, another coming south, both along essentially the same line, must sooner or later clash.

In the latter part of September, 1904, when hostilities in both places had reached a crisis, President Ripley, in his Chicago office, received an important caller. This was none other than Mr. Edward H. Harriman. Mr. Harriman chatted pleasantly about general railroad conditions, inquired particularly about the Santa Fé, and praised highly its management and its investment value. Just as he was leaving, he remarked incidentally that, with a few of his friends, he had been purchasing a little Santa Fé stock. It was not until later, in New York, that Mr. Ripley learned the full significance of this ominous announcement. Mr. Harriman's associates in these purchases, it appeared, were James Stillman, President of the National City Bank, Jacob H. Schiff, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company. These gentlemen, Mr. Ripley ultimately learned, personally owned not far from $30,000,000 of Santa Fé stock. Ultimately the Union Pacific Railroad purchased $10,000,000; in other words, the Harriman-Standard-Oil-Union-Pacific interests eventually held almost $40,000,000 in the railroad that Mr. Ripley imagined he himself controlled, or nearly twenty per cent of all outstanding stock. On the strength of this Mr. Harriman demanded that Mr. Ripley elect two men, to be nominated by Harriman, to the Santa Fé board. Unpleasant as the situation was, Mr. Ripley could not safely refuse. Henry H. Rogers and Henry C. Frick consequently became members of the Santa Fé board, and Mr. Rogers was elected to its executive committee.

Santa Fé and Southern Pacific Pool Interests

What was Mr. Harriman's idea in thus laying strong hands upon his powerful rival? He himself afterward explained it in these words: "It was, in substance, that we were to try to establish a better relationship between all railroads, in the line that we should deal more frankly with each other, more publicly and more frankly, and not operate our lines for the purpose of destroying each other, but for the purpose of helping each other, and for developing the territory served by each." Precisely what these words meant, when reduced to concrete railroad practice, soon became clear. The Southern Pacific workmen stopped rolling newly-blasted rock upon the Santa Fé's

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road-bed in Arizona. The warfare waged there and in the redwood forests of northern California was quietly settled in a lawyer's office in New York. Harriman purchased, at cost and interest, the Santa Fé's new railroad in Arizona. In California the two rival lines have since been merged in one, owned jointly by the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific. The Santa Fé now runs its trains upon the docks of the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco, and there receives from Harriman's Asiatic steamship line a percentage of its foreign traffic. At Los Angeles the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific divide impartially the most profitable traffic of southern California — citrus fruits.

According to the sworn affidavits of Messrs. Harriman, Stillman, Frick, Kahn, Rogers, Schiff, and the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, their holdings in Santa Fé stock at the time they were exerting this pressure were as follows:

YEAR	SHARES	PAR VALUE	TOTAL OUTSTANDING	PERCENTAGE OWNED BY HARRIMAN INTERESTS
Sept. 21, 1905				
Separately	100			
Jointly	162,860			
	162,960	$16,296,000*	$216,199,530	7.50
Sept. 20, 1906				
Separately	14,700			
Jointly				
	14,700	1,470,000	216,199,530	.67
Sept. 19, 1907				
Separately	46,800			
Jointly				
	46,800	4,680,000	217,130,230	2.10

From these figures it appears that the Harriman syndicate, as soon as it had accomplished its purposes and obtained a strong grip on the Santa Fé, dissolved its pool and began selling its stock. This, however, has not even slightly affected the relations of the two roads. The extension of the Santa Fé as an independent transcontinental railroad is checked probably for all time.

Railroads Acquired with Other People's Money

In many other properties Harriman has forced an entrance by similar methods. Equally significant are the ways in which he has raised the money for these extensive operations. The history of the Harriman roads is simply that of a small group of men who, without spending much money of their own, have concentrated in their own hands one third the railway mileage of the United States. Once getting possession of the Union Pacific — evidently without going deeply down into their own pockets — they have simply issued new securities, and, with the money derived from their sale, have purchased large stock interests in other roads. In 1898 Harriman began the management of the Union Pacific, and in 1899 he issued its preferred and common stock to the amount of $32,000,000, purchasing with the money thus obtained the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company and the Oregon Short Line, which extended his system to the Pacific coast.

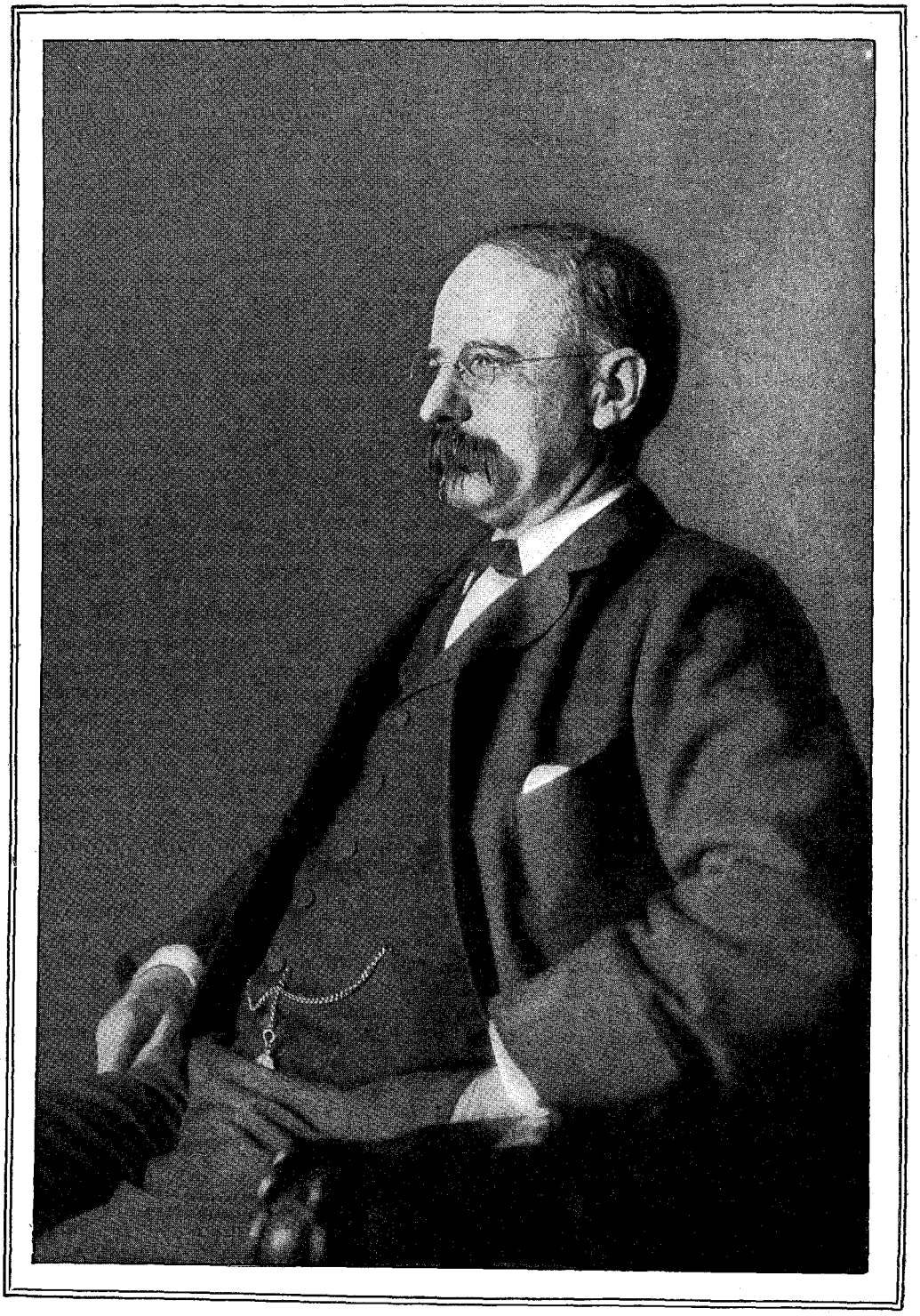
In 1901 the great expansion of the Harriman system really began, when the Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line raised $145,000,000 by the sale of bonds. The directors placed this sum at Harriman's disposal, to expend for the benefit of the road. Briefly stated, Harriman used the money in buying a controlling interest in two imperial railroad systems — the Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific. Many factors contributed to the success of this probably the most colossal performance in the history of American railway finance. Harriman unquestionably used, not his own money, but the credit of the Union Pacific in extending his railroad power. Had he not first rebuilt and remade the Union Pacific, however, rescued it from insolvency and transformed it into a richly paying system, it would manifestly not have had the credit with which he accomplished the task. Again, had Harriman not had intimate relations with such influential and resourceful bankers as Kuhn, Loeb & Company, he might have had difficulty in marketing his securities.

On the other hand, had it not been for the unexampled prosperity of the country, Harriman would not have been able to lift the Union Pacific out of the slough, and his bankers could not have sold the bonds. So far, then, this operation was made successful by a combination of prosperous times and real financial and railroad skill. The final episode, however, the most romantic of all, seems to have been brought about by sheer good luck.

Everything that has happened in the Harriman system since 1901 can be directly traced to the issue of these $145,000,000 bonds. The purchase of the Southern Pacific stock absorbed about $50,000,000, and that of the Northern Pacific in the neighborhood of $87,000,000. The former property is now a part of the Union Pacific system, while the latter is not. It is because Harriman was compelled to

* These figures apparently do not agree with Mr. Ripley's statement in his testimony, before the Interstate Commerce Commission (page 320), that the Harriman interests had about one seventh or $30,000,000 of Santa Fé stock. The figures, however, do not include the holdings of the Rockefellers and others whose influence would unquestionably be thrown with Harriman. Since the above was written the Union Pacific has sold to Kuhn, Loeb & Company its treasury holding of Santa Fé stock. This will not materially affect the relations of the two companies.

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EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

"THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN AMERICA TO-DAY, IF BY THE GREATEST POWER WE MEAN THE ABILITY TO INFLUENCE, FOR GOOD OR ILL, THE EVERY-DAY LIVES OF THE LARGEST NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN"

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surrender the Northern Pacific that he has since extended his interests to the Atlantic seaboard. His recent successes thus become merely the reverse picture of the greatest failure and disappointment of his life. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, a statute intended to put an end to all forms of monopoly, really forced the growth of Harriman's railroad influence on a continental scale. Had the Union Pacific retained the ownership of the Northern Pacific, Harriman would unquestionably, in a short time, have dominated every foot of railroad terminating on the Pacific coast, from Mexico to Canada. Controlling the Northern Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Union Pacific, in a short time he would inevitably have gathered in the Great Northern, the backbone of the Hill system; at least, James J. Hill once declared that, had Harriman retained control of the Northern Pacific, "we would not have held the Great Northern a day longer than we could have sold it." Again, in purchasing the Northern Pacific, the Harriman lines also secured a half interest in the Burlington, which was owned jointly by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. In order to protect themselves from ruinous competition, Hill and Harriman pooled their respective interests in the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and organized the Northern Securities Company, which held in its treasury practically the entire outstanding stock of the two roads.

A Stock Deal that Yielded $55,000,000 Profits

And now the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Northern Securities case, decided that this concentrated interest, controlling two great directly competitive railroad systems, violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and ordered it to be dissolved. Harriman's lines thus found themselves the owners of great quantities of Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock, which the Supreme Court had practically ordered them to sell. Events now played directly into Harriman's hands, for the months that followed will always be remembered as one of the greatest boom periods in the history of Wall Street. Harriman received back nearly $90,000,000 of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock at the very time when he could most advantageously market it. On this he ultimately realized almost $145,000,000. Thus the Supreme Court of the United States, when it brought down its heavy hand upon the Union Pacific, incidentally voted profits amounting to $55,000,000 into its treasury.

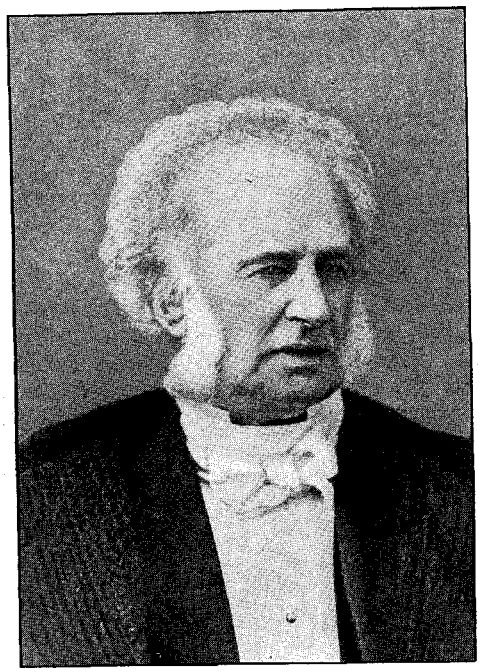
In this sudden access of wealth Harriman found the wherewithal for the extension of his railroad interests in entirely new directions. The Supreme Court had prohibited him from controlling the Northern Pacific. Very well; there were other great systems into which he could legally purchase. Here was the treasury of the Union Pacific swollen with ready cash; in what way could Harriman most advantageously use it? He might extend his own system into undeveloped territory — build "feeders" in all directions, double-track the main line, secure new terminals, and engage in large improvements. He might distribute the money in the form of dividends, or purchase outstanding bonds and thus cut down the road's indebtedness, or, by reducing rates, he might let the general public share in this unexpected windfall. None of these proposals found favor with Harriman. Instead, he spent $45,000,000 buying stock in the Baltimore and Ohio, $32,000,000 in the Illinois Central, $10,000,000 in the Santa Fé, $19,000,000 in the New York Central, $5,000,000 in the Chicago and Northwestern, and $6,000,000 in the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul.

America's Most Powerful Citizen

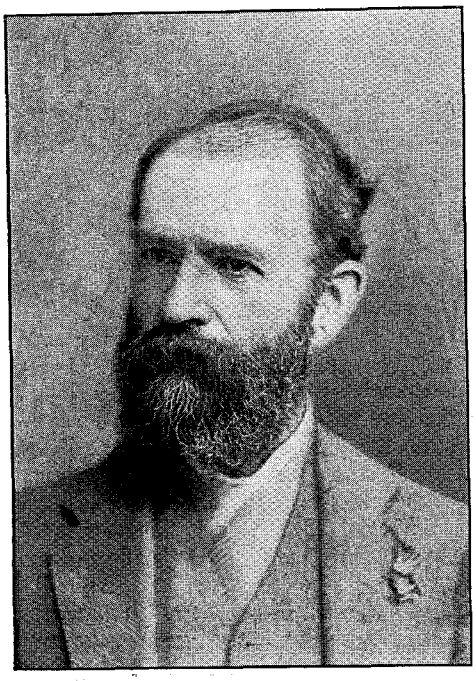
Thus the Union Pacific's $145,000,000 ultimately grew to more than $200,000,000, practically without any exertion on Harriman's part. The operation is especially significant because of the endless possibilities it enfolds. Why cannot Harriman go on this way indefinitely? What impediment is there to his uninterruptedly piling one railroad upon another until he has practically secured them all? He issues securities upon the Union Pacific and buys the Illinois Central. Why cannot he now issue securities upon the Illinois Central and purchase substantial interests that will give him virtual control of other railroads — and so on without limitation? We could easily figure how, in this way, in a few years Harriman might control not only one third, but one half or two thirds of the nation's railways. From a financial standpoint such a scheme is entirely flawless. So long as Harriman acquires only connecting railroads, or railroads that could be utilized as "feeders" to his system, there would be no legal impediment to such a campaign. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law interferes only when the properties acquired are unmistakably competitors.

Even under present conditions, Harriman is unquestionably the most powerful man in America, if we understand by the greatest power the ability to affect, for good or ill, the every-day lives of the largest number of men and women. The entire development of the

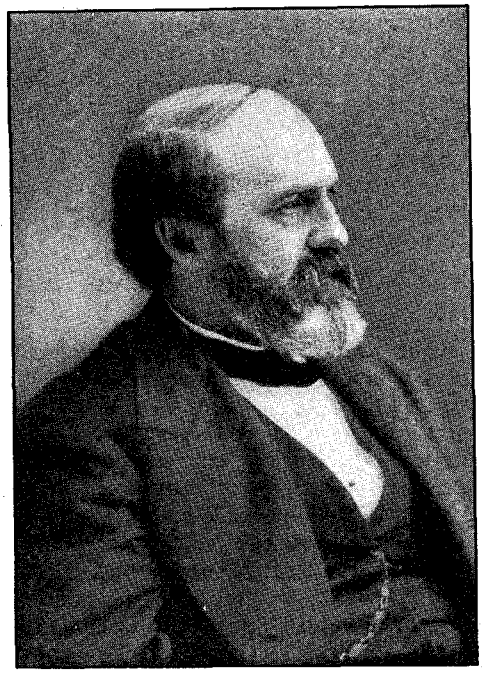
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CORNELIUS VANDERBILT I.



JAY GOULD



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON



LELAND STANFORD

THE RAILWAY GIANTS OF THE LAST GENERATION, WHO, ON THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC SEABOARDS, BUILT UP THE GREAT SYSTEMS TO WHICH HARRIMAN IS BECOMING THE SOLE HEIR

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nation finds its basic foundation in the railroad. Whole sections of the country are absolutely dependent upon it for their food supply, and a large part of the cost of our daily living represents the prices paid for transportation. When it is said that Harriman, more than any other man, influences our welfare, it is meant that he has the most powerful voice in determining the price of the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the coal that warms us, and the wood with which we build our houses. He wields a taxing power almost as great as that controlled by any parliament, and certainly greater than that possessed by any other one man.

What, then, are the principles that inspire the management of the Harriman lines? Does Harriman primarily serve himself, his stockholders, or the general public? In the Eastern and Middle Western roads Harriman has not been in the ascendancy long enough for his influence to appear in the details of their management. The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, however, he has personally managed for the last eight years. If we wish to study precisely what Harriman control means, therefore, we can most profitably confine our attention to these properties.

Formerly There Were Six Independent Routes to California

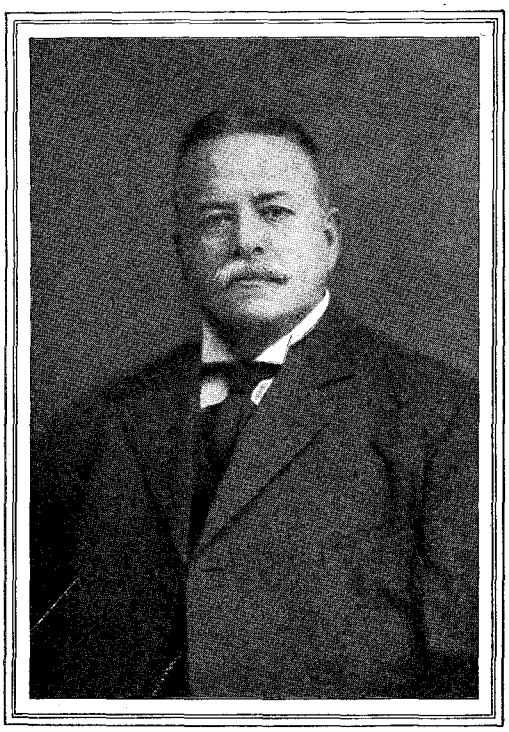
Until 1901, the transportation lines to the Pacific coast had preserved fairly well a national and non-monopolistic character. In the course of half a century there had been developed six great independent transcontinental highways to California. Out of the apparently confused meshwork presented by a transportation map of the United States, six distinct railroad trails had been worn down — six transcontinental "lanes," over which commerce moved uninterruptedly from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. The fact that in order to complete these routes it was necessary to piece together parts of several separately owned railroads, did not destroy, for the practical purposes of commerce, the unity of each. Their owners entered into traffic agreements and made such rates that their roads, when joined together, became through lines.

The Southern Pacific Railroad entirely controlled the most popular and successful. This was made up of its line of steamships from New York to New Orleans, together with its railroad from New Orleans to San Francisco and Portland. Although nearly half of this "Sunset Route," as it was called, was water transportation, nearly seventy-five per cent of all the business moving from New York to San Francisco went this way. Next in popular favor came the route controlled by the Union Pacific. Although the Union Pacific actually owned its own rails only from Omaha to Ogden, Utah, it had entered into traffic arrangements with other roads, East and West, that permitted it to bill goods through from New York to San Francisco. Midway between the Union and the Southern Pacific came the majestic Santa Fé, which itself owned a complete line from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Gould system, which controlled a continuous line from Toledo to Ogden, — whence it easily connected with San Francisco over the Central Pacific,— was the fourth active competitor for transcontinental business. In 1901, construction work had been begun on another important road which, when finished, would furnish a fifth great outlet from the Pacific to the Atlantic. This was what is now known as the San Pedro, an entirely new railroad nearly a thousand miles long, connecting Los Angeles with Salt Lake City, whence, through traffic arrangements with the Gould properties or the Union Pacific, its trains could readily find their way from Chicago to New York. As a sixth transcontinental route we must include the all-water line provided jointly by the Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad Company. This was made up of the Pacific Mail Steamship line from San Francisco to Panama, the Panama Railroad across the Isthmus from Panama to Colon, and the steamship line from Colon to New York. For forty years this transportation route from New York to California had been used constantly.

Old-Time Competition Among These Pacific Routes

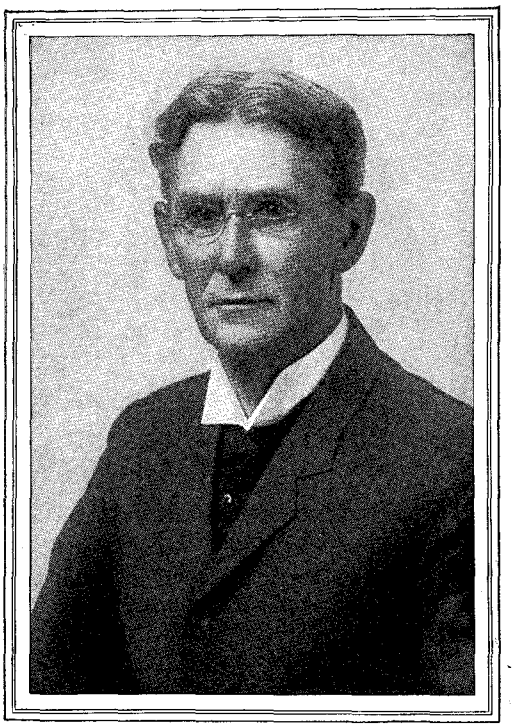
Eight years ago the fiercest competition raged among these independent lines. When it is said that competition prevailed, we do not necessarily imply that there was competition in rates. For twenty years, except at irregular intervals and for particular purposes, railroads in this country have made no attempts to compete on the prices charged for transportation. That, however, does not mean that cutthroat competition did not prevail. The traffic managers of the rival lines would meet amicably and fix common rates, and then go out into the street and fight each other for business. All the lines had offices in every corner of the United States where any considerable quantity of traffic "originated." A multitude of freight agents haunted the large warehouses of the Atlantic cities, stood upon the steps of the

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JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT

WHO, AS DIRECTOR OF MAINTENANCE AND OPERATION OF THE HARRIMAN SYSTEM, HAS GREATLY REDUCED OPERATING EXPENSES



JOHN C. STUBBS

WHO, AS DIRECTOR OF TRAFFIC, HAS INCREASED THE BUSINESS OF THE HARRIMAN LINES MORE THAN FOURFOLD

great factories of New York and Pittsburg, made their headquarters in the packing-houses of Chicago and Omaha, and penetrated to the most remote sheep-farms of Idaho, the lumber-camps of Oregon, and the orange groves of California. Aside from the rates charged, there were plenty of grounds for competition. One could get the business to its destination in quicker time than any of his rivals; another promised that a smaller proportion of the goods would be broken in transit; while a third had a better equipment for the particular kind of merchandise that was to be moved.

In the last ten years Harriman has acquired actual personal control of four of these previously competing routes — the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Pacific Mail, and the San Pedro. In the fifth, that provided by the Santa Fé, he has obtained so predominant an influence that it is no longer operated as a hostile line. The sixth, the Gould system, he has eliminated as a factor in Pacific coast traffic.

Union-Southern Pacific System Transformed

When Harriman took over the Southern Pacific system, the most efficient and conspicuous members of its staff were Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt and Mr. John C. Stubbs. Mr. Kruttschnitt had started his railroad career as a road-master in the Southern Pacific, Mr. Stubbs as a freight agent, and both had risen, step by step, to the chief executive positions in the organization. These two men have become the Harriman field marshals in the management of the consolidated Union and Southern Pacific systems. Placing himself, as President, at the head of both these railroads and of their subsidiaries, Mr. Harriman has created two positions unique in American railway management. He has made Mr. Kruttschnitt Director of Maintenance and Operation, and Mr. Stubbs Director of Traffic. Under Harriman's general supervision, it is Mr. Kruttschnitt's business to keep the Harriman lines constantly in a condition of physical efficiency, and to operate them all at the lowest possible cost consistent with good service; it is Mr. Stubbs' duty to get business. According to the unanimous judgment of railroad experts, these two men make the most perfect working team to be found in any railroad system in this country.

The Union Pacific's most violent critics freely admit that a sudden transformation has taken place in the management of every railroad to which Harriman has set his hand. The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific now bear only the most superficial resemblance

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to the railroads known under these names ten years ago. The magic hand of genius has touched them nearly everywhere. It has ripped up thousands of miles of light, rusty rails, and put down tracks of the heaviest weight; it has replaced the muddy road-bed of the old days with the most approved modern forms of ballast; it has demolished dilapidated stations and replaced them with comfortable buildings; it has destroyed wooden bridges by tens of thousands of feet and rebuilt them with iron and steel; it has straightened curves, leveled grades, purchased new locomotives by the hundreds, new passenger and freight cars by the tens of thousands. In improving these lines, Mr. Harriman, with Mr. Kruttschnitt as his lieutenant, has spent more than $250,000,000.

Sudden Cessation in Competition

Under the general supervision of Harriman, Mr. John C. Stubbs has poured into this efficient transportation machine more than four times the amount of traffic that it handled in the old days. He has entered every possible cranny of the United States for traffic which might swell the treasury of the Harriman system. Hardly had Harriman obtained possession of the Southern Pacific and joined its interests with those of the Union Pacific, when a most profound but significant calm settled down upon both systems. For years, in practically every traffic center of the United States the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific had been energetically competing. Now, suddenly, the battle lines disappeared. In each of these traffic centers except New York, where formerly there had been two canvassing staffs, there now was only one. Shippers who for years had profited by the rivalry of the two hostile forces now saw both move into the same headquarters. Instead of constantly receiving visits from two competing agents, they were now infrequently visited by one, upon whose card were the names of both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific companies.

Great was the slaughter that took place among the soliciting staffs of both corporations. Mr. Stubbs carefully canvassed the territory, selecting in all places, out of the forces of both railroads, the most useful men; about half the combined staff he kept, the rest he remorselessly "let out." In many places to which access could be obtained only by the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific, the solicitation of business absolutely ceased. All over the United States, shippers who wished to get to California now came to Harriman; he did not go to them. In this way he not only saved enormous sums in salaries, but eliminated all competition.

Harriman Carves up the Territory

Having established these harmonious relations, the whole United States now became Harriman's oyster, which he proceeded to open. In order clearly to understand what followed, we must keep constantly in mind what was meant by the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific routes. From New York on the one hand, and Chicago on the other, both the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific had directly competing lines into California. With the Morgan line of steamships from New York to New Orleans, combined with the Southern Pacific Railroad from New Orleans to San Francisco, the Southern Pacific had a direct line from New York to Pacific points. The Union Pacific, in combination with one of the trunk lines from New York to Chicago, and still another railroad from Chicago to Omaha, also had a through and continuous line from New York to San Francisco. From Chicago likewise the two systems directly competed. Join together the Illinois Central, which extended from Chicago to New Orleans, and the Southern Pacific, from New Orleans to San Francisco, and you have the Southern Pacific's continuous line from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Again, join the Chicago and Northwestern, the Union Pacific, and the Central Pacific, and you have the Union Pacific's line into the same territory. And when railroad men say "New York" and "Chicago" they mean far more than the particular places in question. To them these places are not cities, but "gateways." New York, for example, as a traffic center, includes all of New York State, New England, Pennsylvania, and the larger part of West Virginia and Virginia; while Chicago comprises nearly all of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

Mr. Stubbs now instructed his subordinates to prepare a table showing how the Union-Southern Pacific as a whole could most profitably handle this business. One of these subordinates, Mr. H. G. Toll,* has recently described, on the witness-stand, precisely how the territory was carved up. He was instructed to study traffic and report in what way the Harriman system could most profitably send business to California. Manifestly, as Harriman now controlled both lines, he could divert business in whatever way he chose; his main consideration, however, does not seem to have been the interest or convenience of the public, but the way to obtain the largest revenue for

*Testimony of H. G. Toll in the equity suit of the United States of America against the Union Pacific Railroad Company *et al.*, page 4,851, given at San Francisco, May 10, 1909.

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his system. According to his testimony, Mr. Toll prepared such a table, covering practically every point in the United States east of the Mississippi River, and, with these figures, Mr. Stubbs now divided the field. He drew a line from Buffalo to Pittsburg, thence to Cincinnati, and, following the Ohio River, to Cairo. Henceforth, Mr. Stubbs announced, all traffic east and south of this line should go to California by way of the Sunset route. All business west and north should go to the same points by way of the Union Pacific. Mr. Stubbs forwarded these instructions to all the offices of the Harriman lines, and, in all important centers, the freight agents called their active men into solemn conference and informed them of the new dispensation.

Gould Cut Off from the Pacific

Mr. Harriman next cut off certain important traffic routes which the public had enjoyed for many years. In some cases he entirely closed particular lines that had hitherto been sharp competitors; in others he minimized their usefulness so that they have ceased to be factors in transcontinental business. At one fell swoop the great Gould system disappeared as a through highway from the Pacific coast. Until 1901 both Mr. Gould and Mr. Harriman had been dependent for their access to San Francisco upon the Southern Pacific Road, which owned the line extending from Ogden into California. This eight hundred miles of railroad was really the key to the whole situation on the Pacific coast. The Gould lines terminated at Ogden; they could send their own business to San Francisco and Los Angeles only by using this important connection. The Union Pacific likewise terminated at Ogden, and could gain access to the same points only by grace of this same line. At Ogden both the Union Pacific and the Gould system poured into the Southern Pacific an immense amount of valuable traffic. In exchange for this, the Southern Pacific divided business which it brought from San Francisco and the Orient, and which was destined to eastern points in the United States, between these two great systems. As long as this indispensable link between San Francisco and Ogden remained in neutral hands the situation was satisfactory; should either rival, however, acquire this eight hundred miles of railroad, the other must suffer irretrievably. And, as has already been described, this is precisely what had happened.

One of the impelling reasons for Harriman's purchase of the whole Southern Pacific system was his desire to get into his own hands this Ogden-San-Francisco line. After Harriman succeeded in doing this, Mr. Gould suddenly discovered that his railroad, which formerly, under traffic agreements with the Southern Pacific, reached the Pacific coast, now ended abruptly at Ogden. The Pacific ports of Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Portland, as well as the whole Asiatic continent, the Philippines, and the Hawaiian Islands, had, so far as the Gould system was concerned, disappeared entirely from the map. Hardly had the change in ownership taken place when the dreaded consequences followed. The business which originated at San Francisco, and which the Southern Pacific had formerly divided at Ogden between the Union Pacific and the Gould lines, Mr. Harriman now sent in its entirety over the Union Pacific. Shippers at Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, who had used the Gould route continuously for many years, now found it practically impossible to ship that way.

Thus the enormous increase in business from the Pacific coast since 1901, an increase that is largely responsible for the success of the Harriman system, has not benefited Gould at all. In spite of this great spurt in prosperity, the Denver and Rio Grande—Gould's extreme western connection—gets just about half as much Pacific business now as it did ten years ago.*

Panama Route Dispensed With

Again, according to trustworthy evidence, Harriman has permitted the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to deteriorate to such an extent that it no longer figures in transcontinental commerce. Harriman's Southern Pacific owns the Pacific Mail and thus controls the important link extending from San Francisco to Panama. For freight that is slow and non-perishable this water line is just as serviceable as the transcontinental railroads. When Harriman issued his famous dictum directing all business originating on the Atlantic seaboard to go to California by way of the Southern Pacific, he apparently intended also to shut out the Panama route. His reasons for doing this are perfectly understandable. If the freight goes by the Southern Pacific, the Harriman system, inasmuch as it owns the entire line, gets all the money. If it goes by Panama, it receives only fifty per cent or the charges of hauling the business from Panama to San Francisco. In addition to this, the freight rates overland are twenty per cent higher than

* This action by Harriman led Gould to build his own line from Ogden to San Francisco — the Western Pacific, which will be opened to traffic this fall. Gould and Harriman a year ago, however, patched up their difficulties. One of the terms of the treaty of peace, it is generally believed, was that the new Gould line will not be operated in hostility to Harriman.

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those by sea. These circumstances sufficiently explain why Harriman, although he controls the Pacific Mail, seemingly goes to all extremes to discourage the public from using that line. Its steamships used to sail every week, while now they sail only once in ten days. According to the testimony of shippers, the service is so bad and so unreliable that even the twenty per cent reduction in rates is no temptation to use it. The boats are old, and frequently spring leaks; the cargoes are damaged by water, goods are smashed and sometimes disappear in crossing the Isthmus, and the delays in reaching destination are unendurable. The Harriman policy seems to be to eliminate this route for transcontinental freight and to use it only for Pacific business. Its shipments between New York and San Francisco are growing smaller every year. In 1901, 49,000 tons went this way; in 1907 this had shrunk to 15,000. The Panama Canal Commission uses large quantities of products from the Pacific coast; but, instead of coming directly by way of the Pacific Mail, these go overland by the Harriman railroads to New York and thence take a long sea voyage from New York to Colon.

Other Competing Lines Eliminated

Here, then, are two transcontinental lanes — the Gould and the Panama lines — which Harriman has barricaded. On a smaller scale, he has done the same thing everywhere. A few illustrations will make this clear. Formerly the boat lines from Portland to San Francisco competed with the Southern Pacific Railroad between the same points. This was a competition that directly affected rates, the boats and the railroads frequently undercutting each other. Harriman now controls both the boats and the railroads; and, for the purpose of communication between Portland and San Francisco, the steamship line has all but ceased to exist. Business now goes almost exclusively by rail — the most expensive way for the shipper, the most profitable way for Harriman. Again, when the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific were separately owned and operated, the shippers of Portland had two means of access to the whole country, where now they have only one. They could send their goods by the Union Pacific from Portland to Ogden and thence east, or by the Southern Pacific, from Portland to Sacramento, and thence to Ogden. Harriman now refuses to let them ship by way of Sacramento, forcing everything over the Union Pacific.

Harriman's obvious answer to those who criticize him for abruptly closing traffic highways and making business follow courses mapped out by himself is that he is avoiding useless duplication and using the simplest and most economical route. The practical result of these operations, however, has been the elimination of competition. Before any judgment can be passed on the Harriman policy, therefore, we must know precisely how this cessation of railroad rivalry has affected the public.

It can chiefly affect us in two ways — in service and the prices charged for it. As already described, the general opinion is that the Harriman railroad lines do their work expeditiously and well. Dismissing this phase of the question, therefore, as favorable to Harriman, we may pass to an equally vital point — the cost.

Marked Increase in Rates

Only a detailed examination of the prices charged for transportation to and from the Pacific coast in the last ten years can properly answer this question. Such an examination immediately discloses two facts: that rates from Pacific points to the Atlantic seaboard are almost identically the same now as in 1898, whereas rates in the other direction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have been generally and progressively increased. In traffic moving eastward, that is, Harriman has not put up his prices; in business moving westward he has raised them in a wholesale manner. The net change in the rate situation, therefore, is clearly an advance. Manifestly, the thousands of details upon which this broad statement is based cannot be printed here. We can, however, present a few significant examples. The items selected for illustration are not the writer's own; they have been furnished by the Interstate Commerce Commission as commodities in extensive every-day use and as fairly representative. The following table shows the prices in cents per 100 pounds charged for transporting these articles from New York to the Pacific coast, for particular periods from 1897 up to the present time:

RATES FROM NEW YORK TO PACIFIC POINTS
1897 TO DATE
(CENTS PER 100 POUNDS)

Date	Dry-goods in Cases	Cotton Piece Goods	Cast-iron Cook-stoves	Canned Goods	Glassware (except cut)	Starch	Drugs	Crockery	Nails	Agricultural Implements
Dec. 15, 1897	150	100	110	85	85	100	100	95	75	115
June 25, 1898	260	150	125	100	100	100	125	85	75	105
Jan. 18, 1904	300	100	135	90	110	100	140	95	80	125
Jan. 1, 1909	300	110	130	100	120	100	150	95	85	135

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This table shows that the Harriman management increased their rates almost immediately after their purchase of the Union Pacific system. They took charge on January 1, 1898, and in the following June increased their west-bound charges everywhere. By January, 1904, they had still further intrenched their position,— they had acquired the Southern Pacific, the San Pedro, and other important lines,— and again almost generally increased prices. Once more, in January of the present year, they increased the charges on many important commodities. Pages of statistics could be printed showing that precisely these same increases have been made from all other important points, among them Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, New Orleans, Omaha, Kansas City, and Galveston. We could also show that rates from these same places into great interior sections, such as Colorado, have likewise progressively gone up.

How Harriman has practically taken off certain traffic lines has already been described. The comparison of rates before and after taking off these lines beautifully illustrates the results of eliminating competition. Until Harriman's purchase of the Southern Pacific there were two competitive routes between Portland and San Francisco — that furnished by the steamship line of the Union Pacific and that by the Southern Pacific's rails. Harriman, as already described, has practically eliminated the steamships as factors in transportation. How this change has influenced freight charges the following figures show:

RATES FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND
(CENTS PER 100 POUNDS)

DATE	CLASSES					COMMODITIES			
	1	2	3	4	5	Canned Goods	Dried Fruits	Grain	Products of Grains
Feb. 10, 1898	51	41	31	26	18	15½	26	18½	15½
July 1, 1908	51	41	41	41	28	28	41	20	20

Similar tables could be given showing that increases have followed almost invariably between those two points where Harriman has eliminated competition. It would be possible also to rehearse once more that long chapter which tells of discriminations against interior points, of higher charges for short haul than for long, of ridiculously disproportionate charges for through and for local traffic. These practices are not peculiar to the Harriman lines, though the Union Pacific system offers many striking illustrations of them. The evidences are plentiful enough that the Harriman domination generally means an increase in the cost of transportation. As an explanation, Mr. Harriman declares that operating expenses are greater now than ten years ago. But the fact appears to be that the cost of operating the Union Pacific system has materially decreased. The Harriman management has instituted economies in so many directions that they have more than offset the increase prices of material and labor. In 1896 the Union Pacific spent sixty-two per cent of its gross earnings in operating expenses; it now spends only fifty-five. In 1896 its net earnings per mile were only $2,896; now they are $5,962. As the price of transportation has gone up, the earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad have increased accordingly. Each additional exaction upon the shipping public has proportionately swelled its already bursting treasury. The property which, when Harriman became its manager, was earning gross only $19,000,000, is now earning gross $74,000,000. The railroad which, in 1899, was paying no dividend upon its common stock, is now paying ten per cent. At the present time the actual net earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad, after paying all operating expenses, interest, taxes, and other charges, is $35,000,000 a year, or sixteen per cent upon its common stock.

Briefly, then, Harriman's railroad domination means everywhere the elimination of competition, the curbing or the ruthless crushing of rivals, the increased efficiency of management, the general use of the cheapest and most expeditious routes for traffic, and consequent economies in many directions. In that the public obtains improved facilities, the Harriman control is an unquestioned benefit. Up to the present time, however, Harriman has not let the public share in the prosperity with which his system everywhere overflows. In this respect his influence is an unquestioned evil. Evidently Harriman has drawn from his Standard Oil alliance other things than mere financial backing. For the policy of that corporation — enormously increased savings through efficient management and organization, and the appropriation of those savings exclusively by the stockholders — is also the policy of the Harriman railroads.

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EUSAPIA PALLADINO
FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, IN THE AUTHOR'S POSSESSION

EUSAPIA PALLADINO
THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON

MR. CARRINGTON, the writer of the following article, is a member of the Council of the American Society for Scientific Research, and also of the English Society for Psychical Research. He has devoted many years to the study of alleged spiritualistic phenomena, and to the detection and exposure of fraudulent mediums. Two years ago he investigated the famous spiritualistic camp at Lily Dale, New York, and his exposure of its proceedings was published by the American Society for Psychical Research. Up to the time of his meeting with Eusapia Palladino, Mr. Carrington had never seen a genuine physical phenomenon produced at a spiritualistic séance.—EDITOR.

I HAVE just returned from the most remarkable experience in the world — a series of séances with Eusapia Palladino. I have seen tables suspended in the air without visible support; I have seen curtains blown about, as though by a strong breeze, within a closed room, doors and windows being securely locked; I have seen objects floating in the air, untouched by human hand; I have heard notes struck upon musical instruments which lay several feet away from Eusapia and from any of her investigators; and I have felt and been touched by white and apparently living hands, which were certainly not those of my colleagues or myself, and equally certainly were not those of the medium, since both of her hands were visibly resting upon the table, and were held in ours.

For more than twenty years this medium has been continually investigated by group after group of skeptical scientists from different cities of Europe: in Italy, Professor Cesare Lombroso, of the University of Turin, noted the world over for his original work in criminal psychology; Professor Enrico Morselli, of the University of Genoa, one of the foremost of neurologists, author of several standard works

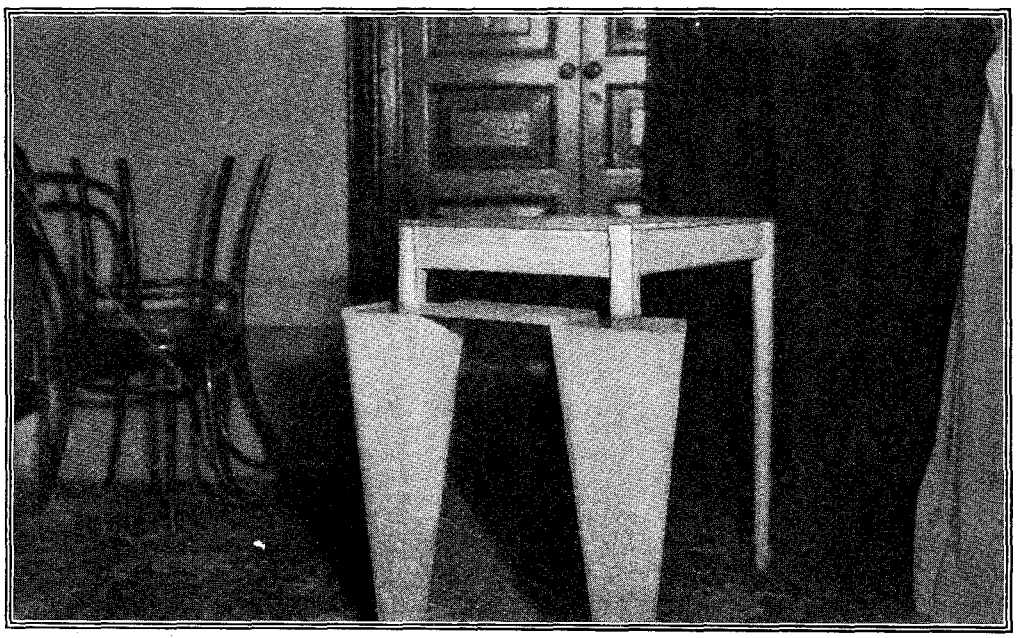
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on mental pathology and nervous diseases; and Professor Schiaparelli, the famous astronomer, one of the first men to explore the planet Mars; in France, M. and Mme. Curie, the discoverers of radium; Professor Charles Richet, the eminent physiologist of the Sorbonne; M. Flammarion, an original astronomer and explorer of Mars; in England, Sir Oliver Lodge, perhaps the most famous all-round physicist now living; — these and many others have held numerous séances with Eusapia Palladino, and one and all of them have become converted to a belief in her supernormal powers. This may be said, indeed, of practically every group of scientists who have investigated her — in every instance they have come from the séances convinced. Yet, in almost every case the investigators have approached the study of these phenomena in a state of complete skepticism, and their conversion was effected only after objection after objection had been disposed of, until none were left.

Does Eusapia Deceive her Investigators?

Well do I know the condition of mind induced by one or two séances with Eusapia. All one's previous experience is refuted, and the mind fails to grasp the facts, or to accept them as real. It is incapable of absorbing them. It requires several séances before one is convinced of the reality of the phenomena, and of the fact that one's observation is not mistaken. Personally, I had to witness six séances before I was irrevocably and finally convinced of the reality of the facts. Before that, although I was quite unable to explain what I saw by any theory of fraud or trickery, and although I was quite certain that the facts were not due to hallucination, still I could not believe them. I felt that there must be a loophole somewhere; and I know that my colleagues felt exactly as I did. But at the sixth séance, when I was controlling the medium myself, in such a manner that I was quite sure as to the whereabouts of her whole body (as I shall endeavor to show presently), and when it was, moreover, light enough to see the whole outline of her body clearly — when, in spite of this, phenomena continued to take place all around us in the most bewildering manner and under the most perfect test conditions, I felt that there was no more to be said; certainty had been achieved; and from the sixth séance onward, and forever after, I shall remain as certain that these phenomena are facts, and form a part — however sporadic a part — of nature, as I am that I write this article.

I have said that the majority of the investigators of Eusapia approach her in a skeptical attitude. More than that, some of them are distinctly hostile and are determined to expose her. Tables, they argue, *do not* rise and float in the air without visible support; musical instruments *do not* play without hands to play them; and yet, and yet, they do! Perhaps the observers were tricked or deluded? That is, of



THE "STOCKS" APPARATUS

THE TWO LEGS OF THE SÉANCE TABLE NEAREST THE CAMERA WERE INSERTED IN WOODEN TUBES FIXED TO THE FLOOR, SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT ANY FRAUDULENT FOOT-ACTION ON THE PART OF THE MEDIUM. THIS CONELIKE FORM ALLOWED THE TABLE-LEGS TO ROCK AND OSCILLATE, AND THE BOARD JOINING THE TUBES AT THE TOP PREVENTED THE MEDIUM FROM RAISING THE TABLE WITH HER KNEES

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course, the question to be settled. The names of the investigators should, however, afford a sufficient answer to that question. I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with most of them, and I was greatly impressed with their fine soundness of judgment, and their ability to detect fraud, had it existed. It may be asked, who am I to pass judgment upon men infinitely my superior in scientific research? I can only reply that I judged them from the standpoint and with the eye of an expert in the detection of fraudulent mediums. I have made this my pet hobby for some ten years past, and have devoted several hundred pages of my *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism* to an exposure of mediumistic tricks. If I may be excused for saying so, I may mention that I am considered one of the most expert investigators in America in this direction.



A CORNER OF THE SÉANCE ROOM IN NAPLES

THE SÉANCE TABLE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE LOCKED DOOR LEADING TO MR. BAGGALLY'S ROOM. AT THE RIGHT IS THE CURTAINED CABINET FROM WHICH MANY OF THE PHENOMENA SEEMED TO EMERGE, AND BENEATH THE TABLE IS THE SMALL STOOL SPOKEN OF IN THE ARTICLE

Lombroso Sees his Dead Mother at One of Eusapia's Séances

When I called upon Professor Lombroso, in Turin, we talked for nearly an hour about Eusapia and her phenomena, and I then ascertained for the first time the exact position Professor Lombroso held. He had been converted from his old belief in the "transformation of forces" to a definitely spiritistic interpretation of the facts. His mother had, so he told me, come to him at one of Eusapia's séances, and embraced him. He had recognized her perfectly. All this time Eusapia had remained quite visible at the séance table, and no one could possibly have entered the room, which happened to be a physical laboratory. Equally interesting was the incident related to me by M. Youriévitch, of the Psychological Institute of Paris. His father has been dead for some years. At one of Eusapia's séances a solid though unseen body, tangible through the curtain, came to him, calling itself his father. Now, his father had a peculiarly deformed finger: it tapered to a point, and the nail was deformed to suit the finger. M. Youriévitch asked his "father" in Russian — a language absolutely unknown to Eusapia — whether his father would impress his hand in the wet clay that was in the cabinet behind the curtain. Some time elapsed, the medium being carefully held and watched meanwhile. Soon the investigators were told to turn up the light, and when they had done so and examined the clay in the cabinet, they found upon it an impression of a hand, the first finger of which bore identically the same marks of deformity as that of his long-dead father! Similar experiences were told me by M. Flammarion and other investigators of Eusapia's phenomena.

Eusapia Palladino is a Neapolitan woman,

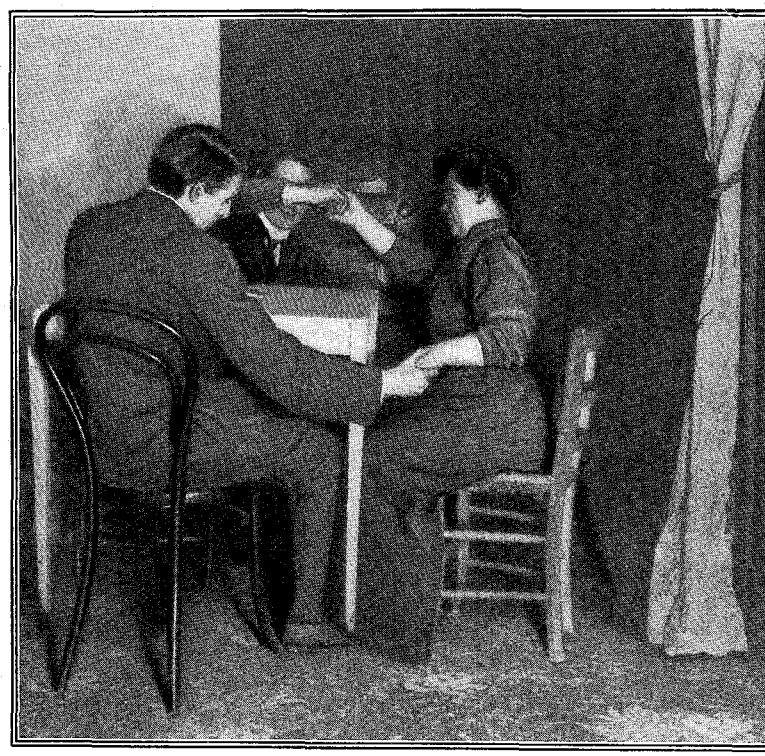
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the daughter of very humble parents. She herself was a poor shopkeeper in Naples before her remarkable gifts brought her into prominence. She discovered these powers by accident when she was thirteen or fourteen years of age. She happened to attend a séance, when it was found that she had the power of moving a large table in an apparently inexplicable manner. She was told that she had remarkable mediumistic gifts, and was advised to develop them. She did not do so for several years, being afraid of the consequences, and attributing the remarkable phenomena occurring in her presence to the devil. During these early years Mme. Palladino received but little money for the sittings she granted, which were mostly given for the benefit of her personal friends. She happened, however, to fall under the attention of Professor Chiaia, of Naples, in 1888, and later of Professor Lombroso, and soon became the center of scientific investigation. Since then she has been investigated by a large number of famous savants in Italy, France, England, and elsewhere, but, except Dr. Hodgson, who has been dead for some years, I am the only American investigator who has had the privilege of attending a number of séances with this remarkable woman.

Lombroso Converted

The circumstances of Eusapia's introduction to the scientific world were these: In August, 1888, Professor Chiaia published, in a journal issued at Rome, an open letter to Professor Lombroso, giving a brief statement of some of the séances he had attended with this medium — the results of which he could in no way account for — and calling upon Professor Lombroso to hold séances himself. It was only in February, 1891, however, that Professor Lombroso, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, decided to go to Naples and examine these curious phenomena for himself. Two séances were held at this period, which were attended by Lombroso and other men of science, including Professor Tamburini. Remarkable phenomena were seen, which resulted in the practical conversion of M. Lombroso. In a letter dated June 25, 1891, he says:

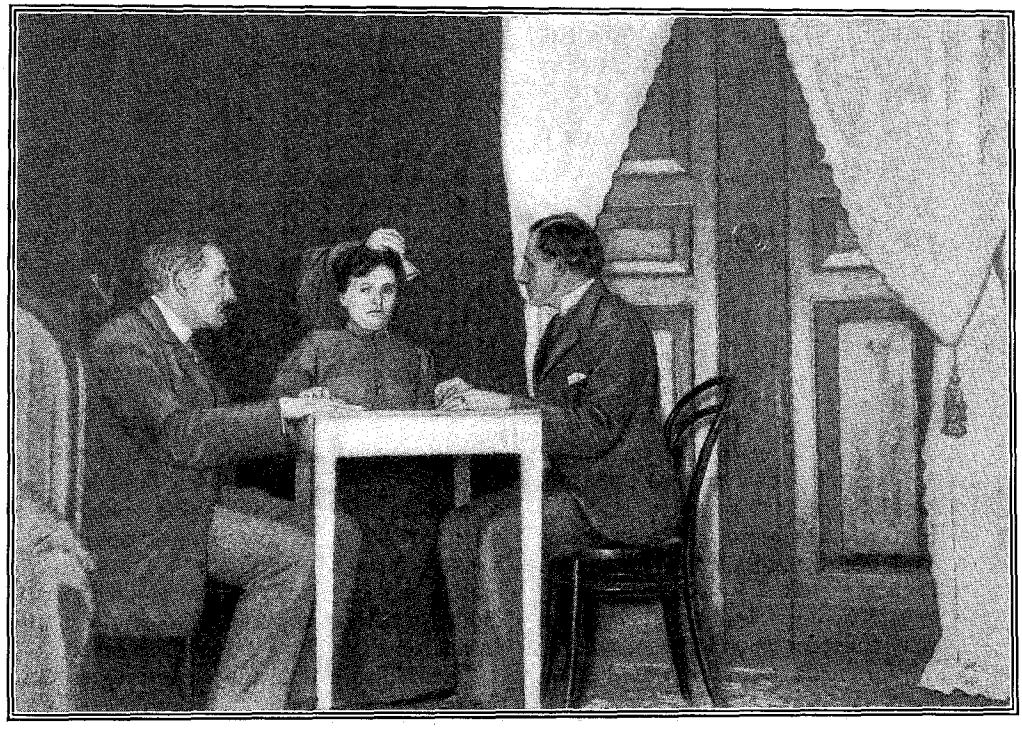
"I am filled with confusion and regret that I



A TABLE LEVITATION

THE TABLE IS HERE SEEN TO BE RAISED ABOUT THREE INCHES FROM THE FLOOR, BOTH THE MEDIUM'S HANDS BEING HELD, AND HER FEET AND KNEES CONTROLLED. THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PHOTOGRAPH ARE NOT ACTUAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE SÉANCES, BUT WERE MADE AFTERWARD IN THE ROOM WHERE THE SÉANCES TOOK PLACE, ALL THE CONDITIONS OF THE SÉANCES (AS THE POSITION OF THE FIGURES, THE FURNITURE, ETC.) BEING REPRODUCED AS EXACTLY AS POSSIBLE

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A WHITE HAND RINGING THE BELL

THIS PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATES THE EXACT POSITION OF THE MEDIUM'S HANDS AND FEET AT THE TIME OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE "WHITE HAND"

combated with so much persistence the possibility of the facts called spiritualistic. I say facts, because I am still opposed to the theory."

The result of M. Lombroso's conversion was that a large number of scientific men formed a committee of investigation. They met in October, 1892, in the apartment of M. Finzi, at Milan, to conduct a series of experiments. The committee consisted of Professors Schiaparelli, formerly Director of the Observatory of Milan; Gerosa, Professor of Physics, and Ermacora, Doctor of Natural Philosophy; Aksakof, Councilor of State to the Emperor of Russia; Charles du Prel, Doctor of Philosophy in Munich; Charles Richet, of the Sorbonne, Paris; and Professor Buffern.

The Scientific World Aroused

Again the results were such as to convince the investigators that genuine phenomena had been obtained. In 1893, another series of experiments was conducted in Naples, under the direction of M. Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of St. Petersburg. These were followed by still further experiments in Rome in 1893–4, under the direction of M. Siemaradski, Correspondent of the Institute; in Warsaw, in November, 1893, under the supervision of Dr. Ochorowicz; in Carqueiranne, under the direction of Professor Charles Richet; in the Île Roubaud, in 1894, under Professor Richet, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Dr. Ochorowicz; in 1895, at Cambridge, England, under the direction of Mr. Myers, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Miss Alice Johnson, and Dr. Richard Hodgson; in September, 1895, under the direction of Colonel de Rochas; in September, 1896, at the house of M. Marcel Mangin; in 1897–8, by M. Flammarion, of Paris; and, during the past few years, by Professor Enrico Morselli, the famous neurologist of Genoa; Drs. Bozzano and Venzano, of the same city; Drs. Bottazzi and Galeotti, professors, respectively, of physiology and pathology, of the University of Naples; Dr. J. Maxwell, Judge of the Supreme Court in Paris; Drs. Herlitzka, Charles Foà, and Aggazzotti, assistants to Professor Mosso; and Professor Pio Foà, of the same university, Professor of Pathological Anatomy, Director of the Anatomical Museum, and General Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. Eusapia has also been studied by M. and Mme. Curie, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, M. Courtier, and Youriévitch, of the Psychological Institute in Paris; Professor Sabatier, Dr. Dariex, Mr. Gilman Hall; Dr. Moody, Professor of Physics of the College of the City of New York; and by the Hon. Everard Feilding and

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Mr. W. W. Baggally (both of whom shared the sittings that I attended), and a number of other men and women of scientific renown.

It must be emphasized, in this connection, that the majority of men and women who have investigated Eusapia have done so, not because they believed in the tenets of spiritualism, or were desirous of being converted, but because they wished to ascertain the truth or the falsity of the phenomena, and discover, if possible, a new force that operates during these séances and that physical science does not as yet recognize. It may be said, also, that the majority of the investigators who have issued reports oppose a spiritistic interpretation of the facts, and rather incline to the belief that we deal, in Eusapia's case, with the operation of an unknown but intelligent force — directed, perhaps, by the subconsciousness of the medium — which has the capacity, at times, of externalizing itself, as it were, and creating images and phantoms outstanding and real at the time, but, nevertheless, reflected images (such as those we see in the looking-glass) which disintegrate and vanish at the conclusion of the séance, just as the living image seen in the glass vanishes when the mirror itself is shattered.

Eusapia Loses Seventeen Pounds Weight in Twenty Seconds

To return, however, to facts: During the experiments in Milan it was found that the medium lost weight in a manner that could in no way be accounted for. The medium and the chair in which she was sitting were placed upon the scales, and their combined weight was carefully measured. She was then watched carefully, to see that she threw nothing away, and also to see that she derived no support from the surrounding surfaces — the floor, etc. Nevertheless, in the course of from twelve to twenty seconds Eusapia lost about seventeen and a half pounds in weight. At the fifth sitting a similar reduction was observed, under conditions that the investigating committee considered perfect.

Levitations of the table were also observed by this set of investigators, and touches by invisible hands, which they could in no way account for. In order to test this further, however, the following device was tried:

A portion of the room was curtained off from the rest, and the medium placed in the aperture of the curtains, which were joined a little above her head. The space curtained off was left in absolute darkness, but the rest of the room was dimly lighted by a lantern with red glass sides, placed on the table round which sat the medium and the experimenters. On one occasion Professor Richet himself took up his position in the darkened part of the room, behind the curtains, his chair placed back to back with that on which Eusapia sat. The medium's hands were held on either side by M. Schiaparelli and M. Finzi, and the latter's stocking-clad foot was placed between the two booted feet of Eusapia. Under these conditions M. Richet was touched three times on various parts of the body. He writes:

"At one moment she became rigid, and said, 'Hold me tight, hold me tight,' upon which M. Schiaparelli on one side and M. Finzi on the other held her with all their strength. M. Gerosa took notes. I said to M. Finzi, 'Are you holding her left hand?' He replied, 'Yes.' Then I asked M. Schiaparelli, 'Are you holding her right hand?' He replied, 'Yes.' Then I again asked M. Finzi, 'Are you holding both her feet?' He replied, 'Yes.' Then, on turning my head slightly to the left, I saw that something was preparing, by the fact that the curtain was bulging and seemed to be approaching Eusapia, as though to make the shadow deeper. Then I was touched on the right shoulder by a hand which seemed to me to be a right hand. . . . Almost at the same instant, after Eusapia had asked me to put my head near hers, I was touched by two fingers, which pulled with some force, but without hurting me, the hair on the nape of my neck; I was certain it was a hand that touched my shoulder and neck. At the same time M. Finzi was touched on the ear, on the forehead, and on the temples by fingers that were behind the curtain, while the hand that touched me was free from the curtain."

A Music-Box Plays Itself at Sir Oliver Lodge's Sitting

At some of the sittings on the Île Roubaud, which were attended by Sir Oliver Lodge, Professer Richet, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Dr. Ochorowicz, some remarkable phenomena were observed. Not only were levitations of the table, raps, blowings-out of the curtain, and touches experienced,— under what seem to have been excellent conditions of control,— but such manifestations as the following occurred, which I quote from the original verbatim record, published in November, 1894, in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research:

"An arm-chair in the window, four feet of clear space intervening between it and the back of Eusapia, now began to move. It was very visible to Lodge and to all, the shutters being open and sky-light glinting on the back of the chair. It was seen to approach and otherwise move a few inches several times; it also made intelligent visible tilts in reply to questions. Eusapia was well held and all conditions were perfect. No one was near the chair. . . .

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"While Lodge held *both* the medium's hands on the table, and also her head leaning over on to him away from the chalet, and while Richet held both her feet, the suspended chalet was heard to be wound partially up three times, with brief pauses, taking four seconds in all, as heard and recorded by Bellier, the note-taker. It did not now begin to play, but began to flap, as if its doors were trying to open. Soon it began to play, and raps were heard upon it. While it played, Eusapia waved Lodge's hands in the air in time with the music. It soon stopped, but was immediately rewound and went on playing some time. While this was going on, the chalet began to swing, and the string was heard to break, but, instead of dropping on the floor, the chalet was gently placed on Myers' head and thence on to the table. This phenomenon occurred under quite satisfactory conditions. . . .

Plates and Food Moved Without Hands, and Water Invisibly Poured

"M. was seized from behind while standing, and vigorously pulled and shaken about, while all four were standing holding hands round the table. L. saw him moving and felt a transmitted pull. A loaf and other objects from the buffet hard by arrived on the table, and a pile of five plates. Our small table was in front of the buffet. Everybody was now standing up, and observers were getting tired, so we asked to stop, but agency insisted on continuing. Statement made that the medium needed refreshment, but the agency said it would see to that. A gurgling noise was heard as if the medium was drinking from a bottle, and directly afterward a decanter of water which had been on the top shelf of the buffet arrived on the table; then it rose again to the medium's mouth, where it was felt horizontally by Richet, and again she drank. It then came again on to the table and stayed there."

Such incidents, it must be admitted, seem incredible, as well as absurd. Nevertheless, they are recorded as facts, and we must not reject them *a priori* because of their apparent incredibility. If the simpler phenomena prove to be facts, there is no reason whatever for doubting the more remarkable manifestations; they would then differ in degree and not in kind. And as I am absolutely certain that at least some of the phenomena witnessed in the presence of this medium are genuine, I can see no *a priori* objection to these more remarkable manifestations, bizarre as they may appear. If unknown forces exist in nature, we cannot say to what extent they may exert an influence over organic or inorganic matter.

When an object is, apparently, moved without contact, objection is at once raised to its possibility on the ground that it involves an *actio ad distans*, or perhaps the operation of some new and hypothetical force. Such objectors seem to forget that precisely analogous phenomena are happening all the time. In electricity and magnetic phenomena we have, in a sense, "action at a distance" — without apparent cause, or material connection, in the ordinary sense of the term; indeed, every time the wind slams the door, we have a movement of an object without *visible* contact. It may be objected, of course, that in all these phenomena we know the *modus operandi* of the action, and that there is no real *actio ad distans* at all, since the ether is the medium through which these energies (let us speak of them thus roughly for the present) are conveyed. But the same is not true of gravitation. Here we have an action or force exerted at great distances; yet we have not the slightest idea of the nature of gravitation — in what it consists or how it acts. No body is opaque to gravitation; it seems to contradict all that is known of ordinary forces, since nothing impedes or hinders it in the slightest degree. Are we, then, entitled to deny the existence of other forces because they are in their nature unknown?

To return, however, to the case before us. I could quote many remarkable séances similar to those cited, but space does not permit. Unfortunately, almost everything that has been written about Eusapia has been done in either French or Italian. M. de Fontenay's work, "A Propos d'Eusapia Paladino," Colonel de Rochas' "Exteriorization de la Motricité," the late Report of the Psychological Institute of Paris, and the two enormous volumes by Professor Morselli are all unfamiliar to English readers. I had read these works, however, and the more recent reports of this remarkable woman's mediumship, before investigating her myself; and although I could find no reasonable explanation for the greater number of her phenomena, I felt that I should like to see for myself in order to be quite convinced.

Eusapia Consents to Sit to Medium Detectives

During the autumn of 1908, when I was in London, I succeeded in inducing Eusapia Palladino to grant a series of sittings to myself and my friends, the Hon. Everard Feilding and Mr. W. W. Baggally,— the former the Honorary Secretary and the latter a member of the Council of the English Society for Psychical Research. It is interesting to note that, during the whole of our previous investigations, no one of us had

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ever seen a genuine physical phenomenon. Mr. Baggally had been investigating mediums for thirty-five years, and Mr. Feilding for ten years, in England; and I had, for about an equal length of time, been investigating private and professional mediums in America. *Not one of us had ever witnessed, during all that time, any physical phenomenon that was of itself convincing, or that did not appear to us to be clearly fraudulent in character.* We had always detected trickery. Generally we had been able to see exactly how the trick was performed; and since two of us (Mr. Baggally and myself) are amateur conjurors, and are thoroughly familiar with all the methods employed by mediums in order to deceive their sitters, we believed that we were capable of detecting fraud in this case, should it exist,— better, perhaps, than those eminent men of science whose names had been attached to previous reports. So, determined to catch Eusapia, if "catchable" she was, we packed our grips, set out for Naples, and spent a month there, holding sittings with her, in order to assure ourselves once for all as to the nature of her phenomena.

Having arrived at our point of destination, we entered one of those ramshackle carriages that abound everywhere in Naples, and, after much difficulty, found our way to Eusapia's domicile. It turned out that she lived on the top rear floor, in a small by-street beyond the station, so obscure that our cabby had never heard of it when we mentioned it to him. (We afterward discovered, however, that this was not extraordinary, since no cabby ever knew any street we ever mentioned to him during our stay in Naples.)

First Impressions of Eusapia

Arrived, then, at Eusapia's house, we found her "not at home"; but her husband graciously ushered us into a small and exceedingly stuffy sitting-room, the doors and windows of which had been firmly closed and shuttered. It was evidently intended for use on state occasions. One wall of this room was completely covered with photographs, bearing the signature, in each case, of the giver. Here we found photographs of various dignitaries — men of science, such as Richet, Lombroso, Morselli, Ochorowicz, and many others; the signed photographs of princes and princesses, dukes, duchesses, lords, ladies, and among them the queens of Italy and Spain and the Emperor of Russia. We stood awe-struck and abashed in the presence of so distinguished a company!

After drinking some liqueur which had been offered us, and endeavoring to talk with M. Palladino in Neapolitan, without much success, we heard footsteps. Eusapia Palladino stood before us.

The first impression one receives upon meeting Eusapia is that she is of a quiet and retiring disposition, but at the same time is a woman of powerful will, possessing a keen, alert eye. She is short, rather plump, and when she has chatted some time, and begins to gain confidence in the good faith of her listeners and investigators, she has a pleasant, even sweet smile, which brightens her face frequently. Her hair is grayish brown in color, with the exception of one white lock over her left temple, covering a scar received in her childhood. During the séances a remarkable cold breeze issues from this scar.

Eusapia's psychology is a puzzle to all who know her. Brought up in a Catholic country, she nevertheless leans toward agnosticism, while believing firmly in the reality of a spiritual world. This belief, she says, she has gained through her own experience. Her so-called "spirit control," John King, is the supposed director of her séances. Nevertheless, she talks a great part of the time about "my fluid." As a matter of fact, one gets the impression that she does not understand the phenomena very well herself; and if she is in trance during a large part of each séance, it is only natural that this should be the case. We attempted to discuss with her, several times, the *modus operandi* of her phenomena, and we also talked freely with her about her occasional trickery. She replied with a shrug, "Yes, they tell me I do these things; but I don't remember them." It was impossible to extract from her anything more satisfactory.

Eusapia Palladino was born on January 21, 1854, in a village of La Pouille. Her mother died while giving birth to the child; her father was assassinated by brigands eight years afterward. Eusapia Palladino is her maiden name. She was married at Naples to a merchant of modest means, named Raphael Delgaiz, who died some years ago. She has married a second time, and her second husband has adopted her maiden name, as did her first husband. She made all necessary arrangements for the sittings herself — thereby reversing many of the tentative business arrangements that her husband had attempted to make. We arranged for a series of ten séances, but the number was afterward extended to eleven.

Our Hotel Rooms Turned into a Laboratory

We held the sittings in our own rooms at the Hotel Victoria in Naples. We occupied three adjoining rooms, which we fitted up for séance purposes. The middle room we turned into an

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experimental laboratory. The rooms on either side of this were occupied by ourselves, and the doors of these rooms we securely locked and bolted before each séance. The windows were also securely fastened and shuttered. As our rooms were on the fifth floor of the hotel, there being no connection between the windows, and as there was a sheer drop of some fifty feet to the pavement, we felt certain that no communication could be established from without. The floor was the usual tiled floor common to Italian houses; the walls were of brick and stone, so solid in character that we found it impossible to drive a nail into them.

We improvised a cabinet by hanging two light black curtains across one corner of the room, forming a triangular space some three feet deep. In this cabinet we put a small tripod table belonging to the hotel; and upon this we placed various musical instruments, such as a tea-bell, a tambourine, a tin trumpet, a musical box, and a toy piano, these being the usual paraphernalia employed at her séances. In the corner of the cabinet, behind the table, we placed a small guitar. The arrangement was varied somewhat during the séances, but this was the usual method of disposing of the apparatus.

When Eusapia arrived at our hotel, which she usually did at an hour considerably later than that appointed (9 P.M.), we would invite her, first of all, to partake of a cup of coffee, an invitation that she generally accepted. It is interesting to note, however, that Eusapia never eats anything after two in the afternoon on the days on which séances are given, for the reason that she would invariably feel nauseated during the séance were she to do so. As a matter of fact, she frequently does feel uneasy as it is. If Eusapia was in a talkative mood upon her arrival, it was extremely difficult to settle her to the matter in hand, for she insisted on talking incessantly long after we had seated ourselves at the table — especially if the conversation happened to turn on her past career or personal grievances.

The Phenomena Take Place in Bright Light

Eusapia sat *in front of* the cabinet curtains, from one to two feet distant from them; and before her was placed the oblong séance table, upon which she and the rest of us placed our hands. Our stenographer, Mr. Meeson, was seated at a separate table, having a well-shaded lamp of his own. His duty it was to record accurately the passing of time, the nature of the observed phenomena, as dictated by us, and our other remarks, samples of which will be quoted immediately. We had arranged a special means of lighting the séance room, as follows: From the ceiling in the center of the room hung a four-branched electric light cluster. Two of these bulbs were white, and two red, varying in intensity through 110, 150, 220, and 240 volts. The brightest of these lights was a regular 16-candle-power lamp; the faintest, the dim red light, enabled us to see only outlines of the room's furniture; but even in this weakest light we could always perceive the medium's hands, her face, and the outlines of her body. It is an interesting fact that *practically all of our best phenomena were obtained in bright light.* Only when the light was much reduced, as it was on a few occasions, did the phenomena become vague, uncertain, and unsatisfactory.

Why a Cabinet Was Used

Why this cabinet? Why darkness? It must be admitted that it would have been far more satisfactory if both of these conditions could have been done away with; but we had to submit to them with as good grace as possible. The medium says that the cabinet is necessary in order to "concentrate and hold the magnetic fluid" which emanates from her person and which the spirits use for the production of the phenomena. Of course this may be due, largely, to auto-suggestion. All mediums use cabinets, and Eusapia thinks she must have one also. But there is ground for supposing that there is a good deal of justice in her demand. In the first place, it would seem that the medium must know how she feels, and what conditions stimulate the phenomena, better than outsiders possibly can. In the next place, we have frequently noticed that the nearer the cabinet curtains the medium can get, the stronger are the phenomena, and the more abundant and convincing. Most of the phenomena originate from within the cabinet, whatever may be the interpretation of that fact; so that, on any hypothesis, we can safely say that it stimulates their production.

All mediums insist on certain "conditions," which, they assert, are necessary for the production of their phenomena. Darkness is one of these necessary conditions, apparently. Why should this be so? It must be admitted that it is usually insisted upon for the reason that it renders possible trickery of all kinds. But why should genuine mediums insist upon this condition? To tell the truth, it is not positively known why this should be; but various theories have been advanced, and mediums have sometimes made statements giving reasons for it. They assert that light is a very disruptive agent, possessing fine yet powerful qualities,

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and that, when one is dealing with such subtle forces and conditions as occur in a séance, light must be excluded, for the reason that it destroys the subtle forces produced and disintegrates the forms that might otherwise "materialize."

Is there any warrant for such an assumption? To tell the truth, there is. Let us take a simple analogy that has often been used. Sensitive plates, used in photography, cannot, as we know, be exposed to the light before the picture is taken; if they were, they would be ruined, and the photograph spoiled. Darkness is necessary; it is one of the "conditions" required by every photographer for obtaining a successful photograph. And it may be so here. Light rays are now known to be very destructive to some forms of animal life, and to human protoplasm, and if too long continued they are extremely energetic, and liable to disintegrate any excessively fine and subtle body. That being the case, we are certainly entitled to take into consideration these requests of the medium; and we may consider her statements well founded, provided the imposed conditions do not admit the possibility of fraud. I may say that, in Eusapia's case, this was nearly always precluded by the amount of light allowed. During a great part of the séance there was enough light for us clearly to *see* her hands, as well as feel them. Although the light was sometimes lowered, it was at no time completely extinguished; and during the greater part of the séance it was very good, allowing us to see everything in the room with the greatest clearness and precision.

Eusapia Caught in Trickery

I may remark just here that this medium has been caught in trickery from time to time, and will almost invariably resort to it unless she is prevented from doing so by the rigidity of the control (that is, the degree of certainty obtained in securely holding her hands and feet). The reason for this is that Eusapia, knowing that the production of genuine phenomena will exhaust her nervous forces, resorts to this simpler method, if her sitters are sufficiently credulous to allow it, in order to save herself from the painful after effects of a genuine séance. Nearly every investigator has at one time or another discovered this fraud, which is petty, and more or less obvious to any careful and scientific investigator, and consists in the substitution of one hand for two, and in the production of phenomena with the remaining free hand. If, however, sufficient precautions are taken, it is a comparatively easy matter to frustrate her attempts at fraud; and when this is done genuine phenomena are produced. Many of the phenomena are so incredible that by far the simplest explanation is that fraud has been operative in their production; but I can say positively (and I believe the records will show this) that fraud was quite impossible throughout our séances, not only because of the nature of our control of the medium, which was rigidly exacting, but because of the abundance of light. Any theory based upon the supposition that confederates were employed is absolutely discounted: first, because the séances were held in our own locked rooms in the hotel; and secondly, because throughout the séance it was light enough for us to see the whole room and its occupants. It is hardly necessary to add that we examined the cabinet, the table, instruments, and all articles of furniture, both before and after each séance.

A Cold Breeze Blows from the Scar on Eusapia's Forehead

No one who has seen the effects of a séance upon Eusapia Palladino could doubt its genuine character, as far as the medium is concerned. At the conclusion of a séance she is faint, dizzy, nauseated, extremely weak, occasionally vomits, and remembers little that has occurred during the séance; while her face becomes deeply lined, greenish yellow in color, and appears to be shrunk almost to half its natural size. Moreover, many abnormal occurrences take place, quite apart from the phenomena themselves. Thus, during one séance, Professor Morselli, of Genoa, normally right-handed, became left-handed, while Eusapia herself, normally left-handed, became right-handed. Another remarkable phenomenon frequently seen is this: There is a scar on Eusapia's forehead on the left side, about an inch long, from which issues, during and after a séance, a mysterious cold breeze, clearly perceptible to the hands. When tested by a thermometer, it has caused a fall of three or four degrees. Immediately over this scar there is, as I have said before, one white lock of hair; the rest of her hair is grayish brown in color. After one séance I examined this famous scar, touching it with my fingers, and distinctly felt the cold breeze, which was perceptible to all of us. We covered the medium's mouth and nose with our hands, to prevent her from blowing, and held our own breath. The breeze was still perceptible. Finally, in order to test the hypothesis of hallucination, we held to her forehead a small tissue-paper flag, about two by three inches square, having covered her mouth and nose as before, and being careful not to breathe upon it ourselves. The result was that the flag was

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blown out from her head several times strongly, and finally so forcibly that it wrapped itself completely round the flagstaff supporting it. Thus, the objective nature of this cold breeze was satisfactorily demonstrated.

The Medium Held, Hand and Foot

During the first three séances (except for the stenographer, who sat at a separate table, and was always visible to us), Mr. Feilding and I were alone present, one of us controlling the right hand and foot, the other controlling the left hand and foot of Eusapia. Nevertheless, in spite of our utmost precautions, and our constant observations and attempt to frustrate possible fraud on the part of Eusapia (which, by the way, she did not even attempt at these séances), phenomena continued to happen in a most aggravating manner. I shall quote a few passages from our detailed reports, illustrating both the character of the phenomena and the method of control, as well as the precautions we took to prevent their production by normal means.

Our first séance commenced at 10.35 P.M., but it was not until after eleven that phenomena began. It is an interesting fact that no matter how good the séance may ultimately prove to be, there is an almost invariable wait of from half an hour to two hours before really big phenomena take place. It seems as if the force, whatever it is, must accumulate and gather strength; and certainly the phenomena become more remarkable as the séance proceeds. Of course there is the alternative explanation that our attention would become relaxed after we had sat for an hour or two in the semi-dark, and that Eusapia would thus be able the more easily to resort to fraud. We reply to this that we took the utmost care to rest ourselves so as to be perfectly fresh at the commencement of each séance; and as each of us had sat scores and even hundreds of times with mediums, we were quite used to the process, and it did not excite or fatigue us in the least. Moreover, as I have said before, it was nearly always light enough for us to see as well as feel the whole of the medium's body, her face, her feet, and her hands resting upon the table held in ours.

The Table Lifted Completely from the Floor

To return, then, to our séance. The following are typical quotations from the record, as reported by us. A certain amount of repetition is unavoidable; but it must be remembered that when we were dictating accounts of phenomena, and of the control, to a stenographer during their actual production, we had but little time for choice of words. By "complete levitation" of the table is meant the raising of the table completely off the floor without visible contact; by "partial levitation," the tilting of the table upon two legs, without apparent contact, the other two legs remaining on the floor. In the notes will be found the initials F, B, and C. These stand for Feilding, Baggally, and Carrington respectively, and indicate the name of the dictator at that particular moment.

At 11.44 P.M. a remarkable phenomenon took place, which we recorded as follows:

Complete levitation of the table.

F. My hand was on the table. Medium's right hand on top of mine, and not touching the table.

C. Medium's left foot did not leave my right. My right hand was across both her knees. I am sure that at that time the medium's leg did not come into contact with the leg of the table.

F. There was no possibility of her touching the leg of the table on this side. The table was lifted completely into the air, off all four feet.

C. The medium's right hand grasped my left hand firmly, and was over mine, mine being between hers and the table.

F. My left foot was pressing strongly on hers.

During the second séance a series of remarkable levitations followed one another very rapidly — so rapidly, indeed, that we did not have time to dictate the control of hand and foot after each phenomenon. In spite of our utmost endeavors to prevent the table from going up into the air, by securely holding the medium in various ways, it continued to do so. We were partly upon the floor, partly in our chairs, holding hands, feet, knees, ankles, and endeavoring at the same time to ascertain the distance between her skirt and the table leg, her body and the table, and to make other instantaneous measurements, such as the occasion permitted. The record will indicate this:

11.01 P.M. *The table tilts on the two legs farthest from the medium,* both her hands being clearly visible, and about a foot away from the table, and her fists being clenched.

C. The control of the feet being the same as before, except that my right hand is now also grasping her leg.

F. My right hand is across both her knees.

[The medium sat well back in her chair, and her body was at least nine inches from the table. We clearly remember the conditions of this striking phenomenon.]

11.05 P.M. *Complete levitation of the table.*

F. The table lifts about six inches; only C.'s and my hands were on the table, clasped across the middle.

Another complete levitation of the table.

F. Nobody's hands are on the table. It goes up all by itself!

Another complete levitation of the table.

C. All hands being off the table. Her right hand was free, but perfectly visible, and about six inches above the table.

11.10. F. asks medium to attempt levitation

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while standing up. She agrees, but presently says she cannot stand any longer. She reseats herself.

11.11. *Complete levitation of the table.*

C. Both hands of the medium were about eight inches above the table. I can clearly feel her left foot across my right; the leg of the table was not in contact with her skirt.

Another complete levitation of the table.

F. My left hand was underneath the bottom of the table leg, and there was no contact between her skirt and the leg of the table. Her right hand was off the table altogether.

C. There was nine inches between her body and the table.

During the ninth séance we succeeded in obtaining a complete levitation of the table while one of us was under the table holding both her ankles in his hands. The light was abundant. But we were not content with this; we wished to obtain levitations of the table under conditions that did not depend upon our sense perceptions at all. To insure this, we used a piece of apparatus, made by a carpenter in Naples, which was constructed as follows: Two tapering cones were made, and fastened to the floor. Into these wooden cones the table legs were set. The object was to prevent any foot-action on the part of the medium, for it is obvious that she could not even touch the legs of the table when they were thus surrounded by the wooden cones. The tapering shape, however, allowed a certain amount of rocking motion on the part of the table. Across the top of these cones, and joining them, was affixed a board. This prevented the medium from raising the table with her knees; for had she raised them, they would merely have come into contact with this board, and would not have reached the lower edge of the table. We tied the medium's feet to this apparatus with rope; we held her hands, arms, and head away from the table altogether. Yet, in spite of our best endeavors to prevent it, it continued to levitate. After this, we felt that certainty had been reached; the levitations were true, beyond a doubt.

During other séances we obtained raps, lights, and various movements of objects, under what we conceived to be excellent conditions. I shall refer to but one or two of these.

A Milking Stool Moves Unsupported Through the Air

During the seventh séance a small milking-stool, which we had placed inside the cabinet, came out of its own accord, and slid along the floor about a yard, approaching the medium. She placed her hand above it and waved it to and fro in various directions. The stool followed these motions, dragging itself along the floor, and finally rose into the air altogether. We passed our hands between the stool and the medium, and along the carpet, ascertaining that there was no thread, hair, string, or attachment of any kind — which, however, was fairly obvious to us, as there was a brilliantly lighted space of about two feet between her body and the stool. We then picked up the stool, examined it, and replaced it on the floor. While this was being done, one of us securely held her left leg and foot (the one nearest the stool), and grasped her hand in one of ours. We did not allow her to touch or approach the stool after we had replaced it on the floor. In spite of our utmost precautions, however, the stool moved about in various directions, in obedience to waves of her hands above it, at a distance of some three feet, and finally was completely levitated. We considered that this experiment had been produced under absolute test conditions.

One curious phenomenon is frequently observed in Eusapia's séances. Her skirt will be gently blown outward as though by a breeze from within. It comes out gradually, generally approaching some object, which rushes in toward her as soon as the skirt touches it. This phenomenon was observed by M. and Mme. Curie and by Mr. Feilding, at a séance in Paris. During one of our séances this inflation took place gradually, and I asked Eusapia if I might place my hands down and feel the bulging of her skirt. She replied that I might. There was no material resistance, and certainly no solid body was within, pushing the skirt outward. It receded several times under my hand, and was then puffed out again, as the sail of a ship might fill before a light breeze. With her permission, we turned back her skirts and petticoats and examined them carefully, but found no mechanism of any sort concealed about her. We may say that at a later séance, to which we had invited Signora Rocca and Miss Crawford — the two daughters of Marion Crawford — and Lord Sudeley, the two ladies made a thorough search, taking Eusapia into a separate room, causing her to strip, and examining her and her clothes carefully. No mechanism was found and nothing unusual was discovered about her person.

Livid Hands Distinctly Seen and Felt

This is interesting, in view of the remarkable touches and grasps by hands that we received during the sixth séance. At this sitting, which was attended by only the three members of the committee, no strangers being present,* we

*Professors Bottazzi and Galeotti, of the University of Naples, and three other gentlemen, attended the fourth séance, at our invitation. Personal friends of ours were admitted on three other occasions. The rest of the sittings were attended by the members of the committee only.

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both saw and felt livid white hands issue from the cabinet curtains and forcibly grasp us, and move material objects — both the medium's hands, meanwhile, being securely held in ours, and *visible* upon the table. During this séance the medium passed into a deep trance state for the first time — owing, probably, to her increased confidence in us. Mr. Baggally was controlling her right hand and foot, and I the left hand and foot (the phenomena are usually more abundant on the left side), while Mr. Feilding sat opposite her at the other end of the table. After various minor phenomena (and, indeed, some startling ones), which must be omitted for lack of space, we find the following record:

12.06 A.M. F. I saw a white thing coming over her head; I could not say what it was.

C. My control exactly the same as before. I also saw the white thing. (It looked like a creamy-white object coming out, about six inches square.*)

C. The curtain blows right out twice, as though pushed by some substance. I could see the round swelling of the curtain. Her hand was pressing firmly against my hand, and I am holding it by the thumb. Both her legs around my right leg.

B. Her right hand is on my left hand, on her right knee.

F. I have asked the medium whether I could feel the hand also. She replied, "Yes."

F. stands to the left of C., and leans over with his left hand outstretched about two and a half feet above and to the left of the medium's head. Immediately after: F. I am touched by something directly on the point of my finger. I am touched again. I am taken hold of by fingers, and I can feel the nails quite plainly.

C. Her head pressing against my head. I am absolutely holding her left hand on the table. Both her legs are around my right leg under the chair.

B. I am absolutely certain that her right hand is on my left hand, on her right knee.

F. I am touched again. Grasped this time as though by the lower parts of a thumb and fingers.

B. I am touched gently on my hand, and at the same moment I am touched by a hand on my shoulder. The curtain also comes out, as though struck violently by a hand from within.

12.20 A.M. C. The medium now has her left foot on my right foot.

B. And she places her right foot on my left foot, and I am feeling her knee with my knee.

C. The medium rests her head on my right shoulder, and is pressing against it. I have my arm around her neck. I have her left hand in my left hand on the table. I saw the curtain blow out in front of me.

*As to this white object which appeared over Eusapia's head, it would be very difficult to tell its consistency or composition. Glimpses of these apparently "materialized" objects are always so fleeting that it is extremely difficult to get a clear look at them for longer than a second or two at a time. Sometimes these objects would seem misty, hazy, and uncertain; at other times, more solid and opaque, yet irregular, in outline; at other times, distinct hands could be perceived, having all the appearance of hands, and sufficiently solid and tangible to move material objects, and to grasp the investigators through the curtains with sufficient force to upset them in their chairs, and to precipitate them into the cabinet — as happened on one memorable occasion. These white hands invariably disappear behind the curtains; that is, they recede into the cabinet, apparently to "gather power" for their next appearance.

Under these conditions of control, which we maintained carefully throughout, frequently verifying them, and ascertaining that the hands we held were really separate hands, and the hands of the medium, and while they (and her face) were constantly visible to us, hands issued from the curtains of the cabinet, slapped, pulled, and pinched us, and on one occasion grasped Mr. Baggally so firmly by the left arm, and pulled him so forcibly, that he was nearly dislodged from his chair and pulled into the cabinet. He was at that moment holding the medium's right hand on the table, and I her left hand on her lap, while I was encircling her body with my right arm. Occasionally, hands issued from the curtain, carrying various musical instruments, and on one or two occasions I felt a hand pass through my hair, which it afterward pulled, and tap me with some force upon the top of the head. While this was going on I remained perfectly calm, as did we all, and at the very moment was dictating the condition of my hand and foot control to the stenographer.

A Strong Wind Blows from the Cabinet

Frequently during our séances we all experienced a sensation of cold, as though a cold breeze were issuing from the cabinet curtains and blowing over us. All who have had sittings with Eusapia are convinced that this cold breeze is not subjective in character, but that it is distinctly and provably objective. It is invariably noticed by all present at about the same time, and their descriptions all agree with one another as to its nature, and as to the sensations they experience when it blows upon them. This breeze sometimes seems to become denser and more solid, as it were, until it assumes the impression of icy-cold fingers. On several occasions when one of us placed his hand in the cabinet, behind the curtains, he experienced, first, a sensation of cold wind blowing round his hands; then a certain sense of solidity; and finally he was grasped by a hand from within the cabinet.

One of the most common phenomena witnessed at Eusapia's séances is the curious blowing out of the curtains, which takes place at nearly every séance with great frequency and occasionally with violence. The curtain swells out as though it were bulged from within by a strong breeze, and does not in the least resemble the appearance it would have were it pulled by a string or thread from without. In the latter case, the curtain would come up in a point; but it invariably swells out in a large rounded bulge, as though some one were pushing against it with his head from within.

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If the curtain be touched with the hand over this bulging part, one experiences, as a rule, no material resistance, but occasionally one feels a solid substance, and a hand grasps the hand held to the curtain with distinct thumb and fingers. It would be impossible for Eusapia to produce this effect by fraud. In many of our séances, when these curtain phenomena took place, her legs and feet were tied to the legs of her chair with rope, her head and both her hands were clearly visible at a distance of some two feet from the cabinet curtains. No motion of her body was perceptible. During the actual process we ascertained repeatedly, by passing our hands up and down between the curtain and the medium, that no thread or hair or other attachment was present. Eusapia would usually hold one hand up toward the curtain in one of hers, and the curtain would slowly bulge out — a foot, two feet, and sometimes it would be blown right over the table, at right angles to the wall.

It is a remarkable fact that movements of objects in the cabinet will frequently correspond exactly to movements of her body outside the curtains. Thus, a small music-box was placed in the cabinet. It was operated by means of a small crank handle on its upper surface. Eusapia lifted the hand of one of her controllers to her cheek, and, selecting one finger of the hand she held, she executed upon her cheek a circular movement, such as one might make in turning the handle of the music-box. As soon as she did so, the music-box began to play. When she ceased, the music-box also ceased; and when she recommenced, the music was again heard. The two phenomena synchronized perfectly. There was no possibility of a trick. The music-box was our own, bought at a toy-shop for the séance. Eusapia had no means of touching it. It seems as though, when she executed some movement with her physical body, some "astral" counterpart in the cabinet duplicated her movements, and performed in reality upon the instruments which she played merely in imagination.

A Tambourine Jumps Three Feet from the Floor

This was illustrated in our sittings in an interesting manner. A tambourine was lying on the floor of the cabinet about a yard distant from her feet. We had just examined it and found it to be free from material attachment. We asked Eusapia to fetch this tambourine, or have it brought and placed upon the séance table. She said, "I will bring it out with my foot." Her two feet were resting securely on our feet, on opposite sides of the table, and were also tied to them with rope, so that it would have been an utter impossibility for Eusapia to reach the small object with her foot. But she does not mean her real foot; she means that some "astral double," or counterpart foot, reaches back into the cabinet and fetches the object out into full view. What she did, then, in order to obtain the tambourine, was to kick to and fro with her foot,— still resting upon ours under her chair,— and the tambourine thereupon came out with a rush.

Exactly corresponding to movements of her hand made over it at a distance of about a yard, the tambourine then began to jump up and down; and finally, giving one big leap, it jumped upon my lap, but fell down again to the floor. While this was taking place we could clearly see both of Eusapia's hands, both her feet, her head, and her knees, all of which were clearly visible, and motionless — with the exception of the left hand, which was held in mine, and which was gesticulating above the tambourine, at a distance of some two feet.

I hesitate to lay the foregoing facts before my reader, feeling that they will be deemed incredible, even by those who are inclined to admit the possibility of the existence of an unknown force, capable of moving material objects without visible contact. When I state that, issuing from this cabinet, came hands and faces,— the former of which especially could be grasped, and distinctly felt,— I fear the general opinion will be, either that we were hallucinated, or that trickery must have been employed, though undetected by us. Be the explanation what it may, however, I am absolutely certain that neither one nor the other of these interpretations is the right one. We were not hallucinated, for the reason (1) that our sense impressions checked one another's; (2) that these hands have occasionally been photographed; and (3) that the result of their manipulations has been registered by the graphic method, so that their reality has been guaranteed by mechanical apparatus, and not only by fallible human senses.

The question of fraud is, of course, a more difficult one. Had the medium succeeded in freeing one hand, she could have produced nearly all the phenomena we observed; and it became a question of positively assuring ourselves that both her hands were securely held. Certainly these touches could not have been produced by her feet, which were controlled by ours, and tied to her chair by ropes; equally certainly they could not have been produced by her head, which remained clearly visible throughout. Both her hands, held in ours, were

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also visible during the greater part of the time, in spite of the fact that only the dim red light was allowed on these occasions.

During the ninth séance I was repeatedly touched on the left side, and my arm forcibly gripped by a hand when I was holding *both* of Eusapia's hands in mine — that is, one in each hand. I thereby ascertained positively that I had her *two* hands, which I kept separated more than a foot from each other. Her feet, knees, and head were also visible, her feet still being tied to the chair with ropes.

Clay Impressions Made of the Apparitional Hands and Faces

Other investigators have obtained impressions of these hands, and of faces, in wet clay placed at some distance from the medium. These hands and heads generally differ entirely from the hands and head of Eusapia. Sometimes the hands are much larger than hers, at other times smaller. The impressions of heads that are made are occasionally of women, but much more frequently they are men's faces — large, big-boned, and having beards. These impressions have been obtained under excellent test conditions, no other persons being present than the scientific investigators who were conducting the experiments. Moreover, these séances were held in the Physical Laboratory of the University — either in Naples, Genca, or Turin. Even supposing that Eusapia could have freed one hand, therefore, she could not possibly have produced the results obtained, since, had she inserted her own freed hand or her own face into the putty, the impression left would have been that of her own body; and, moreover, marks would have been left upon her hands or face. No such marks, however, have ever been discovered.

One interesting incident occurred during the eleventh séance. The little stool which was to the right of the medium, on the ground, slowly approached the curtain of its own accord, and, while the investigators were closely watching it, very slowly climbed up the face of the cabinet curtain to a height of about a foot and a half above the medium's right shoulder, and then approached the table, drawing the curtain with it. It was then deposited on the séance table. Our stenographer records the incident as follows:

"As the control was no longer to be given in full, I had stood up to try to see some of the phenomena, and was standing behind and to the right of Mrs. H. [a lady whom we had invited to attend this séance]. I was looking down at the little stool, which was on the floor, about a foot from the curtain and about two and a half feet from the medium's leg, and wondering whether anything would happen. Suddenly, as I was looking, I saw it approach the curtain, and the curtain go out toward it; it then climbed very slowly indeed up the curtain — horizontally, one corner only pointing in, and touching the curtain on the oustide. It gave me the impression of being drawn up as if by a kind of magnet on the other side of the curtain. *It slid past the curtain, which remained motionless.* I felt up the curtain, as it was climbing up, on both sides of the stool, but not between the stool and the curtain, as I was afraid of interfering with the movements. There was nothing tangible behind it. When it had climbed to about one and a half feet above Mrs. H.'s shoulder, it seemed to turn, and, drawing the curtain with it, went over Mrs. H.'s shoulder, on to the séance table. At the moment it was turning I was curious to verify the position of the medium's left hand. I began with Mrs. H.'s shoulder, felt all down her arm, and discovered she was holding the medium's left hand, which I felt up to the medium's shoulder. On bringing my hand down again to the medium's hand, she made a violent movement as if to push it away, and said, "Somebody is breaking the current. *Fili.*"

The Unmistakable Genuineness of the Phenomena

I must not be understood to say, however, that our séances took place without hitch or flaw. It is well known that Eusapia will resort to trickery whenever she can, in order to save her vital energies from becoming exhausted; and we caught her, during the third séance, in attempted trickery of this kind. It was the old trick of substituting one hand for two. I immediately detected the trick, and, indeed, knew that she was about to perform it before the actual substitution of hands took place. The character of the resulting phenomenon was quite different from that of the genuine phenomena which had preceded and which followed it. Knowing that she would resort to such trickery, if possible, it did not in the least surprise us, and it would, in fact, have surprised us had she *not* attempted it. Any one who has seen the exhausting effects upon Eusapia of a good séance cannot help but sympathize with her. But the very fact that she attempted this proved to us most conclusively that the other phenomena seen by us were genuine and this for two reasons: In the first place, we detected fraud the instant it was attempted. In the second place, as I have just said, the character of the resultant phenomena differed absolutely from the genuine manifestations. I

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have remarked that during these séances the cabinet curtains were frequently blown out, as though by a wind from within, although all the doors and windows in the room were locked. During this particular fraudulent manifestation, the curtain was thrown violently over the table (by the freed hand), and this in no way resembled the gradual bulging of the curtain, which had frequently taken place in good light and under conditions of excellent control.

I have again and again emphasized the fact that the light at our séances was abundant. My reason for doing so is that in many of the séances held by other investigators the room has been placed in almost total darkness. I may be asked why we should have been allowed a greater amount of light than many of the other investigators. I reply that it all depends upon the mental and physical health of the medium. If she is feeling low and depressed, out of sorts, worried, or angry, then phenomena are sparse and unsatisfactory. She then allows but poor control, and insists upon almost complete darkness. If, on the contrary, she is feeling well and strong, happy and confident, the phenomena begin almost at once even in a strong light, and become very powerful as the séance progresses. Eusapia probably knows this from past experience, and when she feels that phenomena will not be forthcoming, she endeavors to stimulate their production by less light, laxity of control, and, if they then fail to appear, by resort to trickery.

Curiously enough, her mental state seems to affect the result more than her physical condition. On two or three occasions, Eusapia appeared in a very bad humor, owing to some domestic trouble. The result was that we waited more than an hour before any manifestations of note took place. We were warned of this, happily, by previous investigators, and advised by them to stimulate her social nature, and endeavor to make her buoyant and happy by presents, dinners, drives, and theater-parties. We followed this advice, and found it to be exceedingly helpful. She enjoys all such diversions in the childlike manner of all true Neapolitans, and is easily amused by trifles. One memorable dinner-party brought this into prominence in a very amusing manner.

I happened to have with me at the time one of those small toys that consist in a rubber bulb, attached to a smaller bulb by a piece of thin rubber tubing about two and a half feet long. If the smaller bulb be placed under a dinner-plate, and covered by the table-cloth, it lies flat and is practically invisible. If, then, the larger bulb is squeezed, the plate will dance up and down as though bewitched. We showed this to Eusapia one day, and told her we were about to play a trick upon her husband — explaining to her how we should work it. She seemed delighted.

It was a delightful, sunny day. The queer little restaurant which we had visited upon her recommendation had to be approached by many winding passages. When, however, one had reached the dining-room, it repaid all the preliminary journey through the damp underground tunnel. While Eusapia took her husband aside for a moment, Mr. Feilding and I secretly introduced the bulb under his plate.

Soon M. Palladino's plate began to dance about in a mysterious fashion. It rose up and down, and rocked to and fro, causing the oyster shells resting upon it to clatter. M. Palladino is a very simple person. He has seen but little of the world, and, naturally enough, has implicit faith in the phenomena obtained through his wife's mediumship. When, therefore, his own plate commenced to prance about of its own accord, he at once assumed that he, too, was developing mediumistic capacities, and a look of seraphic happiness spread over his face. Meanwhile his wife, sitting next to him, had difficulty in controlling her mirth, which, indeed, soon became uncontrollable. M. Palladino carefully examined his plate, then, holding his hand above it at a distance of some three inches, raised it gently in an upward direction. Surely enough, the plate invariably followed his hand — in response to a squeeze of a bulb in *my* hand. The simple, childlike manner in which Eusapia received this, and found continued amusement in it throughout the whole dinner, indicated to us clearly enough that she would find it very difficult to control her feelings, emotions, and thoughts in the way it would be necessary for her to do were her phenomena fraudulent throughout.

It is obvious that if these phenomena occurring in the presence of Mme. Palladino are genuine, they are of the greatest importance to science, since they indicate the existence of a force or forces unrecognized by physical science as it exists to-day. There is no *a priori* objection to the existence of such a force, since the nature of the vital action within the human body is but little understood; and it is only necessary to conceive that this vital or nervous energy might extend, at times, beyond the periphery of the body (whereas, normally, it is terminated at the surface) in order to account for many of the phenomena observed. Certainly such a theory would not explain the more remarkable phenomena,— such as the appearance of heads and hands,— and these remain absolutely inexplicable.

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PIONEER GOES SUFFRAGETTE

BY

HELEN GREEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

IN a "draw" between Snowslide Peak and a lesser summit, Mr. and Mrs. Dan King, on their way from the Thunder Mountain gold district to the "outside," made camp on the afternoon of November 1st. The Salmon River range lay under so many feet of snow that King, hunting tree-blazes made the previous winter, found them nearly hidden by drifts.

"An' this here's the tree-tops, Birdie," he told his wife, as they snowshoed downhill into the little cañon. "Why, in hot weather you gotta look away up'n the branches to find 'em at all. We're standin' on thirty feet o' snow right now."

"Well, six'd be as bad, fur's I kin see," retorted Birdie peevishly. "My legs aches me so, I wisht I c'u'd drop down an' never git up."

"Then whyn't you stick in camp, like I told you?"

"'Cause I'm due to vote fur Brandt fur Gov'nor next Sat'd'y, an' I will; that's why," said she. "Is the bacon froze?"

King unslung a thirty-pound pack from his back, and unrolled two blankets, disclosing a frying-pan, a blackened tin pail, and a small parcel of food.

"Is it or ain't it froze?" demanded Birdie.

"Oh, o' course it is," said he. "Here! Git grub ready while I bust off some fire-wood. When I think of the dead timber layin' under us, an' nothin' but green spruce to burn here, I c'u'd cuss a few, b'lieve me. Gimme that ax."

She also carried a burden — the ax and a carbine. King moved over the hard crust to a tree-top and rapidly cut large limbs for the fire and to sit upon. Snow had to be melted for tea, and Birdie set the bucket into the blaze before slicing bacon with mittened hands.

At three-thirty it was nearly dark.

"We'll sleep," decided King, crouching close to the crackling spruce boughs, "an' go on 'bout one in the mornin'. 'Tain't light down in these gulches till nine, an' we got to git on. The boys expect me."

"An' the wimmen are lookin' fur me," said Birdie.

"State'll go Democratic anyway," he chuckled. "You're wastin' time. If you're bound to vote, git in the band-wagon an' be a Democrat."

"'Twon't be no landslide for yuh folks," she said gaily, cheered by the hot bannock that King had baked in the frying-pan — using bacon grease for shortening — and the tea and meat.

"S'posin'," began King humorously, "I say I ain't a-goin' to let you do no votin'?"

"Better not," she advised ominously.

"I was only talkin'," he said quickly. "Us guys won't be let to even make a remark soon. Heat up some more snow. I'm just commencin' to feel pretty good. Wonder if they'll have mince-pie to home? Livin' on deer meat six months gives a guy some appetite, all right. I s'pose all you're figgerin' on is buyin' didoes for to wear soon's you kin shake your corduroy, eh? A female's allus ready to spend money."

"Well, who et bacon an' beans fur it?" she asked.

A sudden wind filled the draw with its hoarse roar. The spruces shook themselves free of their snow burden. The two at the fire, with nerves a-quiver from a ten-hour struggle over a winter trail, emitted sharp exclamations of rage and bent their backs before the stinging blast.

"An' people's a-settin' in their houses, readin' 'about Ar'tic expeditions an' wishin' they'd a-went on 'em," rasped King in his wife's ear. "Guess you wisht you'd stayed in our shack, 'bout now?"

"Ef I do, I'm keepin' my mouth shut," gasped Birdie. "O-oh! Pail's knocked over! Ain't that the limit?"

They began to reset their little camp, conversing entirely of the weather. It was black night when, bitterly voicing unprofitable complaints, they curled their aching bodies beside the fire. It was still night when King waked, pushed the canvas from his face, and found the fire sunk low in the hole its heat had made.

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With every stiffened muscle remonstrating against the effort, they kicked themselves from their wrappings and started another day.

"We'll come through a-hawssback in the spring," promised King later, breathing short as he climbed. "How's your sore ankle? Kin you make it?"

In the cold blue light of dawn, Birdie grinned gamely.

"I got to vote for R. H. Brandt," she panted, her snowshoe abreast of his, "an' yuh just watch me do it!"

Only a spot of white here and there told travelers in the lower foothills that it was winter in the ranges above. At the Shaefer Ranch, the beginning of the State wagon-road, the Kings rested a night, deeply enjoying the comfort of a straw-ticked bed. They hired two horses on which to make the ride to "old man King's" ranch, near the town of Pioneer.

Lope and walk, and lope again, brought them to the Nez Percé country and the Pioneer turnoff, at midnight of November 3d. It was the last stage of the trip. Birdie's wind-lashed cheeks burned redly in the light of a full moon, as, astride a black saddle-mule for which she had left her horse as hostage, she galloped the homeward road.

"She'd make a pretty nifty gov'nor her own se'f," reflected King, tearing along in her wake; "that Birdie o' mine's a great gal."

"Wha'd yuh say, Dan?" she shrieked, pulling up.

"Nothin'," he answered, adding privately: "Gee! gittin' dang'rous when they hear you thinkin'."

"I bet maw b'lieves I won't be there," giggled Birdie.



"'I GOT TO VOTE FOR R. H. BRANDT,' SHE PANTED, 'AN' YUH JUST WATCH ME DO IT!'"

Her excitement grew as they neared the ranch, and her amiability increased with it.

"You won't git no sleep," he reminded her, "not if you go 'lectioneerin'."

A derisive shout replied. Marveling at the endurance of female kind, King followed her, and at three o'clock they cut across an alfalfa-field, through a creek glittering under the mellow moon, and dashed madly up to the ranch house.

"Why, they're all up!" called King. "Look-it the lights!"

"Who be ye?" bellowed the voice of old man King, from the shadow of the kitchen porch.

"Oh, paw, it's us!" Birdie half fell from her mule, and scuttled to the house.

"Good land o' Goshen!" exclaimed mother-in-law King. "Gals! Gals! Ef 'tain't Dan an' Birdie, back from Thunder Mountain."

"How's it look fur us?" demanded King of his parent. "Are the sheepmen goin' Democratic?"

"Win sure," said the old man. "You Joe! Come lead these cayuses to the barn an' do sunpin' to stop the critters from droppin' dead. Been rid like Injuns was on 'em."

After thus expressing his disapproval he stamped inside.

"Wal, do we eat or not?" he asked testily.

Maw King was buttoning a snug black silk bodice as she hurried about.

"Let 'em git their own breakfas', maw!" cried Rosina King resentfully. "Here, in spite of us bein' out o' bed all night an' watchin' close, that scoundrel George Rogers Clark King's gone an' took the bay team we was goin' to town in."

"Done it 'cause I told him to," announced the head of the family. "The waggin's totin' twenty men to Pioneer to vote. Don't lemme hear any more; been too much argifyin' a'ready."

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"'AN' WHO SAVED FOR TO BUY THE FIRST SET O' HARNESS YOU EV' HAD TO THROW OVER A WORK-HAWSS?'"

Maw King let the last button go, and advanced upon him. The four handsome daughters, reinforced by Birdie in her grimy corduroys, fell into line behind her.

"I come with you from Lake Superior behind an ox-team in '55," she cried, "an' I let you be the boss till, 'tween you 'n' the Injuns, we wouldn't had a dollar to-day if I hadn't stepped in! Who run the first plow in them medders out yonder? An' who saved for to buy the first set o' harness you ev' had to throw over a work-hawss? You know mighty well!"

"Wimmen never'd oughter had a vote in Idaho," muttered Paw King disdainfully.

"Gits 'em too independent," agreed son Bill, retreating before his sister Polly, who was of an aggressive nature.

"I don't keer to fuss no more," said the old man haughtily; "'member y'r child'en's present, Mis' King."

"Don't yuh stand to be bullied, maw," said Birdie. "Us girls'll take a hand."

"The green-painted ranch-waggin's in the barn," resumed Maw King, "an' all I now remark is this here: Don't lemme find that waggin gone!"

At this the gentlemen withdrew. It had been Paw King's intention to pick up stray voters who lacked saddle-horses or rolling-stock to convey them to the polls. After consulting with his sons, he agitatedly observed that no woman alive could run him, but let 'em have the green wagon. Anything for peace.

A very small male King, too young to vote, remaining loyal to his mother, was sent to do picket duty in the vicinity of the wagon. The ladies made a hasty meal, and not in many a year had the King dishes gone unwashed and the "house chores" unheeded as they were on this election day. Upstairs, Birdie and Polly rummaged in bureaus and boxes, resurrecting fine raiment for the former's adornment.

"Team's waitin'!" piped the picket, at five o'clock.

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"Be spry, gals; jump round!" ordered Maw King. "Git the cawfee-bottle an' the cake, Flora! Somebuddy bring the baskit. Is the carpit in the waggin? Who took my spec's? Oh, here they be, thank my stars! Blow out the lamps, Polly, an' don't furgit the buff'lo robes. Now, then, come on."

Birdie and Flora had the front seat. Their relatives jounced up and down on camp-chairs and soap-boxes. Down the frozen road and over a frost-coated camass prairie the big wagon clattered.

"I'd hate to live in some old State where women have taxation without representation," said Flora, capably guiding the rattling ranch-wagon over depressions and rocks. "Hol' up, you Buck! He's allus pullin' to the left. Say, maw!"

"Now what's the matter?" answered Maw King.

"If Hastings was 'lected senator, you couldn't hold this part of Idaho for the Mormons," said Flora. "Here comes that old Mr. Young in his buckboard. He's one of 'em."

The Mormon invader from Utah greeted them affably, and gave Flora the best part of the road.

"Howdy, Mis' King an' ladies!" he called. "Fine mornin'."

"How'd do," they responded coldly.

"I bet anything he had more'n one wife," said Birdie; "an' he's makin' eyes at Flora right now. He's a Democrat."

"Hateful old thing!" said Flora hotly. "Git ap, you Sallie!"

The pale sun had warmed the air when the wagon halted, at Maw King's command, on the crest of a hill.

"Lookit that sign!" called the old woman excitedly. "That jest oughta be a hangin' crime!"

A "three-sheet" displaying a row of full-figured females in décolleté costumes of striking hues was fastened about a stout tree-trunk. Below the pictured beauties, big black print informed the world that John B. Ennis' Blonde Burlesquers were playing in Pioneer for one performance only.

"S'pose there's music in the show?" wistfully wondered Birdie.

"The hussies," ejaculated Maw King. "The ideer of appearin' before folks in any sech togs as they got on! Don't look, gals. Drive right 'long, Flora."

"Oh, maw, here comes Mis' Puckett an' the Johnsons," cried Polly.

A ranch-wagon came into view from the rear. Both teams were reined in, while Mrs. Euphemia Puckett presented the militant Kings with a dozen conspicuous badges inscribed, "For Governor, R. H. Brandt." As they were pinning them in place, a crowd of horsemen approached at a gallop. Old man King and two of his sons were ahead, and as they passed they yelled mockingly.

"Don't pay no attention at all," said Maw



"'LOOKIT THAT SIGN!' CALLED THE OLD WOMAN EXCITEDLY"

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King, with dignity; "the wimmen'll vote the Republican ticket, an' all the hollerin' of them an' their scalawag fr'en's won't git a Democrat 'lected."

"They say Pioneer's full of drunken men, carryin' on awful," related Mrs. Puckett impressively. "Puckett ain't slep' in his bed for two nights hand running, an' he's actin' up with the rest of 'em. I only hope he don't git killed."

"sand-flats," permanently inundated by the waters of Custer Creek. Three placer mines worked day and night for the six months of open weather, and in these even election day could not be an exception, when winter was sealing the creek until a summer sun should melt the snows on the summits of the Salmons and the Sawtooths, and send the released waters hurtling south.

Flora flicked her blacksnake whip over the



"THEY MOVED FIFTY FEET FROM THE HOTEL, AND THEN TEARFULLY HURRIED TO SANCTUARY"

"And George Stanley's wife told me they swore that not a woman should vote for Brandt, and the polling-places has got every no-'count character in the country round 'em to keep us out," supplemented one of her party. "Ain't it just a shame?"

"I guess we'll vote, no matter what happens," said Birdie. "Whip 'em, Flora. Let's hurry. They don't scare me."

Several "hacks" of primeval pattern had been imported into Pioneer, a small settlement built on a hill surrounded on three sides by

heads of the team and sent them plunging into the sand-flat, where the day shift of the Yellowjacket stopped work for a moment, and cheered the women when they saw their badges.

"But half of 'em's Polacks an' hain't got a vote," said Maw King. "It's freezin' fast down here, ain't it?"

The buckskins were breaking thin ice as they pushed forward into a cut which led to firmer land. The first building of Pioneer was a log saloon, and before it loafed many men, some with wind-roughened throats sheathed in

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"'NOW YOU MARCH 'BOUT YOUR BUSINESS, OR YOU'LL NEVER HAVE NO MORE TO 'TEND TO! BEAT IT!'"

starched collars, smudged by fingers unaccustomed to such labor, and more in high boots and yellow mackinaws. All were engarrisoned with a plenitude of the whisky sold, and doubtless made, within. They began to hoot the Republican badges. The women drove on, uneasy but resolute. Seattle Street, on which the main structures faced, was so crowded that Flora, in dismay, turned into a quieter thoroughfare; but when a block had been traversed, other bands of intoxicated ruffians appeared. The women shrank together in shocked couples at the hard language of these men.

"Git to the hotel, Flora," said Birdie; "we better all rally before we go to the polls."

Other frightened feminine voters were already in the inadequate parlor of the Overland Hotel. Maw King sent a courier for her husband, feeling that he would not refuse escort to the booth; but the Kings had voted an hour before and gone roistering away. The abandoned Puckett had accompanied them. Birdie suddenly formed a resolution. She gathered a squad of determined voters who declared themselves willing to force through the yelling mobs. They moved fifty feet from the hotel, and then tearfully hurried to sanctuary, flushing at the frank personalities of the Democrats. The women were all for Brandt, and against a ticket bearing Mormon names. "Vote the Democratic ticket. It means the full dinner-pail," said the banners which waved from hack and wagon, as, filled with rowdies, they made the circuit of the block.

"Seems like the boys ain't jokin', Mis' King," said the nervous wife of the hotel proprietor. "My Will says don't you go to the polls. It's a close 'lection, an' they mean to keep Brandt from a-gittin' a majority. I could cry, I'm that mad, 'cause I'd ought to voted early, like the men all done."

Freighters and prospectors, Nez Percé Indians, — better bred and gentler than their white companions,— and all the mingled riffraff brought into the country by a new gold strike in the Marshall Lake district twenty miles away, added their voices to the tumult. They fired their guns at intervals, playfully, of course, but persistently. One male holder of a franchise entered the hotel and harangued the women.

"Yer on the wrong side, gals," he roared; "this here's a Dem'cratic year. Can't trust yuh with no ballot, 'cause yuh'll do us dirt fur sure!"

"Beast!" cried Birdie, forging through the murmuring ranks. "This is a free country!"

"Come on out an' vote fur Brandt, an' fin' out how free 'tis!" he retorted.

Birdie's hand shot out. A ringing slap on his inflamed cheek followed.

Enraged, he rushed at her. Some one screamed. Birdie herself, terrorized by his threatening eyes, cowered and paled.

"Hit me, will yuh? I'll teach yuh to ——"



"'IF — IF YOU'LL LEMME WALK BY YOU,' SAID THE BOLD CHILD OF THE HILLS, WITH QUIVERING LIPS"

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"You'll teach nobody!" exclaimed a voice.

He stopped, because a tall blonde woman in a black-and-white-striped princess gown, a black pony jacket, and a yellow mushroom hat, had put a thirty-eight revolver into unpleasant proximity with his square jaw.

"So you're the cowardly bully who'd keep these women from the rights that b'long to 'em?" she demanded fiercely. "You an' that bunch outside! Now you march 'bout your business, or you'll never have no more to 'tend to! Beat it!"

He choked forth some sort of answer. She waggled the weapon, and he fled. Then she addressed her amazed audience.

"Ladies, ef you want the ballot, you got to go after it," she said calmly. "I'm Miss Maude Montmorency, leadin' lady of the N'Yawk Blondes, an' we play here to-night. I was dozin', an' I heard the row. O' course, you're Western an' I'm from the East, but I'll call our girls an' take you to the polls. Talk's pretty cheap, you know, an' that's all they're doin'. Will you come?"

She looked questioningly at Birdie.

"If — if you'll lemme walk by you," said that bold child of the hills, with quivering lips.

In orderly formation, two hundred women left the hotel, with Miss Montmorency and ten burlesque ladies of sturdy stature as marshals of the parade. Their daring gave courage to the oppressed Republicans. With eyes alight, and revolver poised for action, Maude Montmorency pushed two men out of her path. Her staff, carrying umbrellas, pick-axes, and brooms hastily collected from odd corners of the hotel, menaced the enemy and warned them to stand aside. Maw King, regaining her usual spirit, had snatched a coal-oil lamp, and this she swore to hurl at the first man who impeded her progress. The fleet of hacks essayed to break the ranks, until the driver of one, an elderly freighter in a mackinaw coat, suddenly restrained his horses and announced that he would run down the next person who molested the women. He became the rear-guard, enduring the gibes of his friends with grinning equanimity.

The women voted, one by one. The old freighter, long whip in hand, cleared a space before the polling-place.

"Pass 'em in," said he to Maude Montmorency. "You win me, hook, line, an' sinker, 'cause you're a nervy skirt."

At 11.30 P.M. the ranch-wagon, escorted by Paw King and his sons, bumpingly traversed the frozen road, and stopped on top of the first rise beyond Pioneer. They had seen the "New York Blondes'" performance.

"What you pullin' up fur?" shouted Paw sleepily. "More cheerin' 'cause you licked us an' carried the State?"

Birdie jumped down and sped to a certain tree where, in the moonlight, a gaudy poster flapped. She carefully detached it.

"I got it, maw," she shrilled. "Ketch!"

"This'll hang by Susan B. Anthony's pitcher in the front parlor," said Maw King, gazing at the robust forms of Maude Montmorency and her ten, "'cause she helped Idaho go Republican."



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